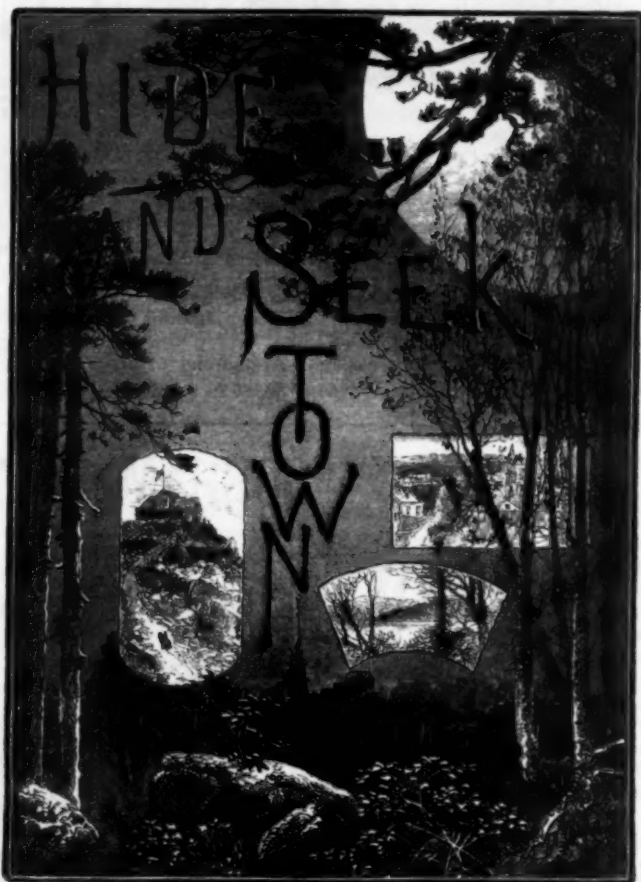


MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER
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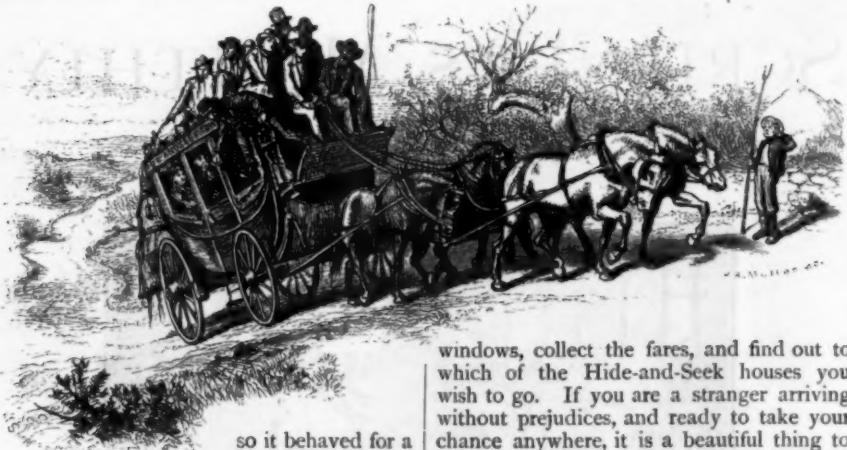
AUGUST, 1876.

No. 4.



It lies in the uplands, and you can go within a mile of it by rail. But where are the uplands, and whence departs the train to find them, and what is the real name of the town, it is far from my purpose to tell. I christened it "Hide-and-Seek Town" myself one day as I was drawing near it, and observed how deliciously it dodged in

and out of view while it was yet miles away. One minute it stood out on its hill like a village of light-houses on a promontory of the sea, the next it skulked behind an oak grove and was gone, then peered out again with its head of meeting-house spires, and then plunged down between two low hills, as lost as if it had leaped into a well; and



A MILE UP HILL.

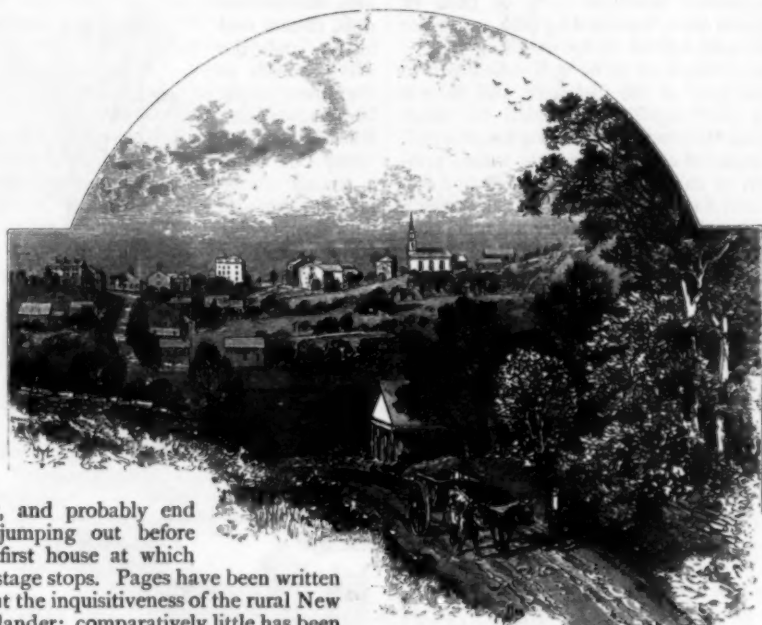
so it behaved for a half hour, its white houses laughing like white teeth in a roguish mouth, as we vainly strained our eyes to get one good sight of the unknown place to which we were bound. You can come, as I said, within a mile of it by rail; but when the little insignificant train drops you in a silent nook at the entrance of a wood, and then crawls away between two sandy banks of sweet fern and red lilies, you are overwhelmed with a sudden sense of the utter improbability of a town anywhere within reach. The stage—why does New England say “stage,” and not “coach”?—which waits for you is like hundreds you have seen before, but here it looks odd, as if it were Cinderella’s chariot; and when you find that there are nine to ride outside, besides the nine in, the inexplicableness of so many people having come at once startles you. They become seventeen mysteries immediately, and you forget that you are the eighteenth. No questions are asked as to your destination; with a leisurely manner the driver puts his passengers into the coach and shuts the door gently—no hurry. There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. On some one of the longest, steepest hills, he will swing himself round in a marvelous bit of amateur acrobaticism from the top of the coach to the lowest step, and, putting long arms into the

windows, collect the fares, and find out to which of the Hide-and-Seek houses you wish to go. If you are a stranger arriving without prejudices, and ready to take your chance anywhere, it is a beautiful thing to watch the impartiality of his tone in giving to you the names of the different hotels and boarding-houses. The most jealous and exacting landlord could not find fault with him.

At the end of his enumerations you are as much at a loss as you were in the begin-



WILD GRAPES.



ning, and probably end by jumping out before the first house at which the stage stops. Pages have been written about the inquisitiveness of the rural New Englander; comparatively little has been said about his faculty of reticence at will, which is quite as remarkable. I doubt if any man can be found to match him in a series of evasive and non-committal replies. This habit or instinct is so strong in him, that it often acts mechanically when he would not have it, as, for instance, when he is trying to tell you the road to a place.

There is a mile to go up hill before you reach the town. The first part of the road is walled on the right hand by a wood—a thick wall of oaks, birches, maples, pines, chestnuts, hickories, beeches, ashes, spruces and cornels; yes, all these growing so close that none can grow broad, but all must grow high, and, stretch up however much they may, their branches are interwoven. This is one of the great pleasures in Hide-and-Seek Town—the unusual variety of tree growths by the road-sides and in the forests. I do not know of a single New England tree which is not found in luxuriant abundance.

On the left-hand side of the road are what are called by the men who own them, "pastures." Considered as pastures from an animal's point of view, they must be disappointing; stones for

bread to a cruel extent they give. Considered as landscape, they have, to the trained eye, a charm and fascination which smooth, fulsome meadow levels cannot equal. There

can be no more exquisite tones of color, no daintier mosaic, than one sees if he looks attentively on an August day at these fields of gray granite,

HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN.



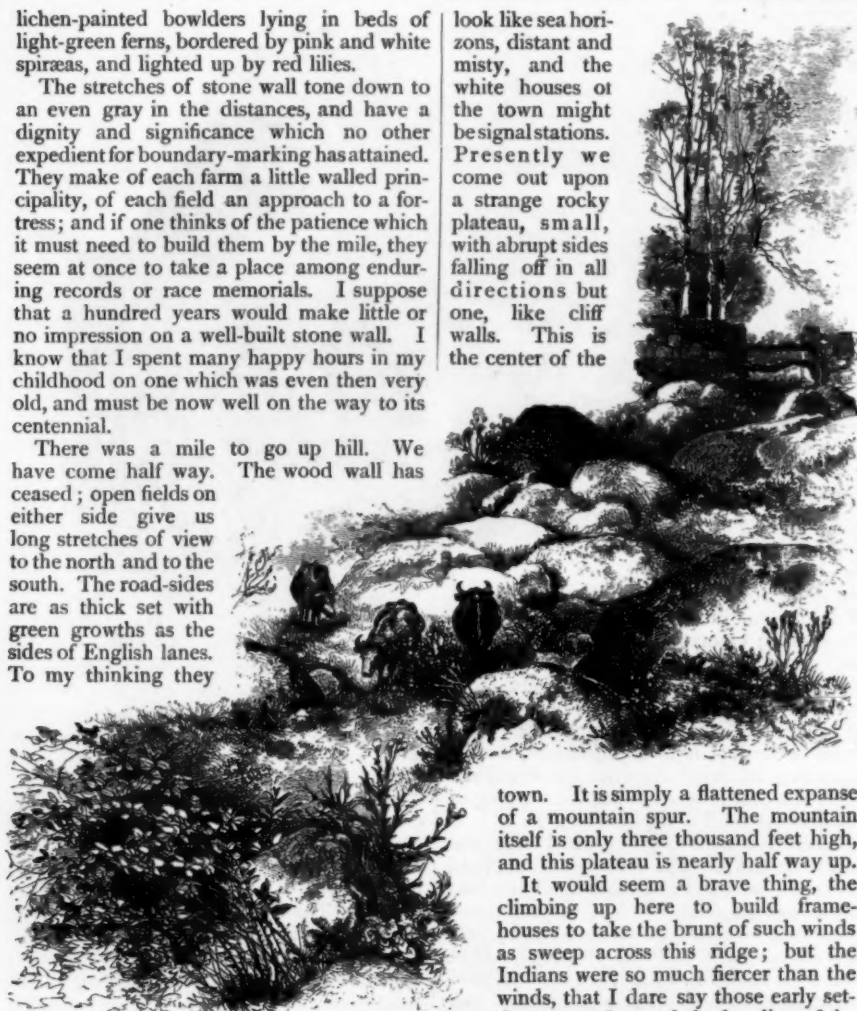
OUR HOTEL.

lichen-painted boulders lying in beds of light-green ferns, bordered by pink and white spiræas, and lighted up by red lilies.

The stretches of stone wall tone down to an even gray in the distances, and have a dignity and significance which no other expedient for boundary-marking has attained. They make of each farm a little walled principality, of each field an approach to a fortress; and if one thinks of the patience which it must need to build them by the mile, they seem at once to take a place among enduring records or race memorials. I suppose that a hundred years would make little or no impression on a well-built stone wall. I know that I spent many happy hours in my childhood on one which was even then very old, and must be now well on the way to its centennial.

There was a mile to go up hill. We have come half way. The wood wall has ceased; open fields on either side give us long stretches of view to the north and to the south. The road-sides are as thick set with green growths as the sides of English lanes. To my thinking they

look like sea horizons, distant and misty, and the white houses of the town might be signal stations. Presently we come out upon a strange rocky plateau, small, with abrupt sides falling off in all directions but one, like cliff walls. This is the center of the



A HILL-SIDE MOSAIC—(THE "PASTURES.")

are more beautiful; copses of young locusts, birches, thickets of blackberry and raspberry bushes, with splendid waving tops like pennons; spiræa, golden rod, purple thistle, sumac with red pompons, and woodbine flinging itself over each and all in positions of inimitable grace and abandon. How comes it that the New Englander learns to carry himself so stiffly, in spite of the perpetual dancing-master lessons of his road-sides? With each rod that we rise the outlook grows wider; the uplands seem to roll away farther and farther; the horizons

town. It is simply a flattened expanse of a mountain spur. The mountain itself is only three thousand feet high, and this plateau is nearly half way up.

It would seem a brave thing, the climbing up here to build frame-houses to take the brunt of such winds as sweep across this ridge; but the Indians were so much fiercer than the winds, that I dare say those early settlers never observed the howling of the gales which to-day keep many a nervous person wide-awake of nights. The mountain was a great rendezvous of hostile Indians in the days when the Colony of Massachusetts Bay was fighting hand to hand for life. There are some old, tattered leather-bound books behind the counter of "the store," which are full of interesting records of that time. There are traditions of Governors' visits a hundred years before the Revolution; and a record of purchase of twelve square miles, "not including the mountain," for twenty-three pounds, from three sachems of the Nipmucks. In 1743 the first settle-

ment was made on the present town site, by a man who, being too poor to buy, petitioned the Colonial Government to give him the land for his home, setting forth, "that your petitioner, though a poor man, yet he humbly apprehends he hath the character of an Honest and Laborious man, and is minded to settle himself and his Family thereon."

It was given to him on the condition that he should keep a house for the accommodation of travelers "going West!" Immortal phrase, which only the finality of an ocean can stay.

Twenty years later, the handful of settlers voted "to hire four days preaching in May next, to begin ye first Sabbath, if a minister can be conveniently procured," and that Christian charity was as clearly understood then as to-day may be seen by another record a few pages further on, of the town's vote to pass on to the next settlement, a poor tramp with his family: "Hepzibah, his wife, Joseph, Isaac, Thankful, Jeduthun,

lutionary period, the records grow more distinct. There is even a sort of defiant flourish in the very tails to the y's and g's, with which that ancient clerk, God rest his soul, records that the town had voted, "not to pay the Minute Men for training;" and that the minister is to be "inquired of" for his conduct in "refusing to call a Fast," and for his "Public Discourses to the Minute Men, as tending to discourage people in defending their Rights and Liberties," and, "for taking cattle suspected to be Colonel Jones's." A wide range of delinquencies, surely! A little later, a committee is appointed to "keep him out of the pulpit." One wonders if in those days ministers were in the habit, or under the necessity, of knocking down in the aisles all parishioners who didn't wish to hear them preach.

Even while the town was training its Minute Men, the records open, "In his Majesty's name;" but a few months later, comes a significant page, beginning, "In the name of the Government and People of the Province of



THE STORE.

Jonathan and Molly, their children." There is an inexplicable fascination in this faded old record on the ragged page. Poor fellow; a wife and six children in such a wilderness, with no visible means of support! Why did they call that first girl "Thankful"? And what can it be in the sound of the word Jeduthun, which makes one so sure that of all the six children, Jeduthun was the forlornest? As we approach the Revo-

lutionary period, the records grow more distinct. There is even a sort of defiant flourish in the very tails to the y's and g's, with which that ancient clerk, God rest his soul, records that the town had voted, "not to pay the Minute Men for training;" and that the minister is to be "inquired of" for his conduct in "refusing to call a Fast," and for his "Public Discourses to the Minute Men, as tending to discourage people in defending their Rights and Liberties," and, "for taking cattle suspected to be Colonel Jones's." A wide range of delinquencies, surely! A little later, a committee is appointed to "keep him out of the pulpit." One wonders if in those days ministers were in the habit, or under the necessity, of knocking down in the aisles all parishioners who didn't wish to hear them preach.

them every good connected with this and the Future State." Could any strait of the Republic to-day develop such a Congress-

Sunset Hill; it might as well have been named for the Sunrise also, for, from it, one sees as far east as west; but the Sunrise has



A LEAF FROM THE OLD TOWN RECORDS.

man as that? After spending a few hours in looking over these old records, one feels an irresistible drawing toward the old graveyard, where sleep the clerk and his fellow-townsmen. It is the "sightliest" place in the town. On the apex of the ridge, where the very backbone of the hill sticks out in bare granite vertebrae, it commands the entire horizon, and gives such a sweep of view of both land and sky as is rarely found from a hill over which runs a daily used road. By common consent, this summit is called

no worshipers, and all men worship the Sunset. In summer, there are hundreds of strangers in Hide-and-Seek Town; and every evening, one sees on Sunset Hill, crowds who have come up there to wait while the sun goes down; chatting lovers who see in the golden hazy distance only the promised land of the morrow; and silent middle-aged people to whom the same hazy distance seems the golden land they long ago left behind. The grave-yard lies a few steps down on the south-west slope of this hill. In August, it is gay with golden rods, and the old gray stones are more than half sunk in high purple grasses. The sun lies full on it all day long, save in the south-west corner, where a clump of pines and birches keeps a spot of perpetual shade. Many of the stones are little more than a mosaic of green and gray lichens. Old Mortality himself could not restore their inscriptions. The oldest one which is legible is dated 1786, and runs:

"Thy word commands our flesh to dust;
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again."

Another, quite near, bearing the same date, takes the same uncomfortable license of rhyme:



OLD HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN RECORDS.



THE HOUSE WITH A ROMANCE.

"Alas! this brittle clay,
Which built our bodies first,
And every month, and every day,
'Tis moldering back to dust!"

Seven years later, a man, who was, as his grave-stone sets forth, "inhumanly murdered" by one of his townsmen, was laid to rest, under the following extraordinary stanza:

"Passengers, behold! My friends, and view,
Breathless I lie; no more with you;
Hurried from life; sent to the grave;
Jesus my only hope to save;
No warning had of my sad fate;
Till dire the stroke, alas! too late!"

Side by side with him sleeps a neighbor, dead in the same year, whose philosophical relatives took unhandsome opportunity of his head-stone to give this posthumous snub:



"LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET."



ROAD THROUGH "THE LONG WOODS."

"How valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A little dust is all remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art,—and all I soon must be."

The sudden relenting candor of the last phrase but imperfectly atones for the gratuitous derogation of the first two lines. Surely, in those old days only the very queer survived! And, among the queerest, must have been the man who could carve upon a fellow-man's tomb such a light tripping measure as this:

"This languishing head is at rest;
It's thinking and aching are o'er.
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and sorrowing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
It never will flutter again."

But one cannot afford to spend in the old grave-yard, many of his summer days in Hide-and-Seek Town. Fascinating as are these dead men's sunny silent homes with the quaint inscriptions on their stone lintels, there is a greater fascination in the sunny silent homes of the living, and the roads leading to and fro among them. North,

south, east, and west, the roads run, cross, double, and turn, and double again; as many and as intricate as the fine-spun lines of a spider's web. You shall go no more than six or seven miles in any direction without climbing up, or creeping down, to some village; and the outlying farms of each meet midway, and join hands in good fellowship.

There is a fine and unbroken net-work of industry and comfort over the whole region. Not a poverty-stricken house to be seen; not one; not a single long stretch of lonely wilderness; even across the barrenest and rockiest hill-tops, and through the densest woods, run the compact lines of granite walls, setting the sign and seal of ownership and care on every acre. The houses are all of the New England type; high, narrow-angled, white, ugly, and comfortable. They seem almost as silent as the mounds in the grave-yard, with every blind shut tight, save one, or perhaps two, at the back, where the kitchen is; with the front door locked, and guarded by a pale but faithful "Hydrangy;" they have somehow the expression of a person with lips compressed and finger laid across them, rigid with resolve to keep a secret. It is the rarest thing to see a sign of life, as you pass by on a week day. Even the hens step gingerly, as if fearing to make a noise on the grass; the dog may bark a little at you if he be young; but, if he is old, he has learned the ways of the place, and only turns his head languidly at the noise of wheels. At sunset, you may possibly see the farmer sitting on the porch, with a newspaper. But his chair is tipped back against the side of the house; the newspaper is folded on his knee, and his eyes are shut. Calm and blessed folk! If they only knew how great is the gift of their quiet, they would take it more gladly, and be serene instead of dull, thankful instead of discontented.

They have their tragedies, however; tragedies as terrible as any that have ever



been written or lived. Wherever are two human hearts, there are the elements ready for fate to work its utmost with, for weal

or woe. On one of these sunny hill-sides is a small house, left unpainted so many years, that it has grown gray as a granite boulder. Its doors are always shut, its windows tightly curtained to the sill. The fence around it is falling to pieces, the gates are off the hinges; old lilac bushes with bluish moldy-looking leaves crowd the yard as if trying their best to cover up something.

For years, no ray of sunlight has entered this house. You might knock long and loud, and you would get no answer; you would pass on, sure that nobody could be living there. No one is living there. Yet, in some one of the rooms sits or lies a woman who is not dead. She is past eighty. When she was a girl she loved a man who loved her sister and not her.

Perhaps then, as now, men made love idly, first to one, next to another, even among sisters. At any rate, this girl so loved the man who was to be her sister's husband, that it was known and whispered about. And when the day came for the wedding, the minister, being, perhaps, a nervous man and having this poor girl's sad fate much in his thoughts, made

the terrible mistake of calling her name instead of her sister's in the ceremony. As soon as the poor creature heard her name, she uttered a loud shriek and fled. Strangely enough, no one had the presence of mind to interrupt the minister and set his blunder right, and the bride was actually married, not by her own name, but by her sister's.



THE "VILLAGE ON THE SHORE OF A LAKE."



A HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN LAKE



A HIDE-AND-SEEK TOWN BRIDGE.

From that day the sister shunned every one. She insisted that the bridegroom had been married to her; but she wished never again to see a human face. She is past eighty, and has not yet been able to die. Winter before last, in the time of terrible cold, it was noticed for a day or two that no smoke came out of the chimney of this old house. On the fourth day, the neighbors broke open the door and went in. They found the woman lying insensible on the floor, nearly frozen. A few embers were smoldering on the hearth. When they roused her to consciousness, she cursed them fiercely for having disturbed her; but, as the warmth from fire and wine began to steal into her blood, she thanked them; the only words of thankfulness heard from her lips for a half century. After all, she did not want to die! She has relatives who go to the house often and carry her food. She knows their voices, and, after parleying with them a few minutes through the closed door, will open it, take the food, and sometimes allow them to come in. I have twice seen her standing at twilight in the dank shade of her little yard, and fumbling aimlessly at the leaves

of the lilacs. She did not raise her head nor look toward the road, and I dared not speak to her. A gliding shape in a graveyard at midnight would not have seemed half so uncanny, so little of this world.

He who stays one month in Hide-and-Seek Town, may take each day a new drive and go on no day over a road he has seen before. A person of a statistical turn of mind, who knows the region well, has taken pains to find this out. We are more indebted than we realize to this type of person. Their facts furnish cloth for our fancies to come abroad in. There are souls of such make, that, to them, any one of these roads must seem enough for a summer; for that matter, enough for any number of summers; and in trying to frame a few of their beauties in words, to speak of them by the mile would seem as queer and clumsy, as if one in describing a sunset should pull out his almanac and remind you that there were likely to be three hundred and sixty odd of them in a year. Yet, there is no doubt that to the average mind, the statement that there are thirty different drives in a town, would be more impressive than it would be if one could produce on his page, as on a canvas, a perfect picture of the beauty of one, or even many of its landscapes; to choose which one of the thirty roads one would best try to describe, to win a stranger's care and liking, is as hard as to choose between children. There is such an excellent quality in each. After all, choice here, as elsewhere, is a question of magnetism. Places have their affinities to men, as much as men to each other; and fields and lanes have their moods also. I have brought one friend to meet another friend, and neither of them would speak; I have taken a friend to a hill-side, and I myself have perceived that the hill-side grew dumb and its face clouded.

If I may venture, without ever after feeling like a traitor to the rest, to give chief name to one or two of the Hide-and-Seek roads, I would speak of two—one is a highway, the other is a lane. The highway leads in a north-westerly direction to a village on the shore of a lake. It is seven miles long. Three of those miles are through pine woods—"the long woods" they are called with curt literalness by the people who tell you your way. Not so literal either, if you take the word at its best, for these miles of hushed pines are as solemn as eternity. The road is wide and smooth. Three carriages, perhaps four,

might go abreast in it through these pine stretches. There is no fence on either side, and the brown carpet of the fallen pine-needles fringes out to the very ruts of the wheels.

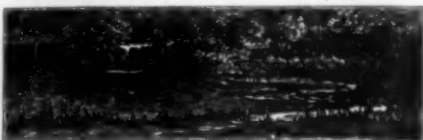
Who shall reckon our debt to the pine? It takes such care of us, it must love us, wicked as we are. It builds us roofs; no others keep out sun so well. It spreads a finer than Persian mat under our feet, provides for us endless music and a balsam of healing in the air; then, when it finds us in barren places where bread is hard to get, it loads itself down with cones full of a sweet and wholesome food, and at last, in its death, it makes our very hearthstones ring with its resonant song of cheer and mirth.



Before entering these woods you have driven past farms and farm-houses, and meadow lands well tilled; old unpruned apple orchards, where the climax of ungainliness comes to have a sort of pathetic grace; fields of oats and barley and Indian corn and granite boulders, and not an inch of road-side all the way which is not thick grown with white clover. Rabbit's foot, Mayweed, shepherd's purse, ferns, blackberry, raspberry, elderberry, and here and there laurel, and in September blue gentians. There is one bit of meadow I recollect on this road. It is set in walls of pines; four little streams zigzag through it. You cross all four on narrow bridges in a space of two or three rods; the strips of meadow and strips of brooks seem braided together into a strand of green and blue, across which is flung your road of gray, bordered with dark alders. This is the way it must look to a bird flying over.

The lane is one of many ways to a village on a hill lying west of this town. The hill is so high that, as you look westward, its

spires and house-tops stand out against the sky, with not even a tree in the background. In this lane nature has run riot. It is to all the rest of the Hide-and-Seek roads what



California is to New England. All the trees and plants are millionaires—twenty, thirty per cent. interest on every square foot. One ignorant of botany has no right to open his mouth about it, and only a master of color should go into it to paint. It is an outburst, a tangle, an overflow of greens, of whites, of purples, of yellows; for rods at a time, there are solid knitted and knotted banks of vines on either hand—woodbine, ground-nut vine, wild or "false" buckwheat, clivis, green-brier, and wild grape. The woodbine wreathes the stone walls; the ground-nut vine springs from weed to weed, bush to bush, tree to tree, fantastically looping them all together, and then, at last, leaps off at top of a golden rod



THE MEADOW PROCESSION.

or sumac bough, waving a fine spiral taper tendril, a foot long, loose in the air. The false buckwheat, being lightest, gets a-top of the rest and scrambles along fastest, making in July a dainty running arabesque of fine white flowers above everything else. The clivis and the green-brier fill in wherever they can get a corner. They are not so pushing. Then comes the wild grape, lawless master of every situation. There is a spot on this lane where it has smothered and well-nigh killed one young oak, and one young maple and a sumac thicket. They have their heads out still, and very beautiful they look—the shining jagged-edged oak leaves, and the pointed



GLIMPSES FROM THE LANE.

maples, and the slender sumacs waving above and in the matted canopies of the grape; but they will never be trees. The grape vine is strongest.

This lane leads over high hill-crests, from which you have ever-changing views—now wide sweeps to the south horizon, now dainty and wood-framed bits of near valleys or lakes, now outcropping granite ledges and spots strewn thick with granite boulders, as grand and stony as Stonehenge itself. Now the lane dips down into hollows in woods so thick, that for rods the branches more than meet over your head; then it turns a corner and suddenly fades away in the queer front-door yard of a farm-house flanked by orchards and corn fields; then it dips again into a deeper hollow and denser wood, with thick undergrowths, which brush your wheels like hands thrust out to hold you back; then it comes out on a meadow stretch, where the lines of alders and milk-weeds, and eupatoriums and asters, border it so close, that you may pick on any September day your hands full of flowers, if you like, by merely leaning out of your carriage; not only flowers, but ferns, high three-branched brakes and graceful ostrich plume ferns, you can reach from your seat. These are but glimpses I have given of any chance half mile on this lane. There are myriads of beautiful lesser

things all along it whose names I do not know, but whose faces are as familiar as if I had been born in the lane and had never gone away. There are also numberless pictures which come crowding—of spots and nooks, and pictures on other roads and lanes in this rarest of regions. No one who knows and loves summer, can summer in Hide-and-Seek Town without bearing away such pictures; if he neither knows nor loves summer—if he have only a retina, and not a soul, he must, perforce, recollect some of them. A certain bridge, for instance, three planks wide, under which goes a brook so deep, so dark, it shines not like water, but like a burnished shield. It comes out from a wood, and in the black shadow of the trees along the edge of the brook stand, in August, scarlet cardinal flowers, ranks on ranks, two feet high, reflected in the burnished shield as in a glass; or a meadow there is which is walled on three sides by high woods, and has a procession of tall bulrushes forever sauntering through it with lazy spears and round-handled halberds, points down, and hundreds of yellow sun-flowers looking up and down in the grass;

or a wood there is which has all of a sudden, in its center, a great cleared space, where ferns have settled themselves as in a tropic, and grown into solid thickets and jungles in the darkness; or another, which has along the road-side for many rods an unbroken line of light-green feathery ferns; so close set it seems, that not one more could have grown up without breaking down a neighbor; under these a velvety line of pine-tree moss, and the moss dotted thick with "wintergreen" in flower and in fruit; or a lake with three sides of soft woods or fields, and the fourth side an unbroken forest slope two thousand feet up the north wall of the mountain. These are a few which come first to my thought; others crowd on, but I force memory and fancy together back into the strait-jacket of the statistical person, and content myself with repeating that there are thirty different drives in Hide-and-Seek Town!

Next winter, however, memory and fancy will have their way; and as we sit cowering over fires and the snow piles up outside our window-sills, we shall gaze dreamily into the glowing coals, and, living the summer over again, shall recall it in a minuteness of joy, for which summer days were too short, and summer light too strong: Then, when joy becomes reverie, and reverie takes shape, a truer record can be written, and its first page shall be called

A ROAD-SIDE.

I.

WHITE CLOVER.

In myriad snowy chalices of sweet
Thou spread'st by dusty ways a banquet fine,
So fine that vulgar crowds of it no sign
Observe; nay, trample it beneath their feet.
O, dainty and unsullied one! no meet
Interpretation I of thee divine,
Although all summer long I quaff thy wine,
And never pass thee, but to reverent greet,
And pause in wonder at the miracle
Of thee, so fair, and yet so meekly low.
Mayhap thou art a saintly Princess vowed,
In token of some grief which thee befell,
This pilgrimage of ministry to go,
And never speak thy lineage aloud!

II.

WILD GRAPE.

Thou gypsy camper, how camest thou here,
With thy vagabond habits full in sight,

In this rigid New England's noonday light?
I laugh half afraid at thy riotous cheer,
In these silent roads so stony and drear;
Thy breathless tendrils flushed scarlet and bright,
Thy leaves blowing back disheveled and white,
Thyself in mad wrestle with everything near;
No pine-tree so high, no oak-tree so strong,
That it can resist thy drunken embrace;
Together like bacchanals reeling along,
Staying each other, ye go at a pace,
And the road-side laughs and reaps all your wealth:
Thou prince of highwaymen! I drink thy health!

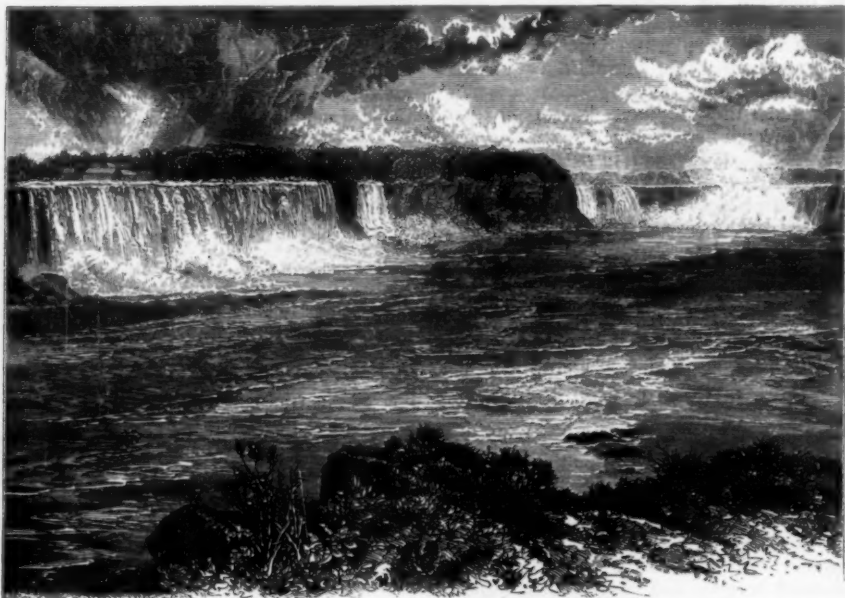
III.

MILKWEED.

O, patient creature with a peasant face,
Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with stains,
And standing humbly in the dusty lanes!
There seems a mystery in thy work and place,
Which crowns thee with significance and grace;
Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins?
What royal nursling comes at night and drains
Unscorned the food of the plebeian race?
By day I mark no living thing which rests
On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,
Who turn from flowers that are more fair, more
sweet,
And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,
And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.



NIAGARA.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA FROM THE CANADA SHORE.

THE NAME, NIAGARA.

NO ONE can hear the name of the great cataract correctly pronounced without being charmed with its rhythmical beauty, nor without feeling confident of its poetical aptness and significance in its original dialect. And although we have no means of determining whether any of the fanciful or poetical interpretations which have been given to the word are correct, still we cannot doubt that it must have had a peculiar force and fitness with those who first applied it. Baron La Hontan, who spent several years among the Indians, noticed the remarkable fact concerning their language that it had no labials. "Nevertheless," he says, "the language of the Hurons appears very beautiful and the sound of it perfectly charming, although in speaking it, they never close their lips."

The Jesuit Father Lalement, writing from St. Mary's Mission on the river Severn, in 1641, says of the Niagaras, called by Drake in "The Book of the Indians" Nicariagas, "There are some things in which they differ from our Hurons. They are larger, stronger and better formed. * * * * The Sononton-

heronons [Senecas], one of the Iroquois nations nearest to and most dreaded by the Hurons, are not more than a day's journey distant from the easternmost village of the Neuter Nation, named Onguiaahra [Niagara], of the same name as the river.

On Sanson's map of Canada, published in Paris in 1657, this one of forty different ways of spelling the word is shortened into Ongiara, and on Coronelli's map of the same region, published in Paris in 1688, it is crystallized into *Niagara*. As the Indians gave the *long* sound to every vowel, this name was pronounced *Ni-ah-gah-rah*.

THE RIVER.

Geographically, as is well known, the river Niagara is the connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and at the same time forms a part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. It is thirty-four miles long, and its main channel is twenty-five feet deep. Its general course is a few points east of north, with two curves, one easterly and the other westerly to embrace Grand Island. From the foot of Lake

Erie to the head of the rapids above the Falls, a distance of twenty miles, it has a fall of twenty feet, which produces a strong and quite uniform, but not rapid current. The two curves that embrace Grand Island, unite again four miles above the Falls, and thence run due west to the precipice; except that on the south side the Oxbow channel is cut out at right angles with the main channel. The current of its lower arm and of the river below runs nearly north, thus forming the western part of the curve which gives its name—Horseshoe—to the main Fall. After leaving the precipice, the river makes an acute angle with its former direction, and for a mile, down to the Whirlpool rapid, the channel is 200 feet deep; thence through the rapids and whirlpool to the end of the chasm, from 100 to 150 feet; thence to the mouth of the river 66 feet. The average width of the river is, from Lake Erie to the foot of Grand Island, including both channels around it, about one and an eighth miles; from the foot of Grand Island to the Falls one and a quarter miles; from the Falls to Lewiston about 800 feet at the water's edge, and from Lewiston to Lake Ontario about half a mile. The narrowest point in the gorge is 292 feet, just below the Whirlpool. The next narrowest is 361 feet in the center of the Whirlpool rapid. The finest reach in the upper Niagara is the portion between the foot of Grand and Navy Islands and the top of the precipice. It is about one and a quarter miles wide, flowing on with a strong but unruffled current till it reaches the first break in the rapids. The rush, the turmoil, the ever-changing aspect of the rapids are a fitting prelude to the final plunge. When this is made the cataract acquires its most impressive character-

istics: the fall, the foam, the roar, the spray, the bow.

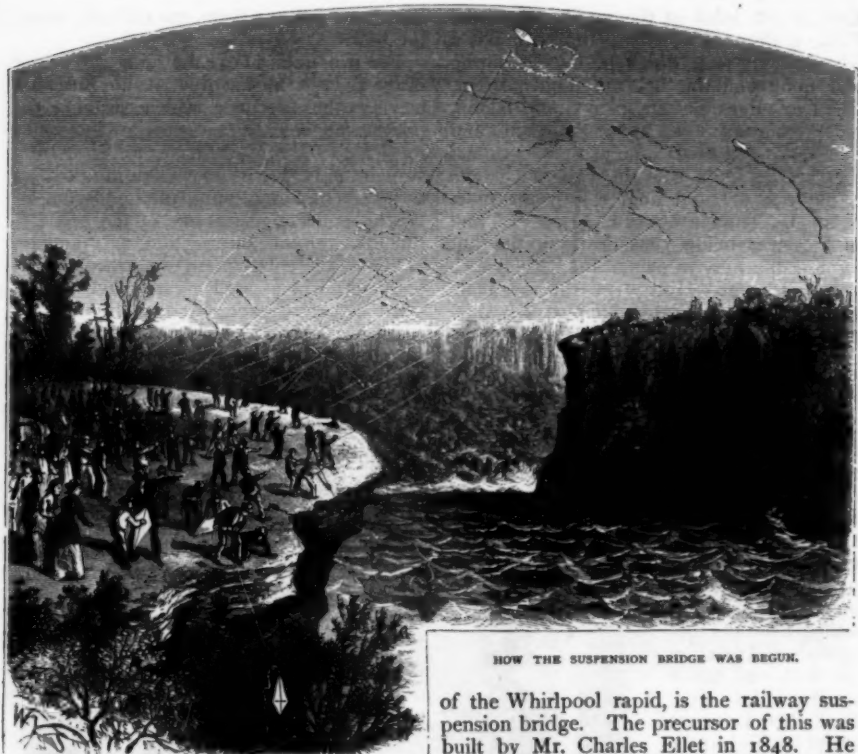
For two miles above the Falls the course of the river is almost due west. But after leaving the precipice which sustains the present fall, it makes an acute angle with its former direction, and thence to the railway suspension bridge its course is a little east of north. The formation of the rapids, one of the most beautiful features of the scene, is due to this change of direction. At no point below its present position could such a prelude—musical as well as *motional*—to the great cataract have existed, simply because the waters above the precipice lay like the water in a mill-pond above its dam, over which it tamely fell to the level below.

And when these rapids have vanished in the receding flood, there can be no others that will equal them in length, breadth,



INDIAN WOMEN SELLING BEAD-WORK.

beauty and power. The only reminder of them even that can exist hereafter will be seen by some kinsman of the traditional New Zealander who may stand on the dilapidated wall of Fort Porter at Buffalo and look upon the waters that will then rush



HOW THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE WAS BEGUN.

down the slope of the corniferous lime-stone which forms the dam at the foot of Lake Erie.

The fact may also be noticed that previous to this change of direction the Falls were constantly diminishing in height because they were receding in the direction of the dip of the bed-rock,—from north-east to south-west,—whereas they are now rising on the dip. By bearing this fact in mind it will be understood why the American is ten feet higher than the Canadian Fall.

Sixty rods below the American Fall is the upper suspension bridge. It is the longest one of its kind ever erected—a light, graceful structure, 1,200 feet in length—which hangs 190 feet above the water. The depth of the channel here is 200 feet. But it must be borne in mind that this is the depth of the water and that below this there must be another excavation certainly half as deep into which the mass of fallen gravel, rocks and stone has been precipitated. The whole depth of the chasm including the secondary banks is 500 feet.

A mile and a quarter below, at the head

of the Whirlpool rapid, is the railway suspension bridge. The precursor of this was built by Mr. Charles Ellet in 1848. He offered a reward of five dollars to any person who would get a string across the chasm. The next windy day all the boys in the neighborhood were kite-flying; and, before night, a lucky youth landed his kite on the opposite shore and secured the reward. Of this little string was born the large cables which support the present vast structure. But the first *iron* successor of the string was a small wire rope, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. To this was suspended a wire basket, in which two persons could cross the chasm. To it was attached an endless rope that was worked by a windlass on each bank. The ride down to the center was rapid and exhilarating, but the pause over the center, while the slack of the rope was being taken up, was apt to make the coolest person a little nervous, and the *jerky* motion up the opposite slope was rather annoying. The present bridge, with its railroad track and carriage way, was built by the late Mr. John A. Roebling. It is 800 feet long, and 200 feet above the water. It combines the advantages of two systems of construction, those of the tubular and the suspension bridges.

It is, practically, a skeleton tube, and one of the most brilliant examples of modern engineering. It is one of the few structures that not only harmonize with the grand scenery of the vicinity, but even augment its impressiveness.

For three-quarters of a mile below this bridge, in a moderate curve, runs the Whirlpool rapid, the wildest, most tumultuous and dangerous portion of the voyage made by the steamer "Maid of the Mist," of which we shall speak later. Owing to the abruptness of the declivity and the narrowness of the channel, the water is forced into a broken ridge in the middle of the

from two to three feet in diameter and fifty feet long, after a few preliminary and stately gyrations, are drawn down endwise, submerged for awhile and then ejected with great force, to resume again their devious course. Often they will be kept in this monotonous round for several weeks before escaping from their watery prison. The cleft in the bed-rock which forms the *débouché* of this basin is only 400 feet wide. Standing beside it at the water's edge, and considering that the whole volume of the water in the river is rushing through it with a current whose unbroken surface indicates its immense depth, the

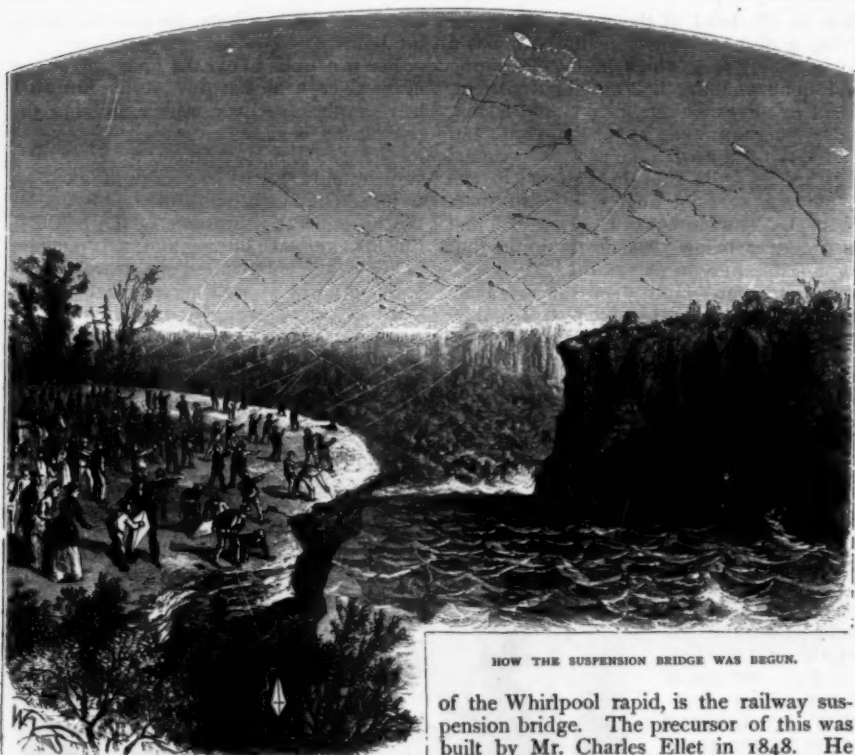


THE "MAID OF THE MIST" IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

stream, and its fierce turbulence, its terrific commotion, as seen from the water's edge are beyond description. At the foot of this rapid lies the Whirlpool, another most interesting and attractive portion of the river. The name—Whirlpool—is not quite accurate, since the body of water to which it is applied is rather a large eddy in which small whirlpools are constantly forming and breaking. The spectator cannot realize their tremendous power, unless there is some object floating upon the surface by which it may be demonstrated. Logs from broken rafts are frequently carried over the Falls, and when they reach this eddy, tree-trunks

spectator witnesses a manifestation of physical force which makes a stronger impression on his mind than even the great Fall itself.

A short distance below the Whirlpool, a rocky cape juts out from the Canada bank, and reaches two-thirds of the distance over the chasm. At this point, retrocession met a more obstinate and longer continued resistance than at any other, for the reason that the fine, firm sandstone of the Medina group projects across the channel, forming part of its bed and rising above the surface of the water. And here, this hard, compact rock held the cataract for many centuries. The crooked channel which incessant friction



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and chiseling have cut through it is the narrowest in the river, being only 392 feet wide. As at the neck of the Whirlpool, the surface of the water is unbroken, while its depth is still greater, and its motion, as it sweeps through the narrow, rock-ribbed gorge, is almost appalling to the beholder. A short distance below this cape, on the Canada side, is Foster's Glen, a singular and extensive lateral excavation, left dry by the receding flood. The cliff at its upper end is bare and water-worn, showing that the periphery of the Fall must have been wider than the average width below.

Half a mile further down-stream is the

resistless flood, until it escapes from the gorge at Lewiston, when, like a weary courser, it slackens its speed and settles into the broad, deep, majestic channel by which, flowing gently through a rich Arcadian plain, it reaches Lake Ontario, six miles distant. This channel is from 60 to 90 feet deep. The water on the immense bar at the mouth of the river is only 28 feet in depth. In the lake beyond it is 600 feet deep. From the best recorded and other obtainable data, it is proximately demonstrated that the Falls have receded 76 feet during the last one hundred and seventy-five years. Consequently, they have been seventy-two thousand years cutting their way back six miles to their present location. As the underlying shale is sinking lower and the superposed rock is becoming thicker, future recession must be extremely slow, except when these conditions may be reversed. It is altogether probable that there will always be a perpendicular fall whatever the rate of recession may be, and that it will assume a permanent position, in future eons, at the outlet of Lake Erie where the bed-rock—the corniferous limestone of the Onondaga group—is thoroughly indurated.

LOCAL HISTORY.

The oldest permanent settler in this locality was Mr. John Stedman. He had been connected with the British army, and occupied the land adjacent to old Fort Schlosser, which had been cleared by the French. He also cultivated a portion of the upper end of Goat Island, on which, in the summer of 1779, he placed a few small animals, among them a male goat. The following winter was very severe; navigation to the island was impracticable, and the goat fell a victim to the intense cold. Some years later, the United States Boundary Commissioner, the late Gen. P. B. Porter, while running the line between the two countries, proposed to name this bit of land *Iris* Island, and it was so printed on the boundary maps. But the public, refusing to adopt the new, adhered to the old name. The earliest date found on the



HORSESHOE FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Devil's Hole—literally a hole cut out of the American bank by the aid of a small stream called Bloody Run, which, in the spring and fall of the year, is quite a torrent. From this point down the water rushes on in a restless,

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island, carved on a beech-tree, was 1765. The earliest date cut in the rock on the main shore was 1645. The settlement of the present village was begun during the last few years of the last century, and the moderate growth it had attained was almost annihilated in the flames kindled by the British in 1814.

Seventy years ago the few travelers who were attracted to the vicinity by interest or curiosity were obliged to approach it by Indian trails or rude corduroy roads through dense and dark forests.

Even in the treacherous and bloody warfare of savage men it was *neutral* ground. It was a forest city of refuge for contending tribes. The generous and peaceful Niagaras, "a people," as has been noted, larger, stronger and better formed than any other savages, and who lived upon its borders, were called by the whites and the neighboring tribes the Neuter Nation. Some forty years ago Niagara was, emphatically, a pleasant and attractive place of resort. The town was quiet, the accommodations were good, the people kind, considerate and attentive. Niagara is still pleasant and attractive, but with a difference.

In 1817 the first bridge to Goat Island was built—of wood—about forty rods above the present one. The next spring it was carried away by the ice. A new one was then built lower down, and did good service until 1856, when it was superseded by the present iron bridge. The three graceful and substantial suspension bridges, connecting Goat Island with the three Moss Islands lying south of it in the great rapids, were built in 1858.

The quaint old stone Tower that formerly stood in the rapids off the lower end of Goat Island was built in 1833 with stones gathered in the vicinity. From apprehension that it had become weakened and dangerous it was demolished in 1874. The Biddle staircase, by which access is gained to the cave of the winds and Tyndall's rock, was built in 1829. The shaft forming the center of the spiral stairway is 80 feet long and is

firmly fastened to the rock. At the water's edge, just below it, Mr. Samuel Patch set up a ladder 100 feet high, from which he made two leaps into the water below.

The depth of the water at the top of the



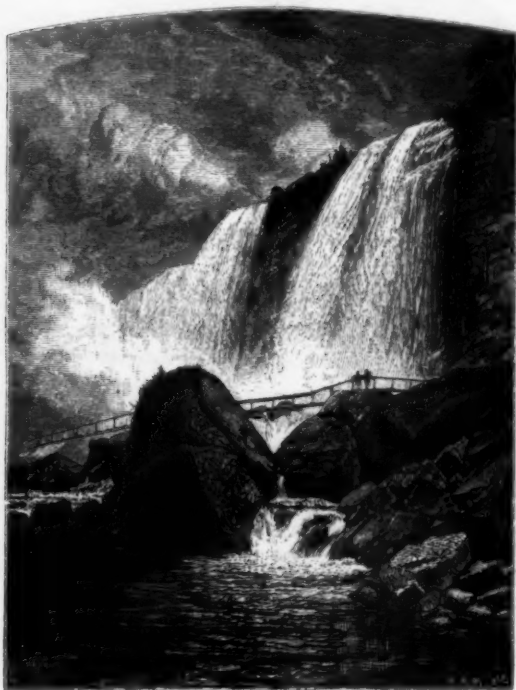
THE AMERICAN AND HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM BELOW.

Horseshoe fall was quite correctly determined in 1827. In the autumn of that year the ship *Michigan*, having become unseaworthy, was purchased by a few men and sent over the Falls. Her hull and guard rail were twenty feet deep. She filled going down the rapids and went over the Horseshoe with her top rail just visible, indicating that there was at least twenty feet of water in the channel. A bear, a fox, a dog and some geese were put on board. The first plunged into the rapids and escaped to the shore, where he was afterward recaptured. The geese would seem to have multiplied as they went down, since quite a large number that were said to have received their baptism of fame by this dip, were sold to visitors during the remainder of the season. Another condemned vessel, the *Detroit*, that had belonged to Com. Perry's victorious fleet, was set adrift in 1841, but grounded about midway on the rapids, where she lay until knocked to pieces by the ice.

In two instances dogs were sent over the falls and survived the plunge. It is certain that one of them, a belligerent bull-

terrier, was thereafter more amiable, a sadder if not a wiser dog.

The double railway track at the Ferry was completed in 1845. It is operated by a subterranean water wheel, and as all the gearing is invisible it has quite the appearance of a self-working apparatus.



ROCK OF AGES AND WHIRLWIND BRIDGE.

OTHER INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

In the summer of 1816 three men living about three miles above the Falls, saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize they started for him in a large, substantial log canoe or "dug-out." When they overtook him he seemed quite obliged for their attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently belabored him with their paddles. As he came in on one side two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe facing him. As the

noise of the rapids and roar of the Falls reminded him that they were ominously near, Fisher resolved to take advantage of the truce and pull vigorously for the shore. But when he began to paddle the bear began to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with an ominous grin.

Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation an octave higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The men who swam ashore soon, however, re-appeared, in another canoe, with a loaded musket, shot the bear, and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

On the morning of July 29, 1853, a man was discovered in the middle of the American rapid, about thirty rods below the bridge. He was clinging to a log, which had lodged against a submerged rock during the preceding spring. He proved to be a Mr. Avery, who had undertaken to cross the river the night before, got bewildered in the current, and was drawn into the rapids. His boat struck the log, was overturned, and he was enabled to hold to the timber. A large crowd soon gathered, and several boats were let down to him from the bridge. One of them reached him safely, but by some unaccountable means

the rope got caught between the log and the rock. It could not be loosened, although the unfortunate man tugged at it with almost superhuman energy for several hours. Other boats were upset or wrecked. Finally a raft—with an empty cask fastened to each corner, and ropes for him to hold by—was sent to him. He got upon it, and seized the ropes. The persons holding to the upper end of the tow rope moved along the bridge toward the island, the raft swinging across the current. Again the rope got entangled and could not be disengaged. Another boat was safely lowered to the raft. Avery, in his eagerness to seize it, let go the ropes he had been holding by, stepped to the top of the raft with his hands extended to catch the boat, when the former seemed to settle in the water by his weight, and, just



FISHER AND THE BEAR.

missing his clutch, he was swept into the rapid and went over the fall, after a terrific struggle with death of eighteen hours continuance.

On the 23d of August, 1844, Miss Martha K. Rugg was walking up to Table Rock with a friend. Seeing a bunch of cedar berries on a low tree which grew out from the edge of the bank, she left her companion, reached out to pick it, lost her footing and fell one hundred and fifteen feet upon the rocks below. She survived about three hours. Pilgrims to Table Rock, of course, inquired for the spot where this accident happened. The following spring, an enterprising Irishman brought out a table of suitable dimensions, set it down on the bank

of the river and covered it with sundry articles which he offered for sale. In order to enlighten strangers as to the peculiarity of the spot he provided a remarkable sign, which he set up near one end of the table. This sign was a monumental obelisk about five feet high, made of pine boards and painted white. On the base he painted in black letters the following inscription:

"Ladies fair, most beauteous of the race,
Beware and shun a dangerous place,
Miss Martha Rugg here lost a life,
Who might now have been a happy wife."

An envious competitor, one of his own countrymen, brought his table of sundries, and placed it and them just above the original mourner. Thereupon the latter, determined that his rival should not have the benefit of his sign, removed it below his own table, having first removed the table itself as far down as circumstances would permit. Then he added his master stroke of policy. Theretofore the monument had been stationary. Thenceforward every day on quitting business, he put it on a wheelbarrow and took it home, bringing it out again on resuming operations in the morning.

Since the beginning of the present century, so far as known, twenty-four persons have gone over the Falls, two purposely; and one man took the last leap from the lower suspension bridge.

In 1858 Mr. Blondin began his exhibitions. His rope was stretched over the chasm below the railway suspension bridge. He selected Saturday as the day for his fortnightly "ascensions," as he called them. He performed a variety of rope-walking feats, balanc-



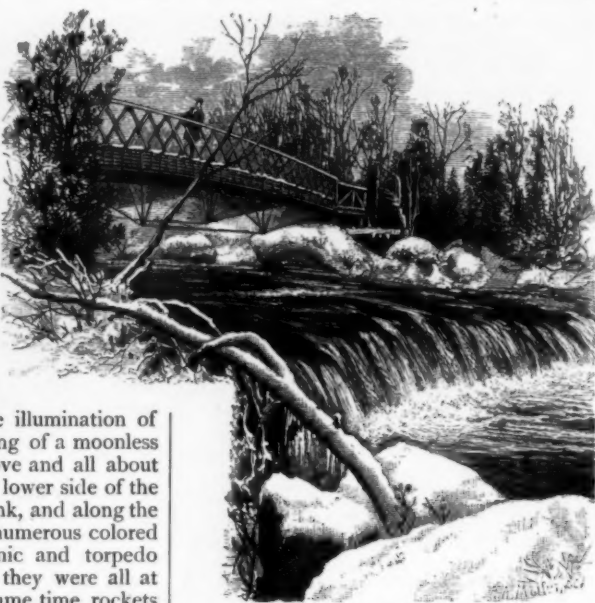
IRISH ENTERPRISE.

ing on the cable, hanging from it by his hands and feet, standing on his head and lowering himself down to the surface of the water. He also carried a man across on his back, trundled over a loaded wheelbarrow and walked over in a sack. In 1860 he had a special "ascension" for the Prince of Wales, and his party.

The most notable occurrence, however, which emphasized the visit of the Prince of Wales in that year was the illumination of the Falls late in the evening of a moonless night. On the banks above and all about on the rocks below, on the lower side of the road down the Canada bank, and along the water's edge, were placed numerous colored and white calcium, volcanic and torpedo lights. At a given signal they were all at once set aflame. At the same time rockets and wheels and flying artillery were set off in great abundance. The shores were crowded with people, and the scene was of surpassing magnificence.

The ordinary spring rains and freshets produce no effect on the river above the Falls except to change the color of the water. Its volume is varied only by fierce gales or long-continued winds. In the spring of 1847, a gale from the west, both fierce and long-continued, driving the water down Lake Erie, caused the highest rise ever known. The water rose six feet on the rapids and reached the floor plank on the old bridge. This hint was taken and the new bridge was raised four feet higher.

On March 29th, 1848, a remarkable phenomenon occurred. The preceding winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was unusually thick. In the warm days of early spring, this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset, the wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water. Of



SECOND MOSS ISLAND BRIDGE.

course it needed but little time for the Falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was, that on the morning of the following day, the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with a quick consumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island and out into the Canadian rapids, and from the foot of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary syncope of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning, the river was restored in all its strength, beauty, and majesty.

On the 25th of June, 1850, occurred the great downfall which reduced Table Rock to a narrow bench along the bank. The portion which fell was one immense solid rock 200 feet long, 60 feet wide and 100 feet deep, where it separated from the bank. Fortunately, it fell at noonday, when but few people were out, and no lives were lost. The driver of an omnibus who had taken off his horses for their mid-

day feed, and was washing his vehicle, felt the preliminary cracking and escaped, the vehicle itself being plunged into the gulf below.

WINTER.

In winter, the stalactites and stalagmites hanging from, or apparently supporting, the projecting rocks along the side walls of the deep chasm; the ice islands which grow on the bars and around the rocks in the river; the white caps and hoods which are formed on the rocks below; the fanciful statuary and statuesque forms which gather on and around the trees and bushes, are most curious and interesting. Exceedingly beautiful are the white vestments of frozen spray with which every thing in the immediate vicinity is robed and shielded; and beautiful too are the clusters of ice apples hanging from the extremities of the branches of the evergreen trees.

There is something marvelous in the purity and *whiteness* of congealed spray. One might think it to be frozen sunlight. After a day of sunshine which has been sufficiently warm to fill the atmosphere with aqueous vapor, if a sharp, still, cold night succeed, and on this there break a clear, calm morning, the scene presented is one of unique and enchanting beauty. The frozen spray on every bole, limb and twig of tree



THE YOUNGEST INHABITANT.

and shrub, on every stiffened blade of grass, on every rigid stem and tendril of the vine, is covered over with a fine white powder,—a frosty bloom, from which there springs a line of delicate frost-spines, forming a perfect fringe of ice-moss,—than which nothing more fanciful and beautiful can be imagined.

Even more beautiful and fairy-like, if possible, is the garment of *frozen fog*, with which all external objects are adorned and



THE THREE SISTERS OR MOSS ISLANDS, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

etherealized when the spring advances. As the sharp, still night wears on, the light mists begin to rise, and when the morning breaks, the river is buried in a deep, dense bank of fog. A gentle wave of air bears it landward; its progress is stayed by every thing with which it comes in contact, and as soon as its motion is arrested, it freezes sufficiently to adhere to whatever it touches. So it grows upon itself, and all things are soon covered, half an inch in depth, with a delicate fringe of congealed fog of intensest whiteness. The morning sun dispels the mist, and in an hour the gay frost-work vanishes.

The ice islands are sometimes quite ex-

Island, and the three Moss Islands lying outside of it; all of which were visited by different persons passing over this new route. The writer walked over the south end of Luna Island, above the tops of the trees.

The ice bridge of that year filled the whole chasm from the railway suspension bridge up past the American fall. When the ice broke up in the spring, such immense quantities were carried down that, on the occurrence of a strong northerly wind across Lake Ontario, a jam occurred at Fort Niagara. The ice accumulated and set back until it reached the Whirlpool, and could be crossed at any point between it and the Fort. It was lifted up about 60 feet above the surface, and spread out over both shores, crushing and destroying every thing with which it came in contact. In the ice gorge of 1866, the ice was set back to the upper end of the Whirlpool, over which it was 20 feet deep. The Whirlpool rapid was subdued nearly to an unbroken current, and, all below to Lake Ontario, was reduced to a gentle flow of quiet waters.

The winter of 1875 was intensely cold. The singular figures represented in the illustration on page 477—the eagle and dog—are counterfeit presentments of the veritable chance-work of the frost of that season. The long-continued prevalence of the south-west wind fastened to every object facing it a border or apron of dazzling whiteness, and more than five feet thick. The ice mountain below the American fall, reaching nearly to the top of the precipice, was appropriated as a "coasting" course, and furnished most exhilarating sport to the people who used it. A large number of visitors came from all directions, and on the 22d of February, fifteen hundred were assembled to see the extraordinary exhibition. The ice bridges are formed by the broken masses that pour over the precipice and are frozen together in the chasm below. The roof being formed, the succeeding cakes are drawn under, raise the roof and are frozen to it. In the coldest winters, these ice bridges cannot be less than 250 feet thick. The ice bridge of the present year formed on the 6th and 7th of May, was crossed on the 8th, and broke up on the 14th—the only one ever known in the river so late in the spring.

ROBINSON'S EXPLOITS.

No account of Niagara is complete that omits at least some of the exploits of the navigator of its rapids—Mr. Joel R. Robin-

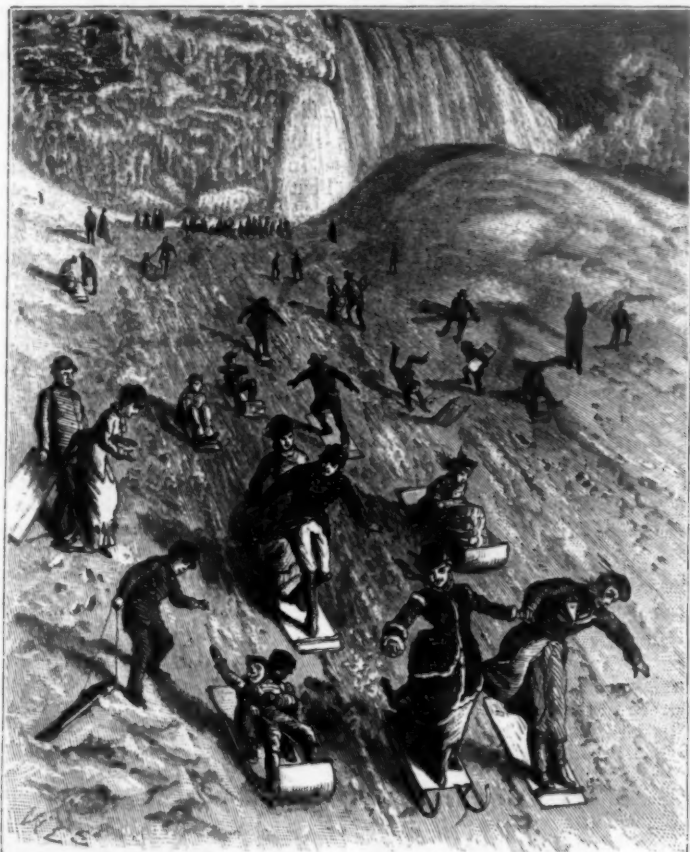


AN ASCENSION BY BLONDIN.

tensive. In the year 1856 the whole of the rocky bar above Goat Island was covered with ice, piled together in a rough heap, the lower end of which rested on Goat

son. In the summer of 1838, while repairs were being made on the main bridge to Goat Island, a mechanic named Chapin fell from the lower side of it into the rapids about ten rods from the Bath Island shore. The swift current bore him toward the first small island

for Chippewa in a boat just before sunset. Being anxious to get across before dark, he plied his oars with such vigor that one of them was broken when he was about opposite the middle Sister. With the remaining oar he tried to make the head of Goat Island.



COASTING DOWN ICEBERG BELOW AMERICAN FALL—WINTER OF 1875.

lying below the bridge. Knowing how to swim, he made a desperate and successful effort to reach it. Saved from drowning, he seemed likely to fall a victim to the slow torture of starvation. All thoughts were then turned to Robinson. He launched his light red skiff from the foot of Bath Island, picked his way cautiously and skillfully through the rapids to the little island, took Chapin in and brought him safely to the shore.

In the summer of 1841, a Mr. Allen started

The current, however, set too strongly toward the great Canadian rapids, and his only hope was to reach the outer Sister. Nearing this, and not being able to run his boat upon it, he sprang out, and, being a good swimmer, by a vigorous effort succeeded in getting on it. Certain of having a lonely, if not a quiet and pleasant night, and being the fortunate possessor of two stray matches, he lighted a fire and solaced himself with his thoughts and his pipe. Next morning, taking off his red flannel



FALL OF TABLE ROCK.

shirt, he raised a signal of distress. Toward noon, the unusual smoke and the red flag attracted attention. The situation was soon ascertained, and Robinson informed of it. Not long after noon the little red skiff was carried across Goat Island and launched in the channel just below the Moss Islands. Robinson then pulled himself across to the foot of the middle Sister and tried in vain to find a point where he could cross to the outer one. Approaching darkness compelled him to suspend operations. He rowed back to Goat Island, got some refreshments, returned to the middle Sister, threw them across to Allen, and then left him to his second night of solitude. The next day Robinson took with him two long, light, strong cords, with a properly shaped piece of lead weighing about a pound. Tying the lead to one of the cords he threw it across to Allen. Robinson then fastened the other end of Allen's cord to the bow of

the skiff; then attaching his own cord to the skiff also, he shoved it off. Allen drew it to himself, got into it, pushed off, and Robinson drew him to where he stood on the middle island. Then seating Allen in the stern of the skiff he returned across the rapids to Goat Island, where both were assisted up the bank by the spectators.

This was the second person rescued by Robinson from islands which had been considered wholly inaccessible. It is no exaggeration to say that there was not another man in the country who could have saved Chapin and Allen as he did.

In the year 1846 a small steamer was built in the eddy just above the railway suspension bridge to run up to the Falls. She was very appropriately named the "Maid of the Mist." Her engine was rather weak, but she safely accomplished the trip. As, however, she took passengers aboard only from the Canada side, she did little more than pay expenses. In 1854 a larger, better boat, with a more powerful engine,—the new "Maid of the Mist,"—was put on the route, and, as she took passengers from both shores, many thousands of persons made this most exciting and impressive tour under the Falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which again confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner having decided to leave the place, wished to sell



JOEL E. ROBINSON.



WINTER FOLIAGE.

her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but had an offer of something more than half of her cost, if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consultation with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock was just above the railway suspension bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter, that, too, being

the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked,



A GLIMPSE OF LUNA FALL AND ISLAND IN WINTER.



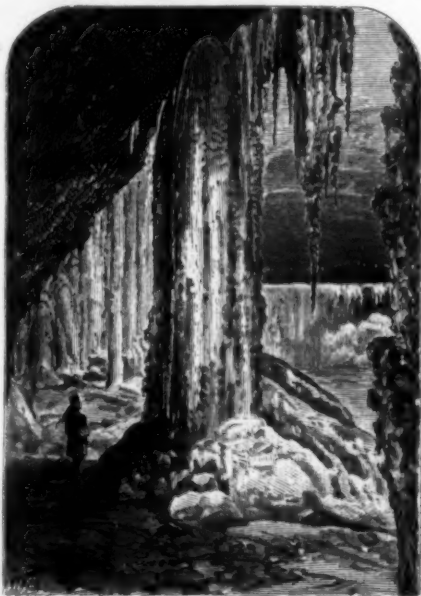
MOUTH OF THE CHASM AND BROCK'S MONUMENT.

tumultuous rapid which we have before noticed, as reaching from the bridge to the whirlpool. At the whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the rapids, of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the whirlpool to Lewiston is a wild rush and whirl of water the whole distance.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and, knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and waited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper deck. Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting-bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape-pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side,

threw Robinson on his back and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. The boat was seventy-two feet long, with seventeen feet breadth of beam, eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of a hundred horse-power. Robinson said that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred, the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntyre were



GREAT ICICLES AND STALAGMITES—UNDER THE AMERICAN FALL, 1875.



ICE BRIDGE AND FROST FREAKS.

holding to the wheel with all their strength, but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest suction must be in the deepest channel, and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement, or by his fall, as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling around the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

Poor Jones, imprisoned beneath the hatches before the glowing furnace, went down on his knees, as he related afterward, and although a more earnest prayer was never uttered, and few that were shorter, still it seemed to him prodigiously long. The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a later day. "He was," said Mrs. Robinson

to the writer, "twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out." He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water and advised his sons to venture no more about the rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious afterward. Yet he had a strange, almost irrepressible desire to make this voyage immediately after the steamer was put on below the Falls. This wish was only increased when the first "Maid of the Mist" was superseded by the new and stancher one. Robinson was born in Springfield, Mass. He was nearly six feet high, with light chestnut hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. He was a kind-hearted man, of equable temper, few words, cool, deliberate, decided, lithe as a Gaul and gentle as a girl. He neither provoked nor defied Providence, nor foolishly challenged the admiration of his fellow-men. But when news came that some one was in danger,

then he went to work with a calm and cheerful will.

Benevolent associations in different cities and countries bestow honor and rewards on

those who, by unselfish effort and a noble courage, save the life of a fellow-being. This Robinson did repeatedly; yet no stone commemorates his deeds.

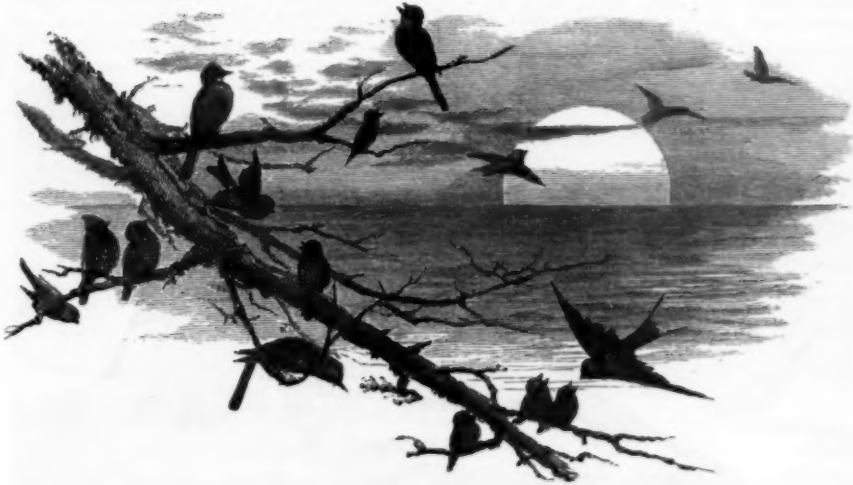


THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

SONG.

WHAT good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest!
 All joys to thee belong;
 Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
 Sweeter than any song.
 For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
 In fragrance, music, light:
 The spring-time wooes thee with a thousand voices,
 For thee her flowers are bright.
 Youth crowns thee, and love waits upon thy splendor,
 Trembling beneath thine eyes:
 Thy morning sky is yet serene and tender,
 Thy life before thee lies.
 What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest!
 Thou holdest in thy hand
 My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest:
 Nor wilt thou understand
 Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
 My lady proud and sweet!
 I bring the treasure of a priceless sorrow,
 To lay before thy feet.

A BIRD MEDLEY.



PEOPLE who have not made friends with the birds do not know how much they miss. Especially to one living in the country, of strong local attachments, with a sympathetic heart and an observing turn of mind, does an acquaintance with the birds form a close and invaluable tie. The only time I saw Thomas Carlyle, I remember his relating, apropos of this subject, that in his earlier days he was sent on a journey to a distant town on some business that gave him much bother and vexation, and that on his way back home, forlorn and dejected, he suddenly heard the larks singing all about him—soaring and singing, just as they did about his father's fields, and it had the effect to comfort him and cheer him up amazingly.

Most lovers of the birds can doubtless recall similar experiences from their own lives. Nothing wouls me to a new place more than the birds. I go, for instance, to take up my abode in the country,—to plant myself upon unfamiliar ground. I know nobody, and nobody knows me. The roads, the fields, the hills, the streams, the woods are all strange. I look wistfully upon them, but they know me not. They give back nothing to my yearning gaze. But there, on every hand, are the long-familiar birds—the same ones I left behind me, the same ones

I knew in my youth—robins, sparrows, swallows, bobolinks, crows, hawks, high-holes, meadow-larks, etc., all there before me, and ready to renew and perpetuate the old associations. Before my house is begun, theirs is completed; before I have taken root at all, they are thoroughly established. I do not yet know what kind of apples my apple-trees bear, but there, in the cavity of a decayed limb, the blue-birds are building a nest, and yonder, on that branch, the social sparrow is busy with hairs and straws. The robins have tasted the quality of my cherries, and the cedar-birds have known every red cedar on the place these many years. While my house is yet surrounded by its scaffoldings, the phoebe-bird has built her exquisite mossy nest on a projecting stone beneath the eaves, a robin has filled a niche in the wall with mud and dry grass, the chimney-swallows are going out and in the chimney, and a pair of house-wrens are at home in a snug cavity over the door, and, during an April snow-storm, a number of hermit-thrushes have taken shelter in my unfinished chambers. Indeed, I am in the midst of friends before I fairly know it. The place is not so new as I had thought. It is already old; the birds have supplied the memories of many decades of years.

There is something almost pathetic in the

fact that the birds remain forever the same. You grow old, your friends die or move to distant lands, events sweep on and all things are changed. Yet there in your garden or orchard are the birds of your boyhood, the same notes, the same calls, and, to all intents and purposes, the identical birds endowed with perennial youth. The swal-

my day. So loud and persistent was the singer, that his note teased and worried my excited ear.

"Hearken to yon pine warbler,
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearst thou, O traveler!
What he singeth to me?"



ROBINS IN THE MEADOW.

lows, that built so far out of your reach beneath the eaves of your father's barn, the same ones now squeak and chatter beneath the eaves of your barn. The warblers and shy wood-birds you pursued with such glee ever so many summers ago, and whose names you taught to some beloved youth who now, perchance, sleeps amid his native hills, no marks of time or change cling to them; and when you walk out to the strange woods, there they are, mocking you with their ever-renewed and joyous youth. The call of the high-holes, the whistle of the quail, the strong piercing note of the meadow-lark, the drumming of the grouse, —how these sounds ignore the years, and strike on the ear with the melody of that spring-time when the world was young, and life was all holiday and romance!

During any unusual tension of the feelings or emotions, how the note or song of a single bird will sink into the memory, and become inseparably associated with your grief or joy! Shall I ever again be able to hear the song of the oriole without being pierced through and through? Can it ever be other than a dirge for the dead to me? Day after day, and week after week, this bird whistled and warbled in a mulberry by the door, while sorrow, like a pall, darkened

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou
Its heavy tale divine."

It is the opinion of some naturalists that birds never die what is called a natural death, but come to their end by some murderous or accidental means; yet I have found sparrows and vireos in the fields and woods dead or dying, that bore no marks of violence; and I remember that once in my childhood a red-bird fell down in the yard exhausted and was brought in by the girl; its bright scarlet image is indelibly stamped upon my recollection. It is not known that birds have any distempers like the domestic fowls, but I saw a social sparrow one day quite disabled by some curious malady, that suggested a disease that sometimes attacks poultry; one eye was nearly put out by a scrofulous-looking sore, and on the last joint of one wing there was a large tumorous or fungous growth that crippled the bird completely. On another occasion I picked up one that appeared well but could not keep its center of gravity when in flight, and so fell to the ground.

One reason why dead birds and animals are so rarely found is, that on the approach of death their instinct prompts them to

creep away in some hole or under some cover, where they would be least liable to fall a prey to their natural enemies. It is doubtful if any of the game birds, like the pigeon and grouse, ever die of old age, or the semi-game birds, like the bobolink, or the "century-living" crow; but in what other form can death overtake the humming-bird, or even the swift and the barn-swallow? Such are true birds of the air; they may be occasionally lost at sea during

farther inland. The swarms of robins that come to us in early spring are a delight to behold. In one of his poems Emerson speaks of

"— April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree;"

but April's bird with me is the robin, brisk, vociferous, musical, dotting every field, and larking it in every grove; he is as easily atop at this season as the bobolink is a month



WILD PIGEONS AT ROOST.

their migrations, but, so far as I know, they are not preyed upon by any other species.

The valley of the Hudson, I find, forms a great natural highway for the birds, as do doubtless the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and all other large water-courses running north and south. The birds love an easy way, and in the valleys of the rivers they find a road already graded for them; and they abound more in such places throughout the season than they do

or two later. The tints of April are ruddy and brown—the new furrow and the leafless trees, and these are the tints of its dominant bird.

From my dining-room window I look, or did look, out upon a long stretch of smooth meadow, and as pretty a spring sight as I ever wish to behold was this field, sprinkled all over with robins, their red breasts turned toward the morning sun, or their pert forms sharply outlined against lingering patches of snow. Every morning for weeks I had

those robins for breakfast; but what *they* had I never could find out.

After the leaves are out and gayer colors come into fashion, the robin takes a back seat. He goes to housekeeping in the old apple-tree, or, what he likes better, the cherry-tree. A pair reared their domestic altar (of mud and dry grass) in one of the latter trees, where I saw much of them. The cock took it upon himself to keep the tree free of all other robins during cherry time, and its branches were the scene of some lively tussles every hour in the day. The innocent visitor would scarcely alight before the jealous cock was upon him; but while he was thrusting him out at one side, a second would be coming in on the other. He managed, however, to protect his cherries very well, but had so little time to eat the fruit himself, that we got fully our share.

I have frequently seen the robin courting, and have always been astonished and amused at the utter coldness and indifference of the female. She will positively not hear a word of it, at least during certain stages of the ceremony, nor recognize her adorer by look or sign. Yet he is not discouraged; he follows her from tree to tree, and from field to field, spreading his plumage, pouring out his flattery, offering her food, challenging his rivals, and doing his utmost to gain her approval, which, no doubt, he soon succeeds in doing. I have noticed the same little comedy enacted among the English house-sparrows, but not among any other birds. The females of every species of birds, however, I believe, have this in common—they are absolutely free from coquetry, or any airs and wiles whatever. In most cases nature has given the song and the plumage to the other sex, and all the embellishing and acting is done by the male bird.

I am always at home when I see the passenger-pigeon. Few spectacles please me more than to see clouds of these birds sweeping across the sky, and few sounds are more agreeable to my ear than their lively piping and calling in the spring woods. They come in such multitudes, they people the whole air; they cover townships, and make the solitary places as gay as a festival. The naked woods are suddenly blue as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children. Their arrival is always unexpected. We know April will bring the robins and May the bobolinks, but we do not know that either they, or any other month, will bring the pas-

senger-pigeon. Sometimes years elapse and scarcely a flock is seen. Then, of a sudden, some March or April they come pouring over the horizon from the south or south-west, and for a few days the land is alive with them.

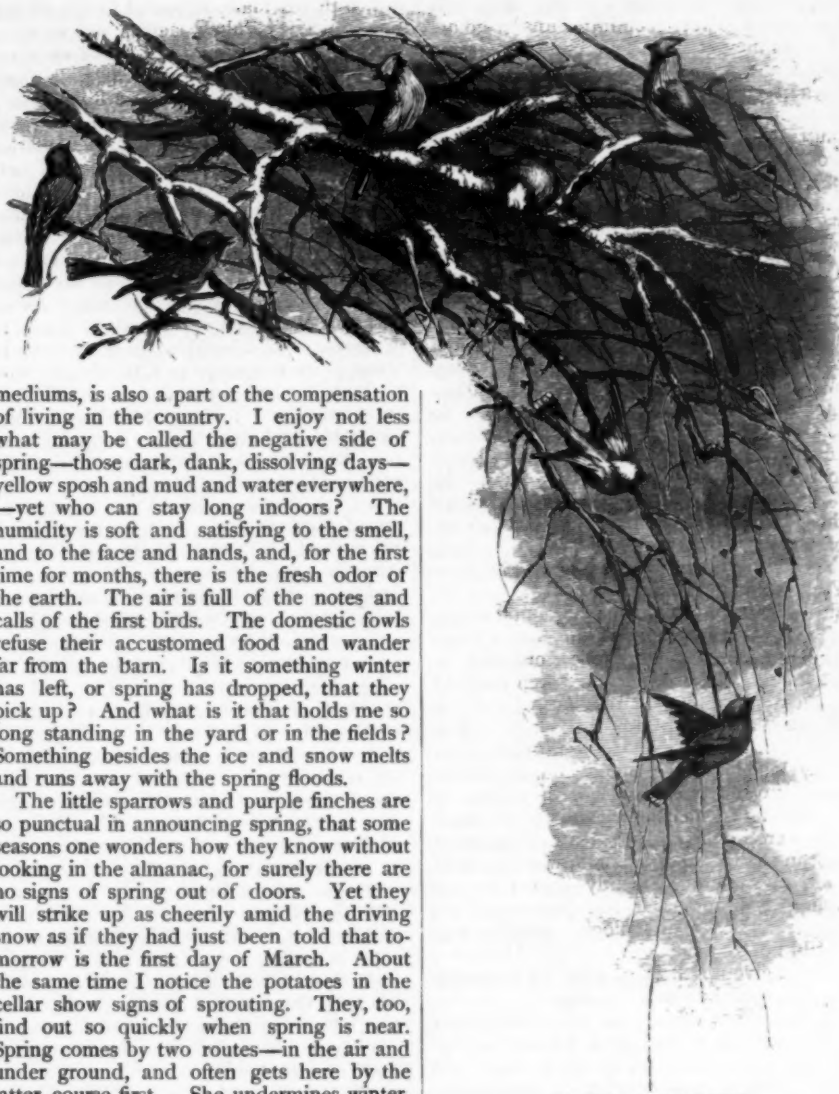
The whole race seems to be collected in a few vast swarms or assemblages. Indeed, I have sometimes thought there was only one such in the United States, and that it moved in squads, and regiments, and brigades, and divisions, like a giant army. The scouting and foraging squads are not unusual, and every few years we see larger bodies of them, but rarely, indeed, do we witness the spectacle of the whole vast tribe in motion. Sometimes we hear of them in Virginia, or Kentucky and Tennessee; then in Ohio or Pennsylvania; then in New York, then in Canada or Michigan. They are followed from point to point, and from State to State, by human sharks, who catch and shoot them for market.

A year ago last April, the pigeons flew for two or three days up and down the Hudson. In long bowing lines, or else in dense masses, they moved across the sky. It was not the whole army, but I should think at least one corps of it; I had not seen such a flight of pigeons since my boyhood. I went up to the top of the house, the better to behold the winged procession. The day seemed memorable and poetic in which such sights occurred.

While I was looking at the pigeons, a flock of wild geese went by, harrowing the sky northward. The geese strike a deeper chord than the pigeons. Level and straight they go as fate to its mark. I cannot tell what emotions these migrating birds awaken in me—the geese especially. One seldom sees more than a flock or two in a season, and what a spring token it is! The great bodies are in motion. It is like the passage of a victorious army. No longer inch by inch does spring come, but these geese advance the standard across zones at one pull. How my desire goes with them; how something in me, wild and migratory, plumes itself and follows fast!

"Steering north, with raucous cry,
Through tracts and provinces of sky,
Every night alighting down
In new landscapes of romance,
Where darkling feed the clamorous clans
By lonely lakes to men unknown."

Dwelling upon these sights, I am reminded that the seeing of spring come, not only upon the great wings of the geese and the lesser wings of the pigeons and birds, but in the many more subtle and indirect signs and



JAY-BIRDS AND CEDAR-BIRDS.

mediums, is also a part of the compensation of living in the country. I enjoy not less what may be called the negative side of spring—those dark, dank, dissolving days—yellow sposh and mud and water everywhere,—yet who can stay long indoors? The humidity is soft and satisfying to the smell, and to the face and hands, and, for the first time for months, there is the fresh odor of the earth. The air is full of the notes and calls of the first birds. The domestic fowls refuse their accustomed food and wander far from the barn. Is it something winter has left, or spring has dropped, that they pick up? And what is it that holds me so long standing in the yard or in the fields? Something besides the ice and snow melts and runs away with the spring floods.

The little sparrows and purple finches are so punctual in announcing spring, that some seasons one wonders how they know without looking in the almanac, for surely there are no signs of spring out of doors. Yet they will strike up as cheerily amid the driving snow as if they had just been told that to-morrow is the first day of March. About the same time I notice the potatoes in the cellar show signs of sprouting. They, too, find out so quickly when spring is near. Spring comes by two routes—in the air and under ground, and often gets here by the latter course first. She undermines winter, when outwardly his front is nearly as bold as ever. I have known the trees to bud long before, by outward appearances, one would expect them to. The frost was gone from the ground before the snow was gone from the surface.

But winter hath his birds also; some of them such tiny bodies, that one wonders how they withstand the giant cold—but they do. Birds live on highly concentrated

food—the fine seeds of weeds and grasses, and the eggs and larvæ of insects. Such food must be very stimulating and heating. A gizzard full of ants, for instance, what spiced and seasoned extract is equal to that? Think what virtue there must be in an ounce of gnats or mosquitoes, or in the fine mysterious food the chickadee and brown-creeper gather in the winter woods. It is doubtful

if these birds ever freeze when fuel enough can be had to keep their little furnaces going. And, as they get their food entirely from the limbs and trunks of trees, like the woodpeckers, their supply is seldom interfered with by the snow. The worst annoyance must be the enameling of ice our winter woods sometimes get.

Indeed, the food question seems to be the only serious one with the birds. Give them plenty to eat, and, no doubt, the majority of them would face our winters. I believe all the woodpeckers are winter birds, except the high-hole or yellow-hammer, and he obtains the greater part of his subsistence from the ground, and is not a *woodpecker* at all in his habits of feeding. Were it not that it has recourse to budding, the ruffed grouse would be obliged to migrate. The quail, a bird, no doubt, equally hardy, but whose food is at the mercy of the snow, is frequently cut off by our severe winters when it ventures to brave them, which is not often. Where plenty of the berries of the red cedar can be had, the cedar-bird will pass the winter in New York. The old ornithologists say the blue-bird migrates to Bermuda; but in the winter of 1874-5, severe as it was, a pair of them wintered with me eighty miles north of New York city. They seem to have been decided in their choice by the attractions of my rustic porch and the fruit of a sugar-berry tree (*Celtis* or *Lotus*) that stood in front of it. They lodged in the porch and took their meals in the tree. Indeed, they became regular lotus-eaters. Punctually at dusk they were in their places on a large laurel root in the top of the porch, whence, however, they were frequently routed by an indignant broom that was jealous of the neatness of the porch floor. But the pair would not take any hints of this kind, and did not give up their quarters in the porch or their lotus berries till spring.

Many times during the winter the sugar-berry tree was visited by a flock of cedar-birds that also wintered in the vicinity. At such times it was amusing to witness the pretty wrath of the blue-birds, scolding and threatening the intruders, and begrudging them every berry they ate. The blue-bird cannot utter a harsh or displeasing note. Indeed, he seems to have but one language, one speech, for both love and war, and the expression of his indignation is nearly as musical as his song. The male frequently made hostile demonstrations toward the cedar-birds, but did not openly attack them,

and, with his mate, appeared to experience great relief when the poachers had gone.

I had other company in my solitude also, among the rest a distinguished arrival from the far North, the pine grossbeak, a bird rarely seen in these parts, except now and then a single specimen. But in the winter of 1875, heralding the extreme cold weather, and, no doubt, in consequence of it, there was a large incursion of them into this State and New England. They attracted the notice of the country people everywhere. I first saw them early in December about the head of the Delaware. I was walking along a cleared ridge with my gun, just at sundown, when I beheld two strange birds sitting in a small maple. On bringing one of them down, I found it was a bird I had never before seen; in color and shape like the purple finch, but quite as large again in size. From its heavy beak, I at once recognized it as belonging to the family of grossbeaks. A few days later I saw large numbers of them in the woods, on the ground, and in the trees. And still later, and on till February, they were very numerous on the Hudson, coming all about my house—more familiar even than the little snow-bird, hopping beneath the windows, and looking up at me apparently with as much curiosity as I looked down upon them. They fed on the buds of the sugar-maples and upon frozen apples in the orchard. They were mostly young birds and females, colored very much like the common sparrow, with now and then visible the dull carmine-colored head and neck of an old male.

Other Northern visitors that tarried with me last winter were the tree or Canada-sparrow and the red-poll, the former a bird larger than the social sparrow or hair-bird, but otherwise much resembling it, and distinguishable by a dark spot in the middle of its breast; the latter a bird the size and shape of the common goldfinch, with the same manner of flight and nearly the same note or cry, but darker than the winter plumage of the goldfinch, and with a red crown and a tinge of red on the breast. Little bands of these two species lurked about the barn-yard all winter picking up the hay-seed, the sparrow sometimes venturing in on the hay-mow when the supply outside was short. I felt grateful to them for their company. They gave a sort of ornithological air to every errand I had to the barn.

Though a number of birds face our winters, and by various shifts worry through till spring, some of them permanent resi-

dents, and some of them visitors from the far North, yet there is but one genuine snow-bird, nursing of the snow, and that is the snow-bunting, a bird that seems proper to this season, heralding the coming storm, sweeping by on bold and rapid wing, and calling and chirping as cheerily as the songsters of May. In its plumage it reflects the winter landscape—an expanse of white surmounted or streaked with gray

left standing in the fall adds to their winter stores.

Though this bird, and one or two others, like the chickadee and nut-hatch, are more or less complacent and cheerful during the winter, yet no bird can look our winters in the face and sing, as do so many of the English birds. Several species in Great Britain, their biographers tell us, sing the winter through, except during the severest



SNOW-BUNTINGS.

and brown; a field of snow with a line of woods or a tinge of stubble. It fits into the scene, and does not appear to lead a beggarly and disconsolate life, like most of our winter residents. During the ice-harvesting on the river, I see them flitting about among the gangs of men, or floating on the cakes of ice picking up various bits of food. They love the stack and hay-barn in the distant field, where the farmer foddens his cattle upon the snow, and every red root, rag-weed, or pig-weed

frosts; but with us as far south as Virginia and, for aught I know, much farther, the birds are tuneless at this season. The owls, even, do not hoot, nor the hawks scream.

Among the birds that tarry briefly with us in the spring on their way to Canada and beyond, there is none I behold with so much pleasure as the white-crowned sparrow. I have an eye out for him all through April and the first week in May. He is the rarest and most beautiful of the sparrow kind. He is crowned as some hero or vic-

tor in the games. He is usually in company with his congener, the white-throated sparrow, but seldom more than in the proportion of one to twenty of the latter. Contrasted with this bird, he looks like its more fortunate brother, upon whom some special distinction has been conferred, and who is, from the egg, of finer make and quality. His sparrow color of ashen gray and brown is very clear and bright, and his form graceful. His whole expression, however, culminates in a singular manner in his crown. The various tints of the bird are brought to a focus here and intensified, the lighter ones becoming white, and the deeper ones nearly black. There is the suggestion of a crest also, from a habit the bird has of slightly elevating this part of its plumage, as if to make more conspicuous its pretty markings.

They are great scratchers, and will often remain several minutes scratching in one place, like a hen. Yet, unlike the hen and like all hoppers, they scratch with both feet at once, which is by no means the best way to scratch.

The white-throats often sing during their sojourning in both fall and spring; but only on one occasion have I ever heard any part of the song of the white-crowned, and that proceeded from what I took to be a young male, one October morning, just as the sun was rising. It was pitched very low, like a half-forgotten air, but it was very sweet. It was the song of the vesper-sparrow and the white-throat in one.

In his breeding haunts he must be a superior songster, but he is very chary of his music while on his travels.

The sparrows are all meek and lowly birds. They are of the grass, the fences,

the low bushes, the weedy way-side places. Nature has denied them all brilliant tints, but she has given them sweet and musical voices. Theirs are the quaint and simple lullaby songs of childhood. The white-throat has a timid, tremulous strain, that issues from the low bushes or from behind the fence, where its cradle is hid. The song-sparrow modulates its simple ditty as softly as the lining of its own nest. The vesper-sparrow has only peace and gentleness in its strain.

What pretty nests, too, the sparrows build! Can anything be more exquisite than a sparrow's nest under a grassy or mossy bank? What care the bird has taken not to disturb one straw or spear of grass, or thread of moss! You cannot approach it and put your hand into it without violat-



A SONG-SPARROW'S NEST.

ing the place more or less, and yet the little architect has wrought day after day and left no marks. There has been an excavation, and yet no grain of earth appears to have been moved. If the nest had slowly and

silently grown like the grass and the moss, it could not have been more nicely adjusted to its place and surroundings. There is absolutely nothing to tell the eye it is there. Generally a few spears of dry grass fall down from the turf above and form a slight screen before it. How commonly and coarsely it begins, blending with the débris that lies about, and how it refines and comes into form as it approaches the center, which is modeled so perfectly and lined so softly! Then, when the full complement of eggs is laid, and nidification has fairly begun, what a sweet, pleasing little mystery the silent old bank holds!

The song-sparrow, whose nest I have been describing, displays a more marked individuality in its song than any bird with which I am acquainted. Birds of the same species generally all sing alike, but I have observed numerous song-sparrows with songs peculiarly their own. Last season, the whole summer through, one sang about my grounds like this: *sweet-e-t, sweet-e-t, sweet-e-t, bitter*. Day after day, from May to September, I heard this strain, which I thought a simple, but very profound summing-up of life, and wondered how the little bird had learned it so quickly. The present season, I heard another with a song equally original, but not so easily worded. Among a large troop of them in April, my attention was attracted to one that was a master songster—some Shelley or Tennyson among his kind. The strain was remarkably prolonged, intricate and animated, and far surpassed anything I ever before heard from that source.

But the most noticeable instance of departure from the standard song of a species I ever knew of, was in the case of a wood-thrush. The bird sang, as did the sparrow, the whole season through, at the foot of my lot near the river. The song began all right and ended all right; but, interjected into it about midway, was a loud, piercing, artificial note, at utter variance with the rest of the strain. When my ear first caught this singular note, I started out, not a little puzzled, to make, as I supposed, a new acquaintance, but had not gone far when I discovered whence it proceeded. Brass amid gold, or pebbles amid pearls, are not more out of place than was this discordant scream or cry in the melodious strain of the wood-thrush. It pained and startled the ear. It seemed as if the instrument of the bird was not under control, or else, that one note was sadly out of tune, and, when its turn came, instead of giving forth one of those sounds that are indeed like pearls, it shocked the ear with a

piercing discord. Yet the singer appeared entirely unconscious of the defect; or had he grown used to it, or had his friends persuaded him that it was a variation to be coveted? Sometimes, after the brood had hatched and the bird's pride was at its full, he would make



BARN-SWALLOWS.

a little triumphal tour of the locality, coming from under the hill quite up to the house and flaunting his cracked instrument in the face of whoever would listen. He did not return again the next season; or, if he did, the malformation of his song was gone.

I have noticed that the bobolink does not sing the same in different localities. In New Jersey it has one song; on the Hudson a slight variation of the same, and on the high grass lands of the interior of the State, quite a different strain,—clearer, more distinctly articulated, and running off with more sparkle and liltingness. It reminds one of the clearer mountain air and the translucent spring-water of those localities. I never could make out what the bobolink says in New Jersey, but

ner, or effect, of any other bird-song to be heard. The bobolink has no mate or parallel in any part of the world. He stands alone. There is no closely allied species. He is not a lark, nor a finch, nor a warbler, nor a thrush, nor a starling. He is an exception to many well-known rules. He is the only ground-bird known to me of marked and conspicuous plumage. He is the only black-and-white bird we have, and what is still more odd, he is black beneath and white



THE BOBOLINK.

in certain districts in this State his enunciation is quite distinct. Sometimes he begins with the word *gegue, gegue*. Then again, more fully, *be true to me, Clarsy, be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy*, thence full tilt into his inimitable song, interspersed in which the words *kick your slipper, kick your slipper*, and *temperance, temperance* (the last with a peculiar nasal resonance), are plainly heard. At its best, it is a remarkable performance, a unique performance, as it contains not the slightest hint or suggestion, either in tone, or man-

above—the reverse of the fact in all other cases. Pre-eminently a bird of the meadow during the breeding season, and associated with clover, and daisies, and buttercups, as no other bird is, he yet has the look of an interloper or a new-comer, and not of one to the manor born.

The bobolink has an unusually full throat, which may help account for his great power of song. No bird has yet been found that could imitate him or even repeat or suggest a single note, as if his song were the product

of a new set of organs. There is a vibration about it and a rapid running over the keys that is the despair of other songsters. It is said that the mocking-bird is dumb in the presence of the bobolink. My neighbor has an English sky-lark that was hatched and reared in captivity. The bird is a most persistent and vociferous songster, and fully as successful a mimic as the mocking-bird. It pours out a strain that is a regular mosaic of nearly all the bird-notes to be heard, its own proper lark song forming a kind of bordering for the whole. The notes of the phoebe-bird, the purple finch, the swallow, the yellow-bird, the king-bird, the robin and others, are rendered with perfect distinctness and accuracy, but not a word of the bobolink's, though the lark must have heard its song every day for four successive summers. It was the one conspicuous note in the fields around that the lark made no attempt to plagiarize. He could not steal the bobolink's thunder.

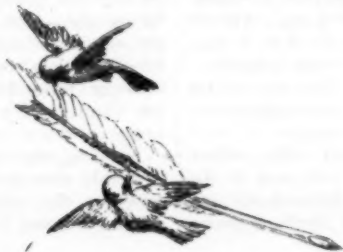
The lark is only a more marvelous songster than the bobolink on account of his soaring flight, and the sustained copiousness of his song. His note is rasping and harsh, in point of melody, when compared with the bobolink's. When caged and near at hand the lark's song is positively disagreeable; it is so loud and full of sharp, aspirated sounds. But high in air above the broad downs, poured out without interruption for many minutes together, it is very agreeable.

The bird among us that is usually called a lark, namely, the meadow-lark, but which our later classifiers say is no lark at all, has nearly the same quality of voice as the English sky-lark—loud, piercing, z-z-ing; and during the mating season it frequently indulges while on the wing in a brief song that is quite lark-like. It is also a bird of the stubble, and one of the last to retreat on the approach of winter.

The habits of many of our birds are slowly undergoing a change. Their migrations are less marked. With the settlement and cultivation of the country the means of subsistence of nearly every species are vastly increased. Insects are more numerous, and

seeds of weeds and grasses more abundant. They become more and more domestic like the English birds. The swallows have nearly all left their original abodes,—hollow trees, and cliffs, and rocks,—for human habitations and their environments. Where did the barn-swallow nest before the country was settled? The chimney-swallow nested in hollow trees, and, perhaps, occasionally resorts thither yet. But the chimney, notwithstanding the smoke, seems to suit his taste best. In the spring, before they have paired, I think these swallows sometimes pass the night in the woods, but not if an old disused chimney is handy.

One evening in early May, my attention was arrested by a band of them containing several hundred, perhaps a thousand, circling about near a large, tall, disused chimney in a secluded place in the country. They were very lively, and chipping, and diving in a most extraordinary manner. They formed a broad continuous circle many rods in diameter. Gradually the circle contracted and neared the chimney. Presently some of the birds as they came round began to dive toward it, and the chipping was more animated than ever. Then a few ventured in; in a moment more, the air at the mouth of the chimney was black with the stream of descending swallows. When the passage began to get crowded, the circle lifted and the rest of the birds continued their flight, giving those inside time to dispose of themselves. Then the influx began again and was kept up till the crowd became too great, when it cleared as before. Thus, by installments, or in layers, the swallows were packed into the chimney until the last one was stowed away. Passing by the place a few days afterward, I saw a board reaching from the roof of the building to the top of the chimney, and imagined some curious person or some predacious boy had been up to take a peep inside, and see how so many swallows could dispose of themselves in such a space. It would have been an interesting spectacle to see them emerge from the chimney in the morning.



THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—II.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

THE CITY OF TRIER.

ANTIQUITY is entirely relative. One examines with respect the few old Dutch houses that still adorn the towns along the Hudson, and looks almost with awe upon the old stone mill at Newport, which has not been proved not to have been built by Snarri, who discovered "Vinland" four hundred years before Columbus; but the yawning muzzles of Lord Scale's guns at Mont St. Michel (guns still holding their four-hundred-year-old charges) seem to swallow at one gulp all that with us seems ancient. As we wander through France we become quite accustomed to the period of Charlemagne and take the later centuries into our familiar confidence. In England "Caesar's Tower" at each castle, and Roman roads throughout the land, give a certain reality to the mystical letters "B. C.," and unduly modernize all that belongs to the Christian era. To have Caesar himself seem almost an actual presence, and to walk in the very foot-prints of the Roman Emperors; to sympathize with them in the emotion that comes of founding a superb city on the ruins of a well-established Celtic civilization, one needs to travel only so far on the road that leads to Rome as to the great Western Roman Capital.

It is not necessary to accept the suggestion that Trebeta, the step-son of Semiramis, led his vassals from Babylon to found the barbaric race of the Trevirii, a race which held and cultivated the vast tract on the left of the Rhine from Bingen to the Ahr. Authentic evidence halts at the point where this people were an established race, with no mean artistic development. There is nothing left to prove the accepted tradition that their chief city, in which we stand, existed thirteen hundred years before the founding of Rome. Yet we have on every hand, if we will but seek it,—and unquestionable records attest its truth,—ample evidence that here in Trier existed for centuries, the oldest and most complete civilization of all Northern Europe.

The long and broad Mosel Valley, where the city now slumbers so idly, was in the early centuries the field of bitter feuds and savage warfare. All down the intervening

ages its soil has drunk deeply of human blood.

The archæological collection in the museum behind our comfortable hotel is rich in Celtic and old German utensils and ornaments, which, discovered by the Romans when they dug for the foundations of their buildings, enriched their museums of antiquities, and now—side by side with their own long-buried treasures—carry us back to the very twilight that preceded the dawn of the Roman day.

One's first halt at Trier is never to be forgotten, especially if, as in our own case, it had been regarded only as a point on the map at which we were to change from the railway to the steamer. The *Trierscher Hof* stands at an angle where several narrow streets come together, and our rooms looked out upon steep slate roofs, and small-paned windows, such as one sees everywhere in Continental travel. If the rain has wetted the country roads, one is awakened at dawn by the clattering of sabots on the stones, and the streets are filled in the early morning with peasant men driving wagons, drawn by cows yoked from the horns; with broad backed peasant women carrying knapsack-like baskets heavily laden with potatoes, or with grain; and one is greeted by a variety of street sights and sounds entirely unfamiliar to the American ear.

An early stroll among these people, and through these narrow streets, gives a sensation of entire novelty no less than of a certain awkward conspicuousness in one's own manner of dress. The American, like the Englishman, is still a well-marked foreigner in all German towns, and if he is accompanied by ladies, the striking characteristics of Franco-American millinery will by no means detract from the curious interest that his group excites in the minds of the people,—not, however, let me hasten to say, the impudent and derisive interest with which our own populace makes the costumed stranger miserable, and which has shorn our Centennial of one of its great attractions.

Strolling, curious, down "Neu" street—probably new two thousand years ago—entering the market-place into which it debouches, and threading a difficult passage

through the crowds of women, whose stands and baskets are loaded with all manner of country produce, one feels the unfamiliar presence of the oldest of all old German architecture. Houses of most picturesque and curious form and arrangement greet us on every side. Far in front,—cut sharp against the sky,—stands an incomprehensible pile of unfinished masonry. This is the north gate of the city,—called the *Porta Nigra*, the *Porta Romana*, the *Porta Martis*, *Simeon's Thor*, and the *Devil's Church*,—and it closes the end of the finest street of the town. When we first saw it, we had not read even a guide-book description of the city, and to come suddenly upon such a majestic and well-preserved ruin, produced the sensation that one feels when a turn in a road brings him face to face with a noble view. Its original purpose is not known,—it must have been more than a gate-way, and it could hardly have been a fortress. It was, perhaps, rather a monumental "Gate of Justice."

The *Porta Nigra* is supposed to have been built in the First Century. Its towers are ninety-four feet high. It is built of huge blocks of dark red iron-stone, the usual size of these being from four to five feet long, from two to three feet wide, and about two feet thick. These stones are laid without mortar, and are secured in place by iron

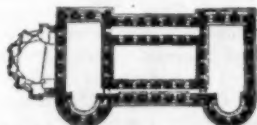


FIG. 2.—PLAN OF PORTA NIGRA AT TRIER.

clamps. The columns and capitals are of rough hammer-hewn stone, and were to have been carved in place. The carving did not progress very far, and it is not easy to reconcile the unfinished condition of the structure with the fact that it was begun so early in the Roman period.

Tradition, which attaches such importance to the assistance of the Devil in all of the larger architecture of the world, holds

him responsible for the stopping of the work. He made a contract with the authorities,—the consideration being the soul of the first man who should pass through the gate-way,—that he would furnish for it, before twelve o'clock on Christmas night, the



FIG. 1.—THE PORTA NIGRA AT TRIER.

superb doors of the Capitol, which was under the protection of the Virgin. She arrested his flight in mid-air, appearing to him in the guise of a voluptuous woman, and so beguiled his moments that he delayed a shade too long. The clock struck twelve before he arrived at his destination. In anger he threw the heavy gates through the roof of the building, and its completion was abandoned. The truth of this tradition is attested by the fact that never within the memory of man has there been a roof over the *Porta Nigra*.

A shrewd and unwashed pilgrim from Syracuse, named Simeon, a thousand years or more ago, procured for himself a holy reputation by leading an ill-fed, unclean and useless life on the summit of this structure. As a matter of course, he was in due time canonized, and an apse of mediæval architecture was built at one end of the *Porta Nigra*, which was consecrated as "St. Simeon's" church. This apse still stands, and is an uninteresting disfigurement, but, although built of solid masonry, it lacks so much of the ponderous character of the Roman work as really not to detract seriously from its grander effect.

There still stands, in another part of the city, a second example of the more solid Roman work in the former "*Basilica*," a building which probably never had the

least beauty, and which has had its original character quite modernized out of it. In its dimensions alone exists its only remain-



FIG. 3.—PLAN OF THE BASILICA AT TRIER.

ing interest,—its walls being ten feet thick and one hundred feet high.

The Mosel (at this point five hundred feet wide) is spanned by an ancient bridge rebuilt upon the piers of the Roman structure. In mediæval times the area of the walled city was restricted to the right bank of the river and the bridge now marks its south-western corner, but it is said to have been the center of the Roman capital.

In strolling about, one sees built into street corners and house fronts, and city wall, fragments of carved stone of the imperial time. The excavation for building in the city and its suburbs, as well as the dredging of the river, discovers almost daily some trophy of the Roman period. In the

raked up last summer, while tending the plants in her back court-yard, a silver coin of Titus.

At Junk's restaurant an attempt to extend the cellar was given up because of the discovery (about five feet below the level of the ground) of a large and very perfect Roman mosaic pavement,—as well preserved as that at Nennig, and as complete as any of its size in Rome. It is the belief that since the Roman occupation, there has accumulated throughout the whole city a soil four or five feet in depth which covers an uninterrupted stratum of interesting antiquities,—a belief that is fully sustained by all investigations thus far made.

At the south-eastern corner of the city, there is a pile of imposing Roman ruins which is variously believed to have been a palace of the emperors, a bath, and a pantomime theater. It is largely of the thin square bricks so much used by the Romans, and parts still stand nearly to their full original height. Excavations have developed the slave-cells, the heating-chambers, and the store-rooms of the ancient occupants, and the bathing appliances which formed so conspicuous a part of the finer Roman buildings.

Just without the walls, at this point, are the well-defined remains of the amphithe-

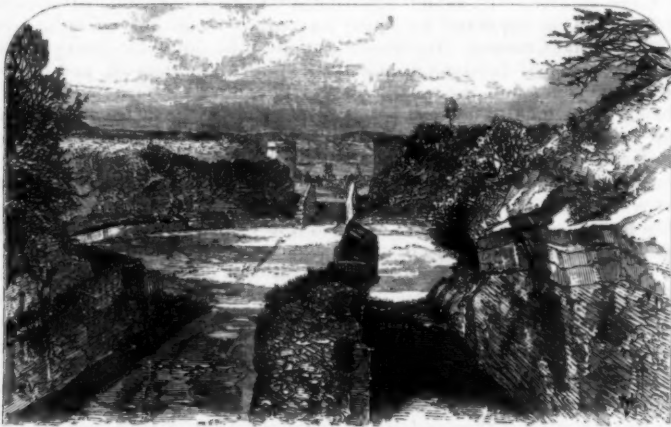


FIG. 4.—THE AMPHITHEATER AT TRIER.

building of a country-seat beyond the Porta Nigra at the time of our visit, there had been discovered a perfect museum of Etruscan pottery, amphoræ, domestic utensils, jewelry, and coins that had lain buried fifteen hundred years. A friend's gardener

ater. The arena at Rome is two hundred and eighty-five feet by one hundred and ninety feet; this, two hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and fifty-five feet. The seats—for twenty-eight thousand spectators—were hewn out of the rising rock of

the Marsberg. The galleries for the entrance of the gladiators and wild beasts, the main entrance to the arena, and the pen for the doomed captives, are still distinguishable. The inner wall, guarding the seats from the arena, is seven feet high, and of limestone laid in mortar; the outer walls were heavy iron-clamped blocks of red ironstone,—as in the Porta Nigra. This amphitheater was the scene of many of the grossest cruelties of Constantine. An inscription in honor of Trajan carries its authentic date back to the close of the first century.

The Emperor Constantine lived long in Trier, added much to its renown, and made it a worthy Imperial residence. In the year 306, in this arena he entertained his barbaric people by the sacrifice of thousands of captured Franks with their princes Ascarich and Ragais.

During all these early centuries of our era, Trier was the most important city north of the Alps, and ranked as one of the five great capitals of the universe. It was a seat of learning and of the arts; it was the capital of Spain, Gaul, Belgium and Britain; its professors were distinguished as of the first rank, and were the most highly paid of all in the provincial Empire.

At the beginning of the fifth century the city was devastated by the Huns and Vandals; the Roman capital was transferred to Arles; and there soon arose upon the ruins of Imperial Trier, the capital of the Austrasian kings,—from Theodobert to Dagobert. Charlemagne treasured its institutions, and enriched its churches and convents with costly gifts.

At the treaty of Verdun, the district passed to the possession of Lorraine. Under the Emperor Henry I., it became incorporated with Germany.

Now began its second period of importance as the seat of the Archbishops, after which the importance of Trier steadily waned. In 1794 it was captured by the French Republic, and in 1815 became a part of the Rhenish Province of Prussia.

Throughout its whole career, siege and pestilence have decimated its population, annihilated its achievements, and subjected its people to great suffering.

Now, after all these eventful centuries, Trier, covered with the scars and the torn glories of her past, basks in a monumental repose within her mediæval walls,—a quiet, modest, humdrum little city, from which all enterprise and all modern activity have shrunk away, as they have from the quieter

villages along the banks of the ancient and neglected Mosel.

Nevertheless, her hushed and modest appeal to our interest is of a sort which, if heeded at all, demands careful and earnest attention. It is easy to while away an autumn day in skimming over her treasures,—drinking in the beauty and interest that, as the oldest city of Germany, she naturally offers, in her curious architecture,—and to pass on, giving little further heed to her claim upon our attention. But the moment one penetrates beneath the surface, there appears much that invites to a more careful consideration and a deeper study. Indeed, an idler may do much worse than to take Trier for his hobby.

The history of Trier is interwoven with the history of the Church from the very beginning of the Christian era. The conversion of the savage tribes of the neighborhood was first intrusted to St. Eucharius, the disciple of St. Peter, and there were several very early ecclesiastical foundations. Indeed, Trier has been noted in every age for a conspicuous connection with the Christian movement. Here, too, have been exercised some of the most notable assaults upon the faithful. In the grass-plot near the old Church of St. Paulin, outside of the Porta Nigra, stands an old cross marking the spot of a Christian martyrdom so enormous in its proportions, that tradition reports the blood of the victims to have stained the waters of the Mosel until they ran red as far as Neumagen.

The remains of St. Matthew lie buried in the Church of St. Matthias (formerly named after St. Eucharius, who began preaching the gospel here in the year 54). These remains were brought here in the eleventh century. Here, too, lie buried the first preacher, who died in 73, St. Valerius (in 88), and St. Maternus (in 128). Besides these, this church boasts a number of the most precious relics, including (as is usual) a fragment of the true cross,—brought from Constantinople at its fall in 1204.

St. Maximin, near St. Paulin, was in the middle ages one of the most important convents of Europe, and a distinguished seat of learning, its library boasting some of the choicest treasures of church bibliography.

Although these churches and convents in the environs are so exceedingly rich with interest, it is in the very heart of the city itself that we are to seek the oldest and most interesting of the Christian churches of all

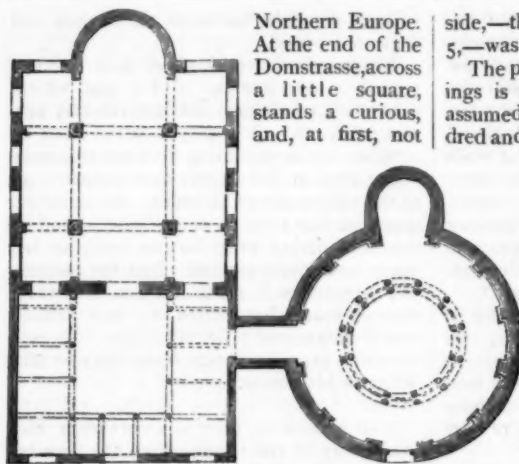


FIG. 5.—PLAN OF ORIGINAL CATHEDRAL AND BAPTISTERY AT TRIER AS RESTORED BY FERGUSSON.

especially attractive pile of buildings, constituting the Dom, or Cathedral, and the adjacent Liebfrauenkirche,—buildings which are thought by students of church architecture to be unparalleled in their historic value. The ground plan of these buildings as they formerly existed is shown in Fig. 5. The rectangular structure at the left, the basis of the present Dom, has never been with certainty traced to its ultimate origin, but it is supposed by some to have been in the earliest Roman period a square temple with an atrium. Others give it a still older existence as a market-house, or public granary. In the "Gesta Trevirorum," it is described as a palace in which was born St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine.

Whatever its early origin, it is, historically and monumentally, the most noteworthy of all German churches, as its architecture not only reaches back to the very earliest Christian time, but bears the mark of alterations and improvements of every intervening period and style, down to the eighteenth century.

The Liebfrauenkirche at its

Northern Europe. At the end of the Domstrasse, across a little square, stands a curious, and, at first, not

side,—the circular form at the right of Fig. 5,—was formerly the baptistery of the church.

The present arrangement of the two buildings is shown in Fig. 1. The Dom has assumed the generous length of three hundred and fourteen feet. It shows marked indications of early Roman work in the material of its pilasters. There is no especial disfigurement—though an absence of marked beauty—in its later modifications. Its four main columns were originally of huge stone-work. One of these fell at the restoration, and its fragments now lie at the outer door; their size almost indicates Druidic handiwork.

The interior decorations are more rich than artistic, and more curious even than rich,—curious, as including a monumental history of the Archbishops and Electors

for several centuries.

The Liebfrauenkirche is the oldest Gothic church in Germany. It is a Greek cross

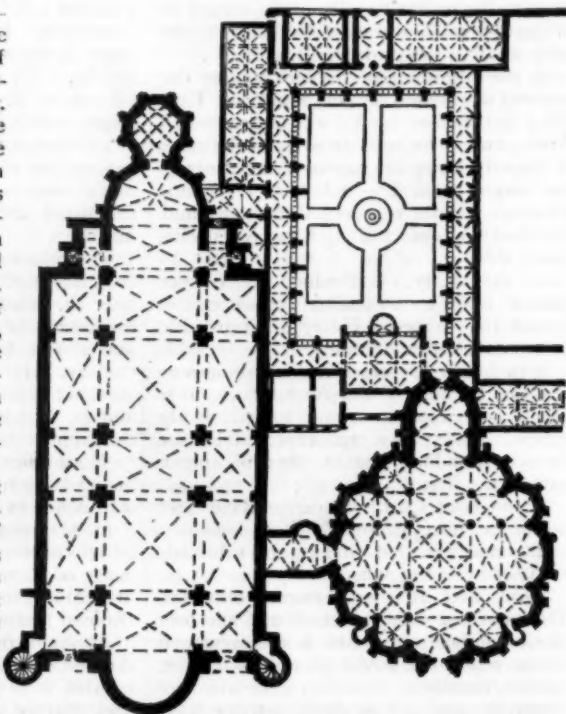


FIG. 6.—PLAN OF THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL OF TRIER AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

with the angles carried out to full fluted recesses, and with the tallest and most graceful clustered columns supporting a sky-like vaulted roof of perfect proportion. It would, but for its crude freshness of paint, impress even the ordinary tourist as being, what architectural students say that it really is, the most perfect specimen of German Gothic church architecture.

In connection with these monumental churches,—which now really form one building,—are beautiful cloisters,—a Campo Santo, into which the tombs of the Archbishops have overflowed from the death-crowded Dom. These cloisters lack the graceful and vine-grown lightness of many of the more ornate Gothic period, but they have, in no mean degree, that peculiar charm which attaches to cloisters more completely than to anything else with which our wanderings make us familiar.

The interest of the Dom is by no means confined to its history, to its handiwork, or to its nobly filled tombs. It contains, as the richest treasure of its High Altar, the holiest of all Christian relics, before which all such lesser lights as the Ten Thousand Virgins at Cologne, and the cords of Fragments of the True Cross, the world over, must pale their ineffectual fires. All who are familiar with sacrilegious verse will easily recall the "Holy Coat in Trier."

Short of the brass toe of St. Peter in Rome, no such touching appeal has been made to the tender credulity and devotion of the church's votaries as here in the grim light of the Dom of Trier. Great force has shrewdly been added to the attraction by the extreme rarity with which it has been offered. Not more often than thrice in three centuries have the faithful been permitted to see, with the eye of the flesh, the veritable Seamless Coat for which lots were cast after the Crucifixion. The last exposition was in 1844, when the city was enriched by the pence spent for beer, and bread, and shelter, by over a million pilgrims from all corners of Christendom.

The "Holy Coat" is said to have been found in the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem in the year 326, and to have been brought to Trier by St. Agritius, a companion of the Empress Helena. Its triumphal entry into the city through the Porta Nigra has been commemorated by a curious old carving in ivory, representing the procession and its noble spectators.

As though it were not enough for one church, even in a once Imperial city, to

possess the veritable seamless garment, the Dom must needs boast, also, a box of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones and enamel, containing one of the nails of the crucifixion; and the still further glory of a thorn from the veritable crown.

Even a skeptic in such matters cannot stand without a certain emotion under the same roof with relics which appeal to the innermost souls of so many millions of his fellow-men, and which,—whatever their origin,—have been sanctified by so many centuries of reverent regard. Yet, I confess, that as I look back upon the Dom and the Liebfrauenkirche, and the Cloisters, even with all their historic wealth of interest, that which comes most actively to the front in my mind is the recollection of a half-hour passed with its aged and unvenerable Sacristan,—the "spider hunter of the sacristy" as he calls himself,—a blear-eyed, snuffy, skull-capped, rusty and fusty old fox, with no more reverence in his nature than the commonest of common showmen, and with the same sort of taking showman's witticisms that we know so well in other fields of the industry.

We were fortunate in having letters to Trier which opened the way for an unusual insight into its more intimate character, and more kindly, and courteous, and interested chaperons than these letters brought to our lot, one could not desire. Concerning the home-life of these friends, of course, one cannot say more than that it was home-life as it is known all over the world, where the home has its best development,—nor of their hospitality, more than that it was gentle, and generous, and considerate. Neither was the advantage of our reception and entertainment confined to the passing pleasure of our sojourn, nor even to the remaining memory of pleasant new friendships formed; it compassed, also, the rarest good fortune of travel, in that it gave a reality to our impressions of life in Trier.

Nothing could have better suited with our mood or fitted better to the appreciation we had felt in passing it, than to be asked, after dinner, to spend the afternoon with our host at his country-place, "Monaise." The day was perfect, as were all of our afternoons in the Mosel-land, and we drove over the Roman bridge and up the western bank of the river through a broad and capitably cultivated valley, over a smooth macadam road, shaded with poplar and nut-wood trees, to the entrance of the estate.

Monaise, a square and commodious house,

with recessed north and south balconies on the upper and lower floors,—the upper ones commanding beautiful views up and down the river, and over and beyond the city's roofs,—is a country gentleman's house of the last century, and is surrounded with all of the appointments in the way of gardens, lawns, and summer-houses that properly belong to such an establishment. On closer survey, we found no reason to modify the regard in which we had held it from our first view as the "Nancy" floated past it a few days before. It is an entirely charming country place, with the most attractive near and distant surroundings.

The owner is a large vineyard proprietor of the lower Mosel with valuable estates at the Brauneberg, and on others of the more noted wine-growing hill-sides, and this estate of eighty-five acres, worth 200,000 francs (\$40,000), is farmed only for its supply of manure for the vineyards. As a family residence, it is one *de trop*, the house in the city, and another near the vineyards sufficing for residence. It has the accessory advantage of being a most agreeable object for a walk or a drive, and of offering a sheltered balcony that is not to be surpassed for the family resort at the coffee hour on pleasant afternoons. The controlling argument for its retention is, however, the commercial one. It is a safe and good investment for capital, and it furnishes a large amount of manure free of cost, and within easy reach of the landing of the boats by which it is transported to the feet of the vine-growing hills. As an agricultural operation, the estate barely pays its expenses,—no more. The laborers are paid about two dollars per week, and the women about eighty cents per week. The milk is sold at the door at about three cents per quart, the milkman paying cash, morning and night,—a curious instance of the total absence of the credit system that seems to prevail throughout the whole region. Potatoes sell for about thirty-five cents per bushel in average years, and these and the milk (and calves) constitute the most of what is sold. What the stable supplies to the manure cart is the very satisfactory profit that is reaped. Stable manure—and that of the cow-stable, especially, is the best food for the greedy vines—is not only very costly, but very difficult to get.

There are agricultural capabilities at Monaise that seem tempting, and some modifications of the agricultural system of the whole Mosel valley suggest themselves quite naturally. Indeed, one who walks over the

flat, fat fields of Monaise, comes to think that an idle life here might well have the added attraction of very successful and profitable farming to relieve its ennui.

A certain insight into the character of any town is to be gathered from the character of its social club, if it has one, and Trier has



FIG. 7.—THE "ROTHS HAUS" IN TRIER.

a very fine one, "The Casino." This association has what must seem to one who knows the city only from its streets, a very large membership (eight hundred). While its large building is plain, and almost entirely without the rich decoration of the club-houses of London and New York, it affords all that is needed for the comfort and pleasure of its frequenters,—beer, billiards, restaurant, reading-room, library, etc. In addition to these, there is at the rear a large and pleasant concert garden, and a large hall for music and dancing. There are frequent entertainments for ladies. The whole establishment is sensible, unpretentious and commodious, and its example might well be followed in the expenditure of the large sums which our own clubs devote to less useful and more ornamental ends.

At a side table in the billiard-room of this casino, over a bottle of Saar wine, I had an hour's talk with a kindly "advocat," about the Prussian school system, and the present condition of the Church question.

All this was very instructive and very entertaining, and it seems hardly fair to condense it into a few paragraphs.

In brief:—Education is absolutely compulsory, and the state exercises the strictest surveillance, except where, as in the case of well-to-do families, children are obviously receiving sufficient instruction. Others are required to attend the public schools from a very early age until fourteen years old, and they are thoroughly grounded in the elementary instruction that is given in our own public schools of the same grade,—which in many respects they resemble.

The agricultural population have the great advantage over ours, that, as they live in villages their local schools are larger and can afford better teachers. Practically, the teachers are very much better, and they are almost never changed, except by promotion. The school-master is an officer of the state, holding his position for life, or during good behavior; and he is encouraged by this certainty, and by the chance of promotion for merit, to render his best services. Incidentally, his condition shows how little is needed for an incentive in Germany.

The condition of the teacher has improved in these later years, and promises to become improved still farther. Not very long ago, the village teacher had one room, and a salary of *from forty to fifty dollars per annum*. He now has several rooms;—he is much addicted to a large family,—and a small bit of ground for a garden. His salary has been advanced to about \$120 per annum for the lowest grade. Even this is a pittance, but it is to be remembered that he has the farther income of an inherited habit of economy, such as would appall the most close-fitting of our own New England population, and the number is not small among these local teachers, who lay by a *dot* for a daughter, or a starting fund for a son.

It is not easy to gather from personal conversation the whole truth about the church question in Germany, for feeling runs high on one side or the other. Trier is a Catholic city and every one either cares very much that the Catholic church should retain its old supremacy, or cares quite as much that no one should care any thing at all about it. It becomes almost difficult to say which is the bigot, he who is devoted to his church, or he who is devoted to his opposition to the church.

To many, one of the chief attractions of Trier would be its public library, which is housed in the old Jesuit convent, behind

the Trierscher Hof. It contains over one hundred thousand volumes,—none of them works of fiction,—and is a valuable store of scientific, historical and belles-lettres information. It ranks in this regard as a first-class provincial library. Beyond this, its treasures are rare and curious, and some of them quite unique. Its great prize is the Codex Aurum, which was presented to the convent of St. Maximin by Charlemagne's sister, Ada. It contains the four gospels, written on parchment in letters of gold, and has fine miniatures of the Evangelists. Its binding is of the most richly carved massive silver, heavily gilded, and set with many precious stones. One of these is a large and beautifully sculptured onyx, representing probably the family of Augustus. This manuscript was sent after the French invasion to enrich the library of the Louvre, and on the restoration of plundered treasures to Germany, after Waterloo, it was reported as "not to be found." Happily, its finding and restoration to Trier was made a successful diplomatic question. There are more than four thousand other manuscripts, many of them of curious value, and over twenty-five hundred fine editions of incunabula.

The library is used by visiting readers, and its books are freely circulated throughout the city for home reading and study. We found the librarian, a most intelligent and amiable gentleman, ready to give us every information, and proud and glad to show the treasures upon which he bestows an obviously tender care,—washing with his own hands, the soiled parchment and vellum covers, and allowing no one to assist him even in the arrangement and dusting of the shelves. He left a casual reader in charge of the library, and went with us to another part of the building to open the Museum, in which are stored the archaeological and artistic treasures of the city's "Society of Useful Research." This collection, unlike those of most museums, is almost exclusively local in its character, there being few articles exhibited that have not been discovered in the excavations and dredgings in and about the city. There is a very complete collection of nearly all of the gold and silver and copper coins of the Roman Empire. The jewels, of every description, date from a century ago all the way back to prehistoric times. At Paris and elsewhere, in the great cities, one is permitted only to examine such treasures through plate glass, but here, so great is the faith in the honesty of mankind,

one is allowed to jingle together the gold coins of the twelve Cæsars, to put Greek and Etruscan rings upon one's fingers, and to try the effect of the oldest brooches as fastenings for a modern shawl. This familiar handling gives a reality to the objects themselves that a mere look at them as they are arranged in their cases cannot at all equal.

For ourselves, we lodged during our stay, as we had done on previous visits, at the snug and well-kept *Trierscher Hof*, and this perhaps is to be advised to those who intend making a long stay; but there is about the *Roths Haus*, on the Market Square,—opposite the cross that marks the spot where Constantine saw the cross in the sky,—a wonderful richness and quaintness of mediæval architecture that must make it far more attractive to the casual visitor. Mediæval ceilings are low, and mediæval stair-cases are steep, but the house itself is admirably kept, and I am quite sure that had our first visit fallen there, we should never have deserted it.

The façade of this house is no less curious than its interior, and it is one of the most marked and historically interesting buildings of the city, dating back to the best time of the Middle Ages. Along its front are statues of the four patron saints of Trier, and, higher, two good antique figures of knights in armor.

Not the least memorable of our experience about Trier was an afternoon drive to the vineyard of *Grünhaus*,—the source of the celebrated *Grünhäuser Mosel* wine. It

is five miles away,—over a straight, smooth, and beautifully shaded road leading from the *Porta Nigra*,—past *St. Paulin* and *St. Maximin* down the broad and fertile plain below the city to the little village of *Ruwer*, and thence, by the deep and picturesque valley of the *Ruwerbach*, to the high lying, vine-clad hills in the interior. Unfortunately, the proprietor, to whom we had letters, was absent in Switzerland, and we had only our drive for our pains; but a drive over such a road,—under the high green hill that still bears the remains of the aqueduct by which the Roman capital was supplied with water from the *Ruwer*,—through such luxuriant fields, and under such a September sky,—leaves nothing to be regretted even though its purpose were defeated.

Midway of the road we came upon the work of building a bridge by which the *Mosel* is to be crossed, by the railroad that Germany is building to bring it into more complete and rapid communication with its great military outpost at *Metz*, and which, here and there, promises to do so much to destroy the quiet charm of this beautiful valley. The work in hand was pile-driving, and here we saw the great difference in methods between Germany and America,—between dear labor and cheap labor. The heavy iron weight of the pile-driver was lifted, not by steam, as with us, but by twenty men standing on a raft, pulling at twenty ropes attached to the end of the main cable of the machine, raising the weight and suddenly loosening it with a measured stroke,—singing the while, like sailors at the main-sheet.

ROSENLIED.

THE nightingale sang to the rose
Through the livelong night,
Till her hue from a ruby red
Turned wan and white.
All night it rose and fell—
That silvery strain,
And the heart of the red rose throbbed
With divinest pain;
"O Love, O Love!" it rang,
"I love but thee.
Thou art queen of all flowers," he sang,
"And queen of me!
O Love, my Love!" he said.
—Before the dawn,
The rose on its stalk hung dead,
The bird was gone.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MAN I HATE.

"But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grained,
Must be opposed to be sustained."

MATT. PRIOR.

BUT Inez had no chance for further colloquy with her aunt that evening. And when they came home from the little ball, perhaps Inez was tired, perhaps her aunt was tired. Inez was conscious that she was cross, and she felt sure that aunt Eunice was reserved and not communicative.

The next morning she attacked her to find out what she had learned from the mysterious Englishman, the spy, as she persevered in calling him.

"Is he Blount, dear aunt?—I have felt so sure that he was Blount, under a false name. I suppose he has a new name for every country he goes into, and every time he changes his coat. I only wish I had called him 'Mr. Blount,' to see the color come for once on those fallow cheeks. I mean to teach Mary to call him 'Blount'!"

"Nonsense, child, you have not the least idea of what you are talking about. Mr. Blount is dead, in the first place. He died last spring. In the second place, and in the third place, he was not an Englishman at all,—he was a Tennessee senator." She dropped her voice, even in their own room, and said, "Capt. Phil. told me his father knew him."

Miss Inez was a little put down by this firstly, secondly and thirdly. But she came to the charge again. "Well, I was only a girl, and I did not understand politics. I thought that Blount was a sort of English spy, and I know this man is."

Eunice took the magisterial or duennaish manner, and the White Hawk looked from the one to the other, wondering why Inez was so much excited, and why Eunice seemed so grave.

"Dear Inez," said her aunt, "the Senate of the United States thought, or said they thought, that Mr. Blount was mixed up in a plot which King George's people had for getting back the whole of our region—I mean of the American shore of the Mississippi—to the English. And they punished

him for it. And he died. And that is the end of Mr. Blount."

"What a provoking old aunt you are! Of course I do not care whether his name is Blount or what it is, so long as I am sure that it never was Lonsdale till he landed in Mexico. I am sure I used to hear no end of talk about Mr. Blount; and—and—I have it—it was Capt. Chisholm, aunt. There!" And the girl jumped up and performed an Apache war-dance with the White Hawk, in token that she had now rightly detected the name of her enemy.

"You look as if you could scalp him, Inez! Take care, or White Hawk will!"

"Scalp him!—scalping is too good for him, dear aunt. I could scalp him beautifully! Let me show you." And she flew at poor aunt Eunice on the moment; seized from her luxuriant hair a pretty gold stiletto on which it was wound,—gathered the rich curls up in her own left hand, and then, waving the stiletto above her head, with a perfect war-cry, affected to plunge it into the offending chevelure. The White Hawk laughed in a most un-Indian way; and poor Eunice fought valiantly to liberate herself.

When peace was restored, by a ransom on both sides of a few kisses, Inez flung herself on the floor, and said—

"Respectable lady, will you tell me now what was your conversation with Capt. Chisholm, now disguised in this presidio under the fictitious name of Lonsdale, called an *alias* to procurators and counsel learned in the law,—otherwise known as 'The Man I Hate.'" And she waved the stiletto again wildly above her head.

"My dear pussy, Mr. Lonsdale is no more a soldier than you are; and I do not believe he ever heard of Capt. Chisholm. When he goes to Orleans they will talk to him about those things perhaps, but in England they were as much secrets as they are here."

"About what things, dear aunt," said Inez, as serious now as she had been outrageous.

"About that foolish plan of the Governor of Canada to pick up the stitches they dropped when they lost the Mississippi River. It was all a bold intrigue of the people in Canada, who probably had some instructions from London, or perhaps only asked

for some. But there were not ten men in England who ever heard of the plan. The Governor of Canada sent this Capt. Chisholm through to us, to see what could be done. And some foolish people fell into the plot, that is all."

"And Mr. Lonsdale, the spy,—otherwise known as 'The Man I Hate'—these words were accompanied as before by the brandishing of the stiletto,—“has been sent again on just the same errand. Only this time he begins at Vera Cruz and Mexico. He travels north by Monterey and Monteclovez. He pretends to be interested in volcanoes and botany and in butterflies. He makes weak little water-color pictures, almost as bad as mine, of the ruins of Tlascala and Cholula! All this is a mask, a vain and useless mask, to disguise him from my eyes, and those of my countrymen! But see how vain is falsehood before truth. The moment he looks me in the face, the mean disguise falls off, and the spy appears! Another André, another Arnold stands before me, in the presence of 'THE MAN I HATE!'"

"How did you find him out?" asked Eunice, laughing.

"First, Madam Malgares said that he was a hidalgo of the highest rank at King George's Court; that he was a Duke of the blue blood, and that Lonsdale was only the name by which he travels incognito."

"But it is not a week since you told me that Madam Malgares was a fool. I do not believe English princes of the blood travel incognito in the heart of Mexico."

"Madam Malgares may be a fool," said little Inez wisely, "but none the less may an acute and adroit man, who has even deceived Miss Eunice Perry, have dropped his guard when he spoke to her."

Inez was, however, a little annoyed by her aunt's retort, and she tried her second reason.

"Second,—his talk of butterflies, and of flowers, is not the talk of a virtuoso, nor even of an artist. It is assumed!" Here she waved the dagger again. "He talks with interest, when he drops his voice, when he inquires about President Adams or Mr. Jefferson,—about Capt. Nolan or —"

"Heigh-ho!" and her animation was at an end; and, poor girl, she really looked sad and pale.

"About whom?" said Eunice thoughtlessly.

But Inez was not to be caught.

"I wish I knew who was President! What a shame it should take so long for

news to come when we came so quickly. Why, I dare say Roland knows, and papa, and we know nothing."

But Eunice Perry was not deceived by Inez's change of subject. She was as much surprised as Inez was, that they had no message nor token from William Harrod; and she was quite as anxious about Philip Nolan, too, as her niece could be.

Meanwhile, at the moment when the ladies were discussing Mr. Lonsdale so coolly, he was trying to take old Ransom's measure. With or without an object of pressing his inquiries, he had walked out to the stables to have the personal assurance which every good traveler needs, that the horses which had brought him all the way from Mexico, and were to carry him farther on his journey, were well cared for. At the stables he found, and was well pleased to find, old Ransom.

"Good morning, Ransom," he said, half shyly, and half proudly. He spoke, unconsciously, with the "air of condescension observable in some foreigners," and with an uncertainty which was not unnatural as to whether Ransom were or were not a servant.

The truth was that Ransom was entitled to all the privileges of a servant, and took all the privileges of a master. He noticed Mr. Lonsdale's hesitation instantly,—and from that moment was master of the situation.

"Mornin', sir," was his reply; and then he went on in a curious oburgation, in four or more languages, addressed to the half-breed who was currying Miss Inez's horse.

"They do not treat horses quite as we do," said Lonsdale, trying to be condescending.

"Donno what you do to 'em," said Ransom, civilly enough, "there's a good many ways to spile a horse. These here greasers knows most of 'em."

"Will you come into the stable and look at my bay?" said Lonsdale artfully. "I do not like to trust him with these fellows."

The old man understood that this was a bribe, as distinctly as if Lonsdale had offered him half a crown. But no man is beyond the reach of flattery,—as the old saw says, we are at least pleased that we are worth flattering,—and he accompanied the Englishman into the other wing of the stable buildings. Having given there such advice as seemed good, he loitered, as Lonsdale did, in the open court-yard.

"Is there any news from above?" said the Englishman, pointing in the direction of the road up the river.

Ransom had had time to determine on his answer. He would have been glad to know what the ladies had told Lonsdale. As he did not know, he fell back on his policy of general distrust.

"Them red-skins was back yesterday. All got so drunk couldn't tell nothin'."

"I wish I could hear from Capt. Nolan," said Lonsdale,—not as if he were asking a question.

"Needn't be troubled about him," said Ransom gloomily; "he'll take care of himself."

"I think he will," said the Englishman, with an easy good-nature, which failed him as little in meeting Ransom's brevities, as when he met little Inez's impertinences. "I think he will. But I would be glad to know there was no fighting."

Ransom said nothing.

The other waited a moment, and, finding that he should draw nothing unless he gave something, risked something and said:

"Capt. Nolan has no better friend than I am. I never saw him; but I know he is an honorable gentleman. And I do not want to see him and his country at a disadvantage when they meet these idolaters and barbarians."

The words were such as he would not, perhaps, have used in other circles. But they were not badly chosen. Certainly they were not, considering that his first object was to detach the old man from the policy of reserve. Ransom himself had often called the priests "them idolaters" in his talk with Miss Perry, with Inez and even with the White Hawk,—in faithful recollection of discourses early listened to from Puritan pulpits. But not in Orleans, least of all in his master's house, never even from his confrères in Capt. Nolan's troop or with Harrod, had he heard the frank expression of a dislike as hearty as his own.

His own grim smile stole over his face, not unobserved by the Englishman.

"The truth is, Mr. Ransom," said Lonsdale, following his advantage, "there are a plenty of reasons why your country should make war with Spain, and why my country should help you, if you will let us. But when that war comes, let it be a war of armies and generals and fleets and admirals. Do not let an honorable gentleman like Mr. Nolan be flung away in a wilderness, where nobody can help him."

He had said enough to change the whole current of Ransom's thought and plan. Wisely or not, Ransom took into his favor

a man who held such views as to the Spanish monarchy. He inwardly cemented a treaty of peace with Lonsdale, based on information which for years he had carried in the recesses of a heart which never betrayed confidence.

The well-informed American reader should not need to be told, that not only through the West, but wherever there were active young men in the American army, at that time, the hope of "conquering or rescuing" Mexico—as the phrase was—had found its way as among the probable or the desirable futures of the American soldier. When Taylor and Scott entered Mexico in triumph, in 1846, they were but making real, visions of glory, which had excited Alexander Hamilton and his friends nearly fifty years before. A curious thing it is, among the revenges and revelations of history, that Hamilton's great rival, Burr, blasted his own fame and ruined his own life by taking up the very plan and the very hope which Hamilton had nursed with more reason, and, indeed, with more hope of success, years before. Silas Perry himself was not more interested in the plans of Miranda, the South American adventurer, than was Alexander Hamilton. And in Miranda's early schemes, as is well known, he relied on the coöperation, not of undisciplined freebooters from the American States, but of the American army under the direction of the American President. When, under President Adams, that army was greatly enlarged—when Washington was placed at its head, with Hamilton for the first in command under him—this army was not to act in ignoble sea-board defenses. It was to be stationed at the posts which have since become cities on the Ohio and the Mississippi, and when the moment came, Hamilton was to lead it to Orleans, and if God so ordered, to Mexico. "Only twenty days' march to San Antonio," says one of those early letters, anticipating by a generation the days of Houston and David Crockett.

Of course all these plans were secrets of State. Not too much of them is now to be found in the Archives of Washington, or in the published correspondence. The War Department was, very unfortunately, or shall we say, very conveniently, burned, with its contents, in 1800. But no such secrets could exist, no such plans could be formed, without correspondence—private indeed, for more than success hung on the privacy—with the handful of loyal Americans who lived in Orleans. They were, to

the last drop of their blood, interested to see such plans succeed. Their coöperation, so far as it could be rendered fairly, must be relied on when the moment for action came. Oliver Pollock, already spoken of in these pages, who had supplied powder to Fort Pitt in those early days of Washington's battles, when powder was like gold-dust, had, before this time, left Orleans for Baltimore. There he was able to give to the Government such advice as it needed. When such an agent as Wilkinson, or Freeman, or Nolan, was despatched to Orleans, he confided what he dared, to such reliable men as Silas Perry, or Daniel Clark.

In Silas Perry's household there were many secrets of business or of State. But none were secrets to Seth Ransom. True, there was a certain affectation maintained, as to what he knew, and what he did not know. When the time came for a revelation, Silas Perry would make that revelation, for form's sake. He would say, "Ransom, I am going to send two boxes to Master Roland, by the Nancy, to Bordeaux." But then he knew that Ransom knew this already, and Ransom knew that he knew that he knew it. There were occasions, indeed, when Silas Perry was humiliated in the family counsels, because he was obliged to ask for Ransom's unoffered assistance in secret matters. There was a celebrated occasion, when Mr. Perry had lost the Will of General Morgan, which that officer had intrusted to him for safe and secret deposit. Silas Perry had put it away, without whispering a word of it to any one, not even to his sister, far less to Inez. And he had forgotten it through and through. And at last, years after, a messenger came in haste for it, Gen. Morgan being ill, and wishing to change it. Mr. Perry came from the counting-house and spent hours of a hot day in mad search for it. And finally, when he was almost sick from disgrace and despair, Eunice called Ransom to her.

The old man entered, displeased and disgusted.

"Ransom, Mr. Perry has lost an important paper."

"Know he has."

"It is the will of General Morgan, and the General has sent for it."

"Know he has."

"My brother cannot find it."

"Know he can't."

Eunice even—whom he loved—was obliged to humiliate herself.

"Do you remember his ever speaking to you of it?"

"Never said a word to me."

Eunice had to prostrate herself further.

"Do you think you could find it?"

"Could, if he told me to."

"Ransom, would you find it; he is very much troubled about it?"

Ransom's triumph was now complete, and he led his humbled master and mistress to the forgotten crypt where the will was laid away.

To such a man, the general plan of Hamilton, Miranda, the English Cabinet and the American Government was known as soon as it had been confidentially discussed between General Wilkinson and Silas Perry. It was as safe with him, as with the English foreign secretary; far safer, as has proved since, than it was with Wilkinson. Ransom knew now, therefore, that within four years past, the coöperation of an English fleet, an American army and Spanish insurgents, had been among things hoped for by the most intelligent men in his own country. And so, the few words which Lonsdale spoke now, led him instantly to the hasty conviction, that Lonsdale was a confidential agent in a renewal of the same combination.

I am afraid this discussion of politics has been but rapidly read by the younger part of those friends who are kind enough to hurry over these lines. Let me only say to them, that if they will take the pains to read it, they will find the first step in the course which this country marched in for sixty years. That course eventually gave to it Texas, and afterward California. Among other things, meanwhile, it gave to it Oregon and all east of Oregon. And when Kansas and Nebraska came to be settled, came the question "how?" And out of that question came the great Civil War, which even the youngest of these young readers does not think unimportant.

And indeed, there needed powers not less than the statesmanship of Adams and Rufus King, the chivalry of Hamilton, and the fanaticism of Miranda, to bring about a marvel like that of peaceful talk between Seth Ransom and an Englishman.

"Do not let an honorable gentleman like Mr. Nolan be flung away in a wilderness, where no one can help him." These were Lonsdale's words of frankness.

"Said so myself. Said so to him, and said so to Mr. Harrod. Told 'em both it was all damn nonsense. Ef the greasers

was after 'em, told 'em to get out of the way, and wait for the folks up above to settle 'em."

"Well!" said Lonsdale eagerly, "and what did they say?"

"They said they was ready for 'em. They said they was nobody at Noches, that dared follow where they was goin'; they wasn't enough men there. An' they wasn't when we was there. Mr. Harrod an' I counted the horses, we did. They wasn't enough when we was there.—But," after a pause, "they's been more men sent 'em since. Hundred an' sixty men went from this place over here—went two months ago to Noches." Another pause. Ransom looked over his shoulder, made sure there were no listeners, and dropped his voice,—
"Sent word of this to the Cap'n. Got his message back yesterday. He left for home a week ago yesterday."

"God be praised," said Lonsdale, so eagerly, that even Inez would have had some trust in him. "If only he runs the lookout at Nacogdoches."

"He passed within ten miles on 'em while they was dancin' and figurin' with the ladies," said the old man, well pleased. "Guess he won't run into their mouths this time."

"If he gets safe home," said the other, "he will have chances enough to come over here, with an army behind him."

"Mebbe," was the sententious reply. But Ransom doubted already whether he had not gone too far in his relations to an officer of the English crown,—as he chose to suppose Lonsdale to be,—and his confidences for this day were over.

Was he wise, indeed, in trusting "The Man I Hate," so far as he had done?

We shall see—what we shall see.

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE.

"The cowards would have fled, but that they knew themselves so many, and their foes so few."

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

THE question whether Spain and America should meet in battle in the forests of Texas was, at that moment, already decided, although Ransom and Lonsdale did not know it. The descendants of Raleigh and Sydney, and Drake, and Hawkins, of Amyas Leigh and Bertram, and Robinson Crusoe and their countrymen, were to take up the gage of battle which had lain forgotten so long, and were to meet in fight the

descendants of Alva, and Cortez, and Pizarro, and De Soto and Philip the Second.

And for fifty years that battle was to go on—not on the seas as in Drake's days and Howard's, but on the land—in sight of the very palaces Cortez had wondered at, and in the very deserts in which De Soto had wandered.

And when the glove was first picked up, poor Philip Nolan, alas! was the brave knight who stood for the faith and for the star of Sidney and Howard.

Of the tragedy which followed, in the twenty-four hours since we saw him, history has left us two accounts—one, the journal of Muzquiz, the officer whom we saw kissing his hand at Chihuahua; and the other, the tale of Ellis Bean, the youngest of Nolan's companions. They differ in detail, as is of course. But as to the general history of that cruel day, we know the story, and we know it only too well.

The custom of Nolan's camp was, always, that a third of the little party should keep the night-watch while two-thirds slept. It had happened, naturally enough, that the five Spaniards—as the Mexicans of the party were always called, when they were not called "greasers"—made one of the three watches. And, as destiny ordered, these five were on duty on the night after Crooked Feather left with his message. "As destiny ordered," one says; had they not been there, Philip Nolan perhaps would never have been a martyr, and these words had never been written. Destiny, carelessness, or treachery, that night put these five men on guard. It was the 21st of March, and in that climate, to such men as these young fellows, there was little hardship in such beds as they had provided. They slept, and their leader slept, as hunters sleep after one day of work, and before another of enterprise. He had not confided to any of them but Blackburn, the plan for an immediate return.

Of a sudden, the trampling of horses roused him. It was dark; still he judged it past midnight. The fear of a stampede, or of Indian thieves, was always present, and Nolan was on his feet. He hailed the guard.

No answer!

He left the little shed in which they were sleeping. The guard were gone.

"Blackburn! Bean! Caesar! The greasers are gone! Call all the men!"

In the darkness, the men gathered.

From their wall of logs they peered out

into the forest. It was not so dark but they could see here a figure passing and there. Nolan and the others hailed in Spanish, and in various Indian tongues, but they got no answers.

"Who will come to the corral with me?" cried their fearless leader.

Half-a-dozen men volunteered.

They crossed to the corral to find that the horses were safe. It was no stampeding party. Philip Nolan knew at that instant, that he had not Indians to fight against, but the forces of the most Catholic King of Spain. One hundred and sixty of them too, if Miss Eunice had been right in her counting.

Of this he said nothing to his men. He bade each man charge his rifle. But no man was to fire till he gave the word. He looked for his own double-barreled fowling-piece. It was gone. One of the "greasers" had stolen it, as he deserted.*

This act made their bad faith the more certain, and revealed to the men, what Nolan never doubted, the character of their enemies. He bade them keep well covered by the logs, and so they waited for the gray of the morning.

Nor did they wait long. A party of the besiegers approached. Nolan shewed himself fearlessly.

"Take care how you come nearer," he cried. "One or other of us will die if you do."

They halted like children, as they were bidden.

"Who will come with me this time?" said he; and again the volunteers were all that he could ask.

"No! not with rifles! Lay down your rifles." And he stepped forth unarmed from the little enclosure, and they, without gun or pistol, followed.

Again Nolan hailed the enemy, in Spanish:—

"Do not come near,—for one or other of us will be killed, if you do." On this there was a consultation among the enemy, and, with a white flag, an Irishman, whose name was Barr, came near enough to talk with Nolan in English. He said his commander was a Lieutenant named Muzquiz, and he justified Eunice's count of a hundred and sixty men. Unless Nolan had more men than he seemed to have, fight was hopeless, Barr said.

"We shall see that," said Nolan, "What terms do they offer us?"

Barr was not authorized to offer any terms. The orders of Muzquiz were to arrest them, and send them prisoners to Coahuila.

"Arrest us!" said Nolan, "when you know I have your Governor's permit to collect these horses for your own army in Louisiana, and to bring in goods, if I choose, to pay the Indians for them; do you mean to arrest me?"

Barr said he could say nothing of that. Muzquiz had come to arrest them, and he expected them to surrender "in the name of the King."

Nolan turned to his men; but he needed not to consult them. They knew what Spanish courtesy to prisoners was too well. "Let them fight if they choose," was the sentiment of one and all. Barr went back to his master; and Nolan and his companions to the little log inclosure, which was yesterday only the poorest horse-pen, and was to-day a fort, beleaguered and defended.

Who knows what, even with such odds, the end might have been! These gallant Spanish troopers, ten to one, did not dare risk themselves too near. But, not ten minutes after the sharp-shooting began, Nolan exposed himself too fearlessly,—was struck by a ball in the head, and fell dead, without a word.

Muzquiz had brought with him a little swivel, on the back of a mule. He did not dare risk his men before the Kentucky and Mississippi sharp-shooters. But it was easy fighting, to load this little cannon with grape-shot, and fire it pell-mell upon the logs. If one of his men exposed himself, a warning rifle-shot showed that some one was alive within. But the Spaniards kept their distance bravely, and loaded and fired the swivel behind the shelter which the careful Muzquiz had prepared.

Within the pen there were various counsels. Ellis Bean, the youngest of the party, probably offered the best; which was, that at the moment the swivel was next discharged they should dash upon it and take it, trusting to the Spaniards' unwillingness to die first. "It is at most but death," said Bean, "and we may as well die so as in their mines." And two or three of the boldest of them held with Bean. But the more cautious men said this was madness. And so, after four hours of this aiming into the thicket from behind the logs, they loosened the logs on the side opposite the swivel, and then took the opportunity of the next

* The piece was afterward seen by Lieut. Pike, and Muzquiz, the Spaniard, describes the theft.

discharge to escape from their fortress into the woods, bearing with them two wounded men, but leaving the body of their brave commander.

There were but nine well men left, after the desertion, and these two wounded fellows. Each man filled his powder-horn, and to old Caesar, who had no gun, was given the remaining stock of powder to carry. For a few minutes their retreat was not noticed. They got a little the start of the swivel-firers. But the silence of the pen walls told a story, and the Spaniards soon mustered courage to attack an empty fortress. Nothing there but Phil Nolan's body, and the little stores of the encampment!

Warily the host followed. Mounted men as they were, they of course soon overtook these footmen. But they kept a prudent distance still. No man wanted to be the first shot, and the whirl of an occasional bullet would remind the more adventurous that it was better to be cautious. At last however they made a prize. Poor Caesar, with his heavy load, had lagged, and as he had no gun, a brave trooper pounced upon him. All the powder of the pursued troop was thus in the hands of the pursuers.

The next victory, announced by a cheer of Spanish rapture, was the surrender of one of the wounded men. He could not keep up with his friends, and he would not delay them. He was seen waving a white rag, and was surrounded by the advance with a shout of victory.

So passed six hours of pursuit and retreat. Muzquiz sent a body in advance, to command, with their carbines, both sides of the trail he knew his enemy would take. But so cautious was the Spanish fire, that the fortunate fellows passed through this defile without losing a man. Well for them that the Spaniards believed so religiously in the distance to which the Kentucky rifle would carry lead! Six hours of pursuit and retreat! At last Fero, who was more like a commander than any others in the little company, and Blackburn, the Quaker, called a halt. They counted their forces. All here, but he who had insisted on surrendering himself,—save alas! Caesar.

Every man's horn was nearly empty! Unless Caesar could be found—all was lost! No. He cannot be found!

They are brave fellows; but there is nothing for it, but to hoist a white flag, which Muzquiz welcomed gladly.

He knew now what he could do, and what he could not do. He knew he could

not make Spanish troopers with their carbines stand the sure fire of the Kentucky rifle. He knew Nolan was dead. The danger of the expedition was at an end. His own advancement was sure. In any event it was victory.

Muzquiz therefore sent in Barr, the Irishman again, and this time bade him offer terms. The little party was to return to Nachitoches and never come into Texas any more. In particular they were to promise to make no establishment with the Indians.

To this they replied, that he might have saved himself trouble. This was just what they wanted to do. But they added that they should never give up their arms.

They were assured that this was not demanded; only they must agree to be escorted back to Nachitoches.

To this they agreed, if they might go back and bury Nolan. Muzquiz consented to this. The party marched back together, and buried him. But no man knows his resting-place. Nolan's River, a little branch of the Brassos, is the only monument of his fame.

The whole party then turned eastward, and marched good-naturedly enough together to Nacogdoches. Once and again the Spaniards had to accept of the superior skill of the Americans, in building rafts, or constructing other methods for crossing the swollen streams. So they arrived at the little garrison. Which were the conquerors?

It would have been hard to tell, until the morning after their arrival, when the Americans were disarmed, man by man, and handcuffed as criminals.

From that moment to this moment, the words "Spanish honor". have meant in Texas "a snare and a lie."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT SAN ANTONIO.

"Of all their falsehood, more could I recount,
But now the bright sun 'ginneth to dismount,
And for the dewy night now doth draw nigh,
I hold it best for us home to hie."

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

APRIL crept by at San Antonio; but it only crept. The easy winter-life, which was not wintry, passed into the life of what ought to have been a lovely spring-time; for not at Nice or Genoa, better known, alas, to the average American reader than San Antonio, can spring be more lovely than it is there; but it was not lovely. Major Ba-

relo assured Eunice on his honor that he had no news from Muzquiz's force above. He began to assure her that if they had met the hunters, he certainly should have heard of it before this. Miss Perry tried to believe this, and she tried to make Inez believe it. But still the days hung heavy. The little entertainments of the garrison seemed heartless and dull. What was a game at prison-bounds, or a costume-ball, or a play of Cervantes, or a picnic at the Springs, when people did not know whether dear friends were alive or dead, or in life-long captivity! How could one hunt for prairie flowers, and analyze them and press them, when one remembered the ride across the prairies, and wondered where they were who shared it!

Poor Inez had her own cause of anxiety, which burned all the more hotly in her poor little heart, because she was too proud to speak of it even to Aunt Eunice. Where was Will Harrod? If he had joined Captain Phil before Crooked Feather did, why had not Crooked Feather brought one word, or message, or token? If he had not joined Captain Phil?—that question was even worse. Oh! the whole thing was so hollow! That one should eat and drink and sleep, should go to balls, and tertulias, and reading parties, that Lieut. Gonzales should lift one into the saddle and talk bad English with one for the hours of a ride, that Mr. Lonsdale should hang round all the evening, and talk of everything but what he was thinking of, and she was thinking of, and Aunt Eunice was thinking of—it was all a horrid lie, and it was terrible.

White Hawk was her only comfort. Dear child, she knew she was her only comfort, and, with exquisite instincts, she took upon her the duties of a comforter without once affecting that she took them. But she could make Inez forget herself, and she did. She would spin out the pretty lessons in writing, on which Inez had begun with her. She would lead her to talk about the spelling tasks, and the reading lesson, which in Inez's new-fledged dignity as a tutor she was giving. Then she would play teacher in her turn. They found porcupine's quills—and a lovely mess they made of things in dyeing them with such decoctions as White Hawk invented. They embroidered slippers for Aunt Eunice, for themselves, for Major Barelo, and for dear Aunt Dolores; even for old Ransom, they embroidered slippers as the winter and spring went by. Inez was becoming a pro-

ficient in other forms of wood-craft. Ah me! if Will Harrod had come back, she could have talked to him before the spring went by, in pantomime quite as expressive as his own, and far more graceful.

But then, just when they came back from a tramp on the beautiful river-side, with old Ransom and one and another attendant, laden down with their roots and barks and berries, and other stuff,—as the old man called it,—the first sight of the garrison brought back the old terrible anxiety. Inez would rush to Aunt Dolores or to Aunt Eunice, and say, "Is there any news?" as if this happy valley was no happy valley at all, and as if she could not forget how far parted she was from the world.

Old Ransom took on himself to school her, in his fashion, more than her aunt thought wisest.

"Een," he said to her one day as they rode, "ye mus'n' take on so much as ye do for the Cap'n. The Cap'n 's all right, he is. He told me heself he should be back at the river 'fore March was over. Them mustangs ain't good for nothin' ef you sells 'em after May, 'n' the Cap'n knew that's well as I did. 'N' he says, says he, 'Ransom,' says he, 'I shall be in Natchez first week in April. I shall send two hundred on 'em down the river to Orleans in flats,' says he, 'n' I shall go across to the Cumberland river, through the Creek country with the others.' That's what he says to me. He knows Bowles, the Injen Chief—always did know lots of the red-skins. 'N' he says to me, 'I shall go to the Cumberland river to be there 'fore April's over, time for the spring plowing.'"

Every word of this was a lie; but it was a lie invented with so kind an object, and indeed, so well invented, that the Recording Angel undoubtedly dropped a tear of compassion and regret commingled, as he wrote it down.

Poor Inez tried to believe it true.

"You never saw Crooked Feather again, Ransom, did you?"

Ransom paused. He doubted for a moment, whether he would not boldly create a second conversation with Crooked Feather, in which that chief should describe an interview with William Harrod. But no! this was too much. For the old man loved the truth in itself, and did not ever intend to swerve from it. What he had said about Nolan and the horses he believed to be the absolute truth of things. He had put it in the form of a conversation with Nolan, because he

could thus most distinctly make Inez apprehend it, baby as she was, in his estimation still. But as to Harrod, he believed as implicitly that he had been scalped within the week after he left them. Believing that, he had no romance to invent which should restore him to the world.

After a pause—not infrequent in his colloquies—he assumed a more didactic tone. It would, at another time, have delighted Inez. But now, the weight at her heart was too heavy. Still, she beckoned the White Hawk to come up and ride by their side, and the old man went on with his lecture.

"I never see him, Een, and I never want to. Niggers is bad; French folks is bad; English is wus; and Spanish is wus then them, by a long sight; but red-skins is the wust on 'em all. They's lazy, that's one thing; so is niggers. They's fools, that's one thing; so is the mounseers. They's proud as the devil, that's one thing; so is the Englishmen. They'll lie 's fast 's they can talk, so'll the Spaniards; 'n' they'll cheat, and steal, and pretend they can't understand nothin' you say all the time. They's a bad set. I gin your old chief (Crooked Feather he said his name was, but he lied; it wasn't—didn't have no name)—I gin him his sugar, 'n' I turned him out of the warehouse, 'n' I told him ef I ever see him ag'in, I'd thrash him within an inch of his life. He pertended he didn't know nothin', 'n' that he didn't know what I meant. But he knew enough to make tracks, 'n' I haint ever seen him sence, 'n' I haint wanted to, neyther. Red-skins is fools, 'n' liars, 'n' thieves, 'n' lazy, 'n' aint no good any way."

Ma-ry understood enough of this eulogy on her old masters to laugh at it thoroughly; indeed she sympathized and said to Inez:

"Ma-ry knows, yes. Ransom knows, yes. Crooked Feather bad, lazy, steal. Oh, Inez, Inez, darling dear, all bad, all lie, all steal," and she flung down her reins in a wild way, and just rested herself fearlessly on the other's shoulder, and kissed her once and again, as if to bless her that she had taken her from her old task-masters; then she took the reins again, and made her pony fly like the wind along the road, and return to the party, as if she must do something vehement, to express her sense of her escape from such captivity.

Thus Ransom tried—and tried not unsuccessfully—to turn Inez's thoughts for a moment from questions of Nolan and Harrod.

But not for a long respite. The moment they passed the gate of the little wall, which in those days, after a fashion, bounded the garrison, it was evident that something had transpired. The lazy sentinel himself stood at his post with more of a military air. On the military plaza were groups of men together—in the wild gesticulation of Spanish talk—where usually, at this hour, no one would be seen. Certain that some news had come, Inez pushed her horse, and Ransom in his respectful following, kept close behind her. She would not ask a question of the Spanish officers whom they dashed by; but she fancied that in their salute there was an air of gravity which she had certainly never seen before; a gravity which the sight of two smiling, pretty girls, dashing by at a fast canter, certainly would not in itself have excited.

Arrived in the court-yard, the excited girl swung herself into Ransom's arms, gathered up her dress, and rushed into her aunt's room. The White Hawk needed no help, but left her pony as quickly and followed Inez. Eunice was not there at the moment. But just as Inez had determined to go in search of her, her aunt appeared at the door. Oh, how wretchedly sad in every line of her face, and in the eyes which looked so resolutely on poor Inez! The news had come, and it was bad news!

Eunice gave one hand to each and led them both into the inner room. She shut the door. She made Inez lie down. Oh, how still she was! and how still they were!

She sat by the girl's side. She held her hand. She even stroked her forehead with the other, before she could speak. At last:

"O my darling, my dearest!—it is all too true! It is all over!"

Inez was on her elbow, looking straight into her eyes.

"Inez, my darling, they met; they found him, only the day after he wrote to us. They fought him—the wretches—ten to his one. They killed him! They have taken all the others prisoners, and they are all to go to the mines, to slave there till the King shall send word to have them killed. O my darling, my child!"

Inez looked her still in the face.

"Who else is killed? Tell me all, dear aunt, tell me all!"

"My darling, O my darling! I cannot hear that anybody but Nolan was killed. They killed him at their first fire, and he never spoke again. Dear, dear fellow! oh, what will his little wife say or do!"

It was the first time that in words Eunice had ever told Inez that Nolan had married the pretty Fanny Lintot, whose picture Inez had seen. In truth, he had married her just before he left Natchez.

"They say they took our people prisoners on terms of unconditional surrender! Inez, they say what is not true. Will Harrod, and all those men with Nolan, would have died before they would have been marched to the mines. But, my darling, I have told you all I know."

"There is no word from—from—from Capt. Harrod?" asked Inez, finding it hard to speak his name even now.

"Oh! no word for us from anybody. There is only a bragging dispatch with 'God preserve Your Excellency many years' from this coward of a Muzquiz—this man who takes an army to hunt a soldier. Why, I should have thought he had met Bonaparte hand to hand!"

"The Major sent for me. He is so kind. And dear Dolores—oh, she is lovely. He told me all he knew. He promised to tell me all. Perhaps the prisoners will come this way, then we shall know."

"But what a wretch I am! I have been praying and hoping so that I might break it to you gently. And I have only poured out my whole story without one thought. Dear, dear Inez, forgive me!"

She was beside herself with excitement. In truth, of the two, Inez seemed more calm. But she was, oh! so deadly pale! She tried to speak. No! she could not say a word. She opened her lips, but no sound would come. Nay, even the tears would not come. She looked up—she looked around. She saw dear Ma-ry, her eyes flooded with tears, her whole eager face alive with her sorrow and her sympathy. Inez flung herself into her arms, and the tears flowed as she sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed upon her shoulder.

Eunice told Inez that Major Barelo had told her all. She thought he had. The loyal Spanish gentleman had kept his secret well.

He had not told her all. The bragging dispatch from Muzquiz had been accompanied with a little parcel. This parcel contained the ears of Philip Nolan! The chivalrous Muzquiz—the representative of the Most Catholic King, had cut off the ears of the dead hero, to send them in token of victory to the Governor!

So low had sunk the chivalry which in the days of Lobeira gave law to the courtesy of the world!

Of this accompaniment to the dispatch, Barelo had said nothing to Eunice Perry, nor did she know it till she died.

We know it from the dispatch in which the Castilian chief announces it!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I MUST GO HOME."

"Now with a general peace the world was blest;
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worse far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the laboring
 skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear."

ASTRÆA REDUX.

POOR Inez! POOR Eunice!

They kept their grief to themselves as best they could. But every one in the garrison circle knew there was a grief to keep, though no one, not even Donna Maria, suspected the whole of it, and no one could quite account for the depth of the ladies' interest in the freebooters. Eunice said boldly that it would prove to be all a mistake, which De Nava and Salcedo would surely regret. That Mr. Nolan was an accomplished gentleman, they all knew, for he had visited Antonio again and again; he had danced in their parties, and dined at their tables. She said he was Gayoso's friend, and Casa Calvo's friend, and that they were not the men she took them for, if they did not resent such interference from another province. She said boldly, that there would have to be some public statement now, whether the King of Spain meant to protect his subjects in Louisiana against other subjects in Mexico. So far Eunice carried talk with a high spirit, because she would gladly give the impression, in the garrison circle, that she and Inez were wounded with a sense of what may be called provincial pride. The inhospitality exercised toward Nolan to-day, might be exercised toward them to-morrow.

But, while Eunice Perry took this high tone in the long morning talks of the ladies, her own heart was sick with the secret her brother had confided to her. She knew that Orleans and Louisiana were Spanish only in name. Did not De Nava and Salcedo know this also? Was not this bold dash against Nolan the first declaration of the indifference of Spanish commanders to all directions from Louisiana, now Loui-

siana was French again? And if it were so, ought not Eunice Perry be looking toward getting her white doves to their own shelter again, as soon as might be?

She determined, not unwisely, to confide to Ransom the great secret of State which her brother had intrusted to her. In doing this, she knew that she would not displease Silas Perry, who would have told Ransom within a minute after he had heard it, for the mere convenience of not having to perplex himself by hiding from his right hand, what affected both hands every moment.

Eunice was not displeased that for once she could take the old man by surprise. She chose, as she was wont to do, for private conferences, a chance when they were riding. For, while the old stone walls of the garrison might have ears, the river, the prairie, and the mesquits had none.

"Ransom, you know why all the people in Orleans speak French?"

"They's French folks, all on 'em, mum, they is. These Spaniards is nothin'. Ain't real Spanish, none on 'em. Gayoso, he'd lived in England, all his life. This one has to talk French. Sham-Spanish all on 'em, they is."

"Yes, Ransom, the King of Spain sends over officers who speak French, because the people are French people."

"Yes'm, all French folks once; had French Governors. Awful times, w'en your brother fust come there,—when they tried to send the Spanish Governor packing—good enough for him, too. He caught 'em and hanged 'em all—darned old rascal, he did. Awful times! He was a Paddy, he was—darned old rascal!"

"Yes, Ransom, and a very cruel thing it was. Well now, Ransom, the King of Spain is frightened, and he has given Orleans back, and all the country, to the French."

"Guess not, Miss Eunice!" said the old man quickly, really surprised this time.

"Yes, Ransom, there is no doubt of it. But it is a great secret. The French general told my brother, and he bade me tell no one but you and Inez. Do not let these people dream of it here."

"No, marm, and they don't know it now. Ef they knew it, I should know. They don't know nothin'." Ransom said all this slowly, with long pauses between the sentences. But Eunice could see that he was pleased—yes, well pleased with the announcement. His eyes looked like a prophet's, far into the distance before him.

And his face slowly beamed with a well-satisfied smile, as if he had himself conducted the great negotiation.

"Good thing, Miss Perry! guess it's a good thing. Mr. Perry did not go for nothin'. Them French don't know nothin'. King of Spain—darned fool—he don't know nothin'. Ye brother had to go 'n' tell 'em."

"No, Ransom, I do not think my brother told them. But he says he is glad to belong to the side that always wins."

"Guess Mr. Perry told 'em, ma'am," was Ransom's fixed reply. "They's all fools—don't know nothin'."

Eunice had made her protest and did not renew it. She knew she should never persuade the old man that he and Silas Perry together did not manage all those affairs in the universe, which were managed well.

"My brother is well pleased, Ransom, and so is Roland. Roland is quite a friend of Gen. Bonaparte."

"Yes'm, this man always wins. Say his soldiers cum over here to learn fightin'. Say General Washington had to show 'em how. Say Roshimbow's comin' over to the islands now. I knew that one—Roshimbow—myself; held his hoss for him one day, down to Pomfert meetin'-house, when he stopped to git suthin', to drink at the tavern. General Washington was showin' him about fightin' then, and so was old General Knox, and Colonel Greaton; and now he's been tellin' this other one. That's the way they knows how to do it. French is nothin'. Don't know nothin'. This other one, he's an Eyetalian."

"This other one," who thus received the art of war at second-hand from Colonel Greaton, of the Massachusetts line, and from George Washington, was the person better known in history as Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Ransom, if there is one whisper of war between France and Spain, we must get back to Orleans. I am sure I do not know how. Or if there is war between England and France again,—or between England and Spain. Indeed I wonder sometimes that we ever came. But we acted for the best."

She hardly knew that he was by her, as she fell back on these anxieties. But it was just as well. The old man was as sympathetic as her mother would have been.

"I should not be troubled, mum. It's peace now, and the Major here thinks it's like to be. So does the Gov'nor and the

General. Heerd 'em say so yesterday. It's peace now and it's like to be." Here a long pause. "Ain't no cause to be troubled. Miss Inez liked the ride comin', and she'll like it goin'. There's two or three of the greasers here will go where I tell 'em, and three of the niggers too, ef you don't like to ask him for soldiers. Shouldn't take no trouble about it. When you want to go, ma'am, we'll go. I'll tell 'em the King sent word we was to go." And his own smile showed that he was not displeased at the prospect of leaving behind him a community, which he held in deeper scorn than the Orleans which he loved while he despised.

"I hope we may not have to go, Ransom; but you must keep your eyes open and your ears, and we will be ready to go at an hour's warning."

"Yes'm, the sooner the better."

The truth was, that the signal came sooner than Eunice expected; and in a way as bad as the worst that she had feared. Late in the afternoon of a sultry day in June—a day which had been pronounced too hot for riding—the ladies had just returned from a bath in the river, and were not in full costume, when a clamor and excitement swept among the garrison, and in spite of Major Barelo's precautions and the Donna Maria's, made way even into the rooms of the American ladies. The White Hawk ran out to reconnoitre, and inquire.

A band of Spanish troopers, with great fanfarons of trumpets, and even with little Moorish drums, came riding into the plaza, and in the midst, with a troop behind as well as before, a little company of eleven bearded men, dirty and ragged, heavily ironed, lest they might leap from their horses, and, without arms, overthrow a hundred Spanish Cavalry. These were the American prisoners. They had been kept a month at Nacogdoches, listening to lies about their release, and at last were on their way to Chihuahua and the mines.

The White Hawk, with her usual indifference to regulations, walked right down to this wretched coffle, and, in a minute, recognized Blackburn, who had seen her at Nacogdoches. Without attempting a word of English, she asked him in pantomime, where Harrod was—for the girl saw that he was not in the number. Blackburn did not conceal his surprise. He had taken it for granted, as they all had, that Harrod and the others had been held by the Spaniards. He told the girl in gestures which

she perfectly understood, that they had never seen Harrod, nor King, nor Adams, nor Richards, since, with old Cæsar, he parted from them in the autumn.

Then she ventured on the farther question, to which, alas, she knew the answer: "Where was Capt. Nolan?" Ah me! the poor fellow could only confirm the cruel news of two months before. His quick gesture showed where the fatal shot struck and how sudden was his death. Then he told, in a minute more, that all this was but the morning after Crooked Feather left them. He called her to him, and bade her stroke his horse's neck and lie close against his fore-leg as she did so. She was as quick and stealthy as a savage would have been in obeying him, and in an instant more she was rewarded. He slid into her hand, under the rough mane, the little prayer-book which Eunice had sent to Nolan. Blackburn himself had taken it from his leader's body when they buried him; and though, heaven knows, he had been stripped and plundered once and again since, so that nothing else was left him that he could call his own; the plunderers were men who had a certain fear of prayer-books,—if it were fear which revered,—and for good reasons and for bad, they had left him this and this alone.

"Come again! come again!" said the White Hawk fearlessly; and she hurried away from the troop, with the news she had collected. In a minute more she had joined the ladies.

"Troopers come—Ma-ry—Ma-ry—troopers. Nolan's men come! five, five, one!" and she held up her fingers. "Poor men, they are all—what you call—iron—iron—here, here—on hands—on feet. Blackburn come,—me talk to Blackburn,—Blackburn tell all. Darling,—darling,—Will Harrod never found them! Will Harrod never saw them! O darling, darling dear!—Will Harrod all safe,—all gone home—Orleans,—darling, darling dear!"

"Who says he's safe?" cried poor Inez, starting to her feet.

"Me say so,—me say he never saw Nolan,—never saw Blackburn. Blackburn said he was here. Blackburn wonder very, very much Will Harrod not here. Blackburn tell me,—tell me now,—Will Harrod never come,—King never come,—Adams never come,—Richards never come. Blackburn say all here. Nobody come but old Cæsar, and Blackburn. Old Cæsar here now—me see old Cæsar."

Inez had fallen back, when she saw that Harrod's safety was only the White Hawk's guess. But now she started:

"Dear, dear old Cæsar—let me go see him too," and they ran. But the prisoners had already been led away. And there needed formal applications to Barelo—and who should say to whom else, before they could talk with the poor old fellow?

To such applications, however, Barelo was in no sort deaf. If he had dared—and if there had not been twenty or thirty days' hard travel to the frontier, he would have given permits enough to Ransom, and Miss Perry, and Mille. Inez and the White Hawk to have set every one of the "bearded men" free—he would have made a golden bridge for them to escape by; for Major Barelo could and did read the future. This was impossible. But old Ransom daily, and one or other of the ladies, saw the prisoners and, while they could, ministered to their wants.

White Hawk's first story was entirely confirmed. Neither of the escort of the ladies had ever been seen on the Tockowakono or Upper Brassos. The men thought they had deserted and gone back to Natchez. But Inez, of course, and Eunice, knew that Harrod had never deserted his friend.

"No! the Apaches have him—or the Comanches."

"They *had* him! they *had* him, Eunice! But they keep no prisoners alive!" and in a paroxysm of weeping, Inez fell on her aunt's lap, and the pretended secret of her heart was a secret no longer to either of them.

It was Inez's wretchedness, perhaps, which wore more and more on Eunice as the summer crept by. Perhaps it was the wretchedness of the miserable handful of men kept in close confinement at Antonio. Month after month, this captivity continued. More and more doubtful were Cordero's and Herrera's words, when Eunice forced them, as she would force them, to speak of the chances of liberation. As September passed, there came one of the flying rumors from below, of which no man knew the authority, that the King of Spain had quarreled with the French Republic. This rumor gave Eunice new ground for anxiety as to her position. And she was well-disposed to yield, when Inez one night broke all reserve, and after one of the endless talks about the mysteries and miseries around them, cried out in her agony:

"I must go home!"

(To be continued.)

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

STAND here and look, and softly hold your breath
Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!
How many miles away is yonder town
That nestles in the valley? Far beneath—
A scimitar half drawn from out its sheath—
The river curves through meadows newly mown;
The ancient water-courses are all strawn
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
And peak on peak against the turquoise blue
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O tell me, Love, if this be Switzerland,—
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PEOPLE vs. JOHN DOE *alias* GABRIEL CONROY, AND JANE ROE *alias* JULIE CONROY. BEFORE BOOMPOINTER, J.

THE day of the trial was one of exacting and absorbing interest to One Horse Gulch. Long before ten o'clock the court-room and even the halls and corridors of the lately rehabilitated court-house were thronged with spectators. It is only fair to say that by this time the main points at issue were forgotten. It was only remembered that some of the first notabilities of the State had come up from Sacramento to attend the trial; that one of the most eminent lawyers in San Francisco had been engaged for the prisoner at a fee variously estimated from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and that the celebrated Col. Starbottle, of Siskiyou, was to assist in the prosecution. That a brisk duel of words, and, it was confidently hoped, a later one of pistols, would grow out of this forensic encounter; that certain disclosures affecting men and women of high social standing were to be expected; and finally, that in some mysterious way a great political and sectional principle (Col. Starbottle was from the South and Mr. Poinsett from the North) was to be evolved and upheld during the trial,—these were the absorbing fascinations to One Horse Gulch.

At ten o'clock Gabriel, accompanied by his counsel, entered the court-room, followed by Col. Starbottle. Judge Boompointer, entering at the same moment, bowed distantly to Arthur and familiarly to Col. Starbottle. In his *otium*, off the bench, he had been chaffed by the District Attorney, and had lost large sums at play with Col. Starbottle. Nevertheless he was a trifle uneasy under the calmly critical eyes of the famous young advocate from San Francisco. Arthur was too wise to exhibit his fastidiousness before the Court; nevertheless, Judge Boompointer was dimly conscious that he would on that occasion have preferred that the Clerk who sat below him had put on a cleaner shirt, and himself refrained from taking off his cravat and collar, as was his judicial habit on the Wingdam circuit.

There was some slight prejudice on the part of the panel to this well-dressed young lawyer, which they were pleased to specify and define more particularly as his general "airiness." Seeing which, Justice, on the bench, became more dignified, and gazed severely at the panel and at Arthur.

In the selection of the jury there was some difficulty; it was confidently supposed that the prisoner's counsel would challenge the array on the ground of the recent vigilance excitement, but public opinion was disappointed when the examination by the defense was confined to trivial and apparently purposeless inquiry into the nativity of the several jurors. A majority of those accepted by the defense were men of Southern birth and education. Col. Starbottle, who, as a representative of the peculiar chivalry of the South, had always adopted this plan himself, in cases where his client was accused of assault and battery, or even homicide, could not in respect to his favorite traditions object to it. But when it was found that there were only two men of Northern extraction on the jury, and that not a few of them had been his own clients, Col. Starbottle thought he had penetrated the theory of the defense.

I regret that Col. Starbottle's effort, admirably characterized by the "Banner" as "one of the most scathing and Junius-like gems of legal rhetoric ever known to the Californian bar," has not been handed down to me *in extenso*. Substantially, however, it appeared that Col. Starbottle had never before found himself in "so peculiar, so momentous, so—er—delicate a position. A position, sir, er—er—gentlemen, fraught with the deepest social, professional—er—er—he should not hesitate to say, upon his own personal responsibility, a position of the deepest political significance! Col. Starbottle was aware that this statement might be deprecated—nay, even *assailed* by some. But he did not retract that statement. Certainly not in the presence of that jury, in whose intelligent faces he saw—er—er—er—justice—inflexible justice!—er—er—mingled and—er—mixed with—with chivalrous instinct, and suffused with the characteristic—er—er—glow of—er—er—" (I regret to

add that at this supreme moment, as the Colonel was lightly waving away with his fat right hand the difficulties of rhetoric, a sepulchral voice audible behind the jury suggested "Robinson County whisky" as the origin of the phenomena the Colonel hesitated to describe. The judge smiled blandly and directed the deputy sheriff to preserve order. The deputy obeyed the mandate by looking over into the crowd behind the jury and saying, in an audible tone, "You'd better dry up thar, Joe White, or git out o' that!" and the Colonel, undismayed, proceeded). "He well understood the confidence placed by the defense in these gentlemen. He had reason to believe that an attempt would be made to show that this homicide was committed in accordance with certain—er—er—principles held by honorable men—that the act was retributive, and in defense of an invasion of domestic rights and the sanctity of wedlock. But he should show them its fallacy. He should show them that only a base pecuniary motive influenced the prisoner. He should show them—er—er—that the accused had placed himself, first, by his antecedent acts, and secondly, by the manner of the later act, beyond the sympathies of honorable men. He should show them a previous knowledge of certain—er—er—indiscretions on the part of the prisoner's wife, and a condonation by the prisoner of those indiscretions, that effectually debarred the prisoner from the provisions of the code; he should show an inartistic—he must say, even on his own personal responsibility, a certain ungentlemanliness, in the manner of the crime that refused to clothe it with the—er—generous mantle of chivalry. The crime of which the prisoner was accused might have—er—er—been committed by a Chinaman or a nigger. Col. Starbottle did not wish to be misunderstood. It was not in the presence of—er—beauty—" (the Colonel paused, drew out his handkerchief, and gracefully waved it in the direction of the dusky Manuela and the truculent Sal—both ladies acknowledging the courtesy as an especial and isolated tribute, and exchanging glances of the bitterest hatred); "it is not, gentlemen, in the presence of an all-sufficient and enthralling sex that I would seek to disparage their influence with man. But I shall prove that this absorbing—er—er—passion, this—er—er—delicious,—er—er—fatal weakness that rules the warlike camp, the—er—er—stately palace, as well as the—er—er—cabin of the base-born churl, never touched the calculating soul of Gabriel

Conroy! Look at him, gentlemen! Look at him, and say upon your oaths, upon your experience as men of gallantry, if he is a man to sacrifice himself for a woman. Look at him and say truly, as men personally responsible for their opinions, if he is a man to place himself in a position of peril through the blandishments of—er—er—beauty, or sacrifice himself upon the—er—er—altar of Venus!"

Every eye was turned upon Gabriel. And certainly at that moment he did not bear any striking resemblance to a sighing Amoryllis or a passionate Othello. His puzzled, serious face, which had worn a look of apologetic sadness, was suffused at this direct reference of the prosecution, and the long, heavy lower limbs, which he had diffidently tucked away under his chair to reduce the elevation of his massive knees above the ordinary level of one of the court-room chairs, retired still further. Finding himself during the Colonel's rhetorical pause, still the center of local observation, he slowly drew from his pocket a small comb, and began awkwardly to comb his hair with an ineffective simulation of preoccupation and indifference.

"Yes, sir," continued the Colonel, with that lofty forensic severity so captivating to the spectator, "you may comb yer hair" (hyar was the Colonel's pronunciation), "but yer can't comb it so as to make this intelligent jury believe that it is fresh from the hands of—er—er—Delilah."

The Colonel then proceeded to draw an exceedingly poetical picture of the murdered Ramirez, "a native, appealing to the sympathies of every Southern man, a native of the tropics, impulsive, warm, and peculiarly susceptible, as we all are, gentlemen, to the weaknesses of the heart."

The Colonel would not dwell further upon this characteristic of the deceased. There were, within the sound of his voice, visible to the sympathizing eyes of the jury, two beings who had divided his heart's holiest affections—their presence was more eloquent than words.

"This man," continued the Colonel, "a representative of one of our oldest Spanish families—a family that recalled the days of—er—er—the Cid and Don John—this man had been the victim at once of the arts of Mrs. Conroy and the dastardly fears of Gabriel Conroy; of the wiles of the woman and the stealthy steel of the man."

Colonel Starbottle would show that personating the character and taking the name

of Grace Conroy, an absent sister of the accused, Mrs. Conroy, then really Madam Devarges, sought the professional aid of the impulsive and generous Ramirez to establish her right to a claim then held by the accused—in fact wrongfully withheld from his own sister, Grace Conroy; that Ramirez, believing implicitly in the story of Madam Devarges with the sympathy of an overflowing nature, gave her that aid until her marriage with Gabriel exposed the deceit. Col. Starbottle would not characterize the motives of such a marriage. It was apparent to the jury. They were intelligent men, and would detect the unhallowed combination of two confederates, under the sacrament of a holy institution to deceive the trustful Ramirez. "It was a nuptial feast," continued the Colonel, "at which—er—er—Mercury presided, and not—er—er—Hymen. Its only issue was fraud and murder. Having obtained possession of the property in a common interest, it was necessary to remove the only witness of the fraud, Ramirez. The wife found a willing instrument in the husband. And how was the deed committed? Openly and in the presence of witnesses? Did Gabriel even assume a virtue, and under the pretext of an injured husband, challenge the victim to the field of honor? No! No, gentlemen. Look at the murderer, and contrast his enormous bulk with the—er—slight, graceful, youthful figure of the victim, and you will have an idea of the—er—er—enormity of the crime."

After this exordium came the *testimony*; i. e., facts, colored more or less unconsciously, according to the honest prejudices of the observer, his capacity to comprehend the fact he had observed, and his disposition to give his theory regarding that fact rather than the fact itself. And when the blind had testified to what they saw and the halt had stated where they walked and ran, the prosecution rested with a flush of triumph.

They had established severally: that the deceased had died from the effects of a knife wound; that Gabriel had previously quarreled with him and was seen on the hill within a few hours of the murder; that he had absconded immediately after, and that his wife was still a fugitive; and that there was ample motive for the deed in the circumstances surrounding the prisoner.

Much of this was shaken on cross-examination. The surgeon who made the autopsy was unable to say whether the deceased, being consumptive, might not have died

from consumption that very night. The witness who saw Gabriel pushing the deceased along the road, could not swear positively whether the deceased were not pulling Gabriel instead, and the evidence of Mrs. Conroy's imposture was hearsay only. Nevertheless, bets were offered in favor of Starbottle against Poinsett—that being the form in which the interest of One Horse Gulch crystallized itself.

When the prosecution rested, Mr. Poinsett, of counsel for defense, moved for the discharge of the prisoner, no evidence having been shown of his having had any relations with or knowledge of the deceased until the day of the murder, and none whatever of his complicity with the murderess, against whom the evidence of the prosecution and the arguments of the learned prosecuting attorney were chiefly directed.

Motion overruled. A sigh of relief went up from the spectators and the jury. That any absurd technical objection should estop them from that fun, which as law-abiding citizens they had a right to expect, seemed oppressive and scandalous, and when Arthur rose to open for the defense, it was with an instinctive consciousness that his audience was eying him as a man who had endeavored to withdraw from a race.

Ridiculous as it seemed in reason, it was enough to excite Arthur's flagging interest and stimulate his combativeness. With ready tact he fathomed the expectation of the audience and at once squarely joined issue with the Colonel.

Mr. Poinsett differed from his learned friend in believing this case was at all momentous or peculiar. It was a quite common one—he was sorry to say a *very* common one—in the somewhat hasty administration of the law in California. He was willing to admit a peculiarity in his eloquent brother's occupying the line of attack, when his place was clearly at his, Mr. Poinsett's, side. He should overlook some irregularities in the prosecution from this fact, and from the natural confusion of a man possessing Col. Starbottle's quick sympathies, who found himself arrayed against his principles. He should, however, relieve them from that confusion, by stating that there really was no principle involved beyond the common one of self-preservation. He was willing to admit the counsel's ingenious theory that Mrs. Conroy—who was not mentioned in the indictment—or indeed any other person not specified, had committed the deed with which his client was

charged. But as they were here to try Gabriel Conroy only, he could not see the relevancy of the testimony to that fact. He should content himself with the weakness of the accusation. He should not occupy their time, but should call at once to the stand, the prisoner; the man who, the jury would remember, was now, against all legal precedent, actually, if not legally, placed again in peril of his life, in the very building which but a few days before had seen his danger and his escape.

He should call Gabriel Conroy!

There was a momentary sensation in the court. Gabriel uplifted his huge frame slowly and walked quietly toward the witness box. His face slightly flushed under the half-critical, half-amused gaze of the spectators, and those by whom he brushed as he made his way through the crowd, noticed that his breathing was hurried. But when he reached the box, his face grew more composed, and his troubled eyes presently concentrated their light fixedly upon Col. Starbottle. Then the clerk mumbled the oath, and he took his seat.

"What is your name?" asked Arthur.

"I reckon ye mean my real name?" queried Gabriel, with a touch of his usual apology.

"Yes, certainly, your real name, sir," replied Arthur, a little impatiently.

Col. Starbottle pricked up his ears, and lifting his eyes met Gabriel's dull concentrated fires full in his own.

Gabriel then raised his eyes indifferently to the ceiling. "My real name—my genuine name is Johnny Dumbledee. J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, D-u-m-b-l-e-e, Johnny Dumbledee!"

There was a sudden thrill, and then a stony silence. Arthur and Maxwell rose to their feet at the same moment. "What?" said both those gentlemen sharply, in one breath.

"Johnny Dumbledee," repeated Gabriel slowly, and with infinite deliberation, "Johnny Dumbledee ez my rele name. I hev frequent," he added, turning around in easy confidence to the astonished Judge Boompointer, "I hev frequent allowed I was Gabriel Conroy—the same not bein' the truth. And the woman ez I married—her name was Grace Conroy, and the heap o' lies ez thet God-forsaken old liar over thar—" (he indicated the gallant Col. Starbottle with his finger)—"hez told passes my pile! Thet woman, my wife ez was and ez—waz Grace Conroy. (To the Colonel gravely.) You

hear me! And the only imposture, please your Honor and this yer Court, and you gentl'men, was ME!"

CHAPTER L.

IN REBUTTAL.

THE utter and complete astonishment created by Gabriel's reply was so generally diffused that the equal participation of Gabriel's own counsel in this surprise was unobserved. Maxwell would have risen again hurriedly, but Arthur laid his hand on his shoulder.

"The man has gone clean mad!—this is suicide," whispered Maxwell excitedly. "We must get him off the stand. You must explain!"

"Hush!" said Arthur quickly. "Not a word! Show any surprise and we're lost!"

In another instant all eyes were fixed upon Arthur, who had remained standing, outwardly calm. There was but one idea dominant in the audience. What revelation would the next question bring? The silence became almost painful as Arthur quietly and self-containedly glanced around the courtroom and at the jury, as if coolly measuring the effect of a carefully planned dramatic sensation. Then, when every neck was bent forward and every ear alert, Arthur turned nonchalantly yet gracefully to the bench.

"We have no further questions to ask, your Honor," he said quietly, and sat down.

The effect of this simple, natural, and perfectly consistent action was tremendous! In the various triumphs of Arthur's successful career, he felt that he had never achieved so universal and instantaneous a popularity. Gabriel was forgotten; the man who had worked up this sensation—a sensation whose darkly mysterious bearing upon the case no one could fathom, or even cared to fathom, but a sensation that each man confidently believed held the whole secret of the crime—this man was the hero! Had it been suggested, the jury would have instantly given a verdict for this hero's client without leaving their seats. The betting was two to one on Arthur. I beg to observe that I am writing of men, impulsive, natural, and unfettered in expression and action by any tradition of logic or artificial law—a class of beings much idealized by poets, and occasionally, I believe, exalted by latter-day philosophers.

Judge Boompointer looked at Col. Starbottle. That gentleman, completely stunned and mystified by the conduct of the defense,

fumbled his papers, coughed, expanded his chest, rose, and began the cross-examination.

"You have said your name was—er—er—Johnny—er—er—" (the Colonel was here obliged to consult his papers)—"er—John Dumbledee. What was your idea, Mr. Dumbledee, in—er—assuming the name of—er—er—Gabriel Conroy?"

Objected to by counsel for defense. Argument: First, motives, like beliefs, not admissible; case cited, Higginbottom *vs.* Smithers. Secondly, not called out on direct ex.; see Swinke *vs.* Swanke, opinion of Muggins, J., 2 Cal. Rep. Thirdly, witness not obliged to answer questions tending to self-crimination. Objection overruled by the Court. Precedent not cited; real motive, curiosity. Boompinter, J. Question repeated:—

"What was your idea or motive in assuming the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

Gabriel (cunningly and leaning confidentially over the arm of his chair): "Wot would be *your* idee of a motif?"

The witness, amidst much laughter, was here severely instructed by the Court that the asking of questions was not the function of a witness. The witness must answer.

Gabriel: "Well, Gabriel Conroy was a purty name—the name of a man ez I onst knew ez died in Starvation Camp. It kinder came easy, ez a sort o' interduckshun, don't ye see, Jedge, toe his sister Grace, ez was my wife. I kinder reckon, between you and me, ez thet name sorter helped the courtin' along—she bein' a shy critter, outer her own fammerly."

Question: "In your early acquaintance with the deceased, were you not known to him as Gabriel Conroy always, and not as—er—er—Johnny Dumbledee?"

Arthur Poinsett here begged to call the attention of the Court to the fact that it had not yet been shown that Gabriel—that is, Johnny Dumbledee—had ever had any *early* acquaintance with the deceased. The Court would not fail to observe that counsel on the direct examination had restricted themselves to a simple question—the name of the prisoner.

Objection sustained by Judge Boompinter, who was beginning to be anxious to get at the facts. Whereat Col. Starbottle excepted, had no more questions to ask, and Gabriel was commanded to stand aside.

Betting now five to one on Arthur Poinsett; Gabriel's hand, on leaving the witness box, shaken cordially by a number of hith-

erto disinterested people. Hurried consultation between defendant's counsel. A note handed to Col. Starbottle. Intense curiosity manifested by Manuela and Sal regarding a closely veiled female, who enters a moment later, and is conducted with an excess of courtesy to a seat by the gallant Colonel. General impatience of audience and jury.

The defense resumed. Michael O'Flaherty called: Nativity, County Kerry, Ireland. Business, miner. On the night of the murder, while going home from work, met deceased on Conroy's Hill, dodging in among the trees, fur all the wurrel'd like a thafe. A few minutes later overtook Gabriel Conroy half a mile further on, on the same road, going in same direction as witness, and walked with him to Lawyer Maxwell's office.

Cross-examined: Is naturalized. Always voted the dimmycratic ticket. Was always opposed to the Government—bad 'cess to it—in the old country, and isn't thet mane to go back on his principles here. Doesn't know that a Chinaman has affirmed to the same fact of Gabriel's *alibi*. Doesn't know what an *alibi* is; thinks he would if he saw it. Believes a Chinaman is worse nor a nigger. Has noticed that Gabriel was left-handed.

Amadée Michet, sworn for defense: Nativity, France. Business, foreman of "La Parfaite Union." Frequently walks to himself in the beautiful grove on Conroy's Hill. Comes to him on the night of the 15th Gabriel Conroy departing from his house. It is then seven hours, possibly more, not less. The night is fine. This Gabriel salutes him, in the American fashion, and is gone. Eastward. Ever to the east. Watches M. Conroy because he wears a *triste* look, as if there were great sadness *here* (in the breast of the witness's blouse). Sees him vanish in the gulch. Returns to the hill and there overhears voices, a man's and a woman's. The woman's voice is that of Mme. Conroy. The man's voice is to him strange and not familiar. Will swear positively it was not Gabriel's. Remains on the hill about an hour. Did not see Gabriel again. Saw a man and woman leave the hill and pass by the Wingdam road as he was going home. To the best of his belief the woman was Mrs. Conroy. Do not know the man. Is positive it was not Gabriel Conroy. Why? Eh! Mon Dieu, is it possible that one should mistake a giant?

Cross-examined: Is a patriot—do not know what is this democrat you call. Is a hater of aristocrats. Do not know if the

deceased was an aristocrat. Was not enraged with Mme. Conroy. Never made love to her. Was not jilted by her. This is all what you call too theen, eh? Has noticed that the prisoner was left-handed.

Helling Dittmann: Nativity, Germany. Does not know the deceased; does know Gabriel. Met him the night of the 15th on the road from Wingdam; thinks it was after eight o'clock. He was talking to a Chinaman.

Cross-examined: Has not been told that these are the facts stated by the Chinaman. Believes a Chinaman as good as any other man. Don't know what you mean. How comes dese dings. Has noticed the prisoner used his left hand efery dime.

Dr. Pressnitz recalled: Viewed the body at nine o'clock on the 16th. The blood stains on the linen and the body had been slightly obliterated and diluted with water, as if they had been subjected to a watery application. There was an unusually heavy dew at seven o'clock that evening, not later. Has kept a meteorological record for the last three years. Is of the opinion that this saturation might be caused by dew falling on a clot of coagulated blood. The same effect would not be noticeable on a freshly bleeding wound. The hygrometer showed no indication of a later fall of dew. The night was windy and boisterous after eight o'clock, with no humidity. Is of the opinion that the body as seen by him, first assumed its position before eight o'clock. Would not swear positively that the deceased expired before that time. Would swear positively that the wounds were not received after eight o'clock. From the position of the wound, should say it was received while the deceased was in an upright position and the arm raised as if in struggling. From the course of the wound, should say it could not have been dealt from the left hand of an opponent.

On the cross-examination, Dr. Pressnitz admitted that many so-called "left-handed men" were really ambi-dexterous. Was of the opinion that perspiration would *not* have caused the saturation of the dead man's linen. The saturation was evidently after death—the blood had clotted. Dr. Pressnitz was quite certain that a dead man did not perspire.

The defense rested amid a profound sensation. Col. Starbottle, who had recovered his jaunty spirits, apparently influenced by his animated and gallant conversation with the veiled female, rose upon his short stubby

feet, and withdrawing his handkerchief from his breast laid it upon the table before him. Then, carefully placing the ends of two white pudgy fingers upon it, Col. Starbottle gracefully threw his whole weight upon their tips, and, leaning elegantly toward the veiled figure, called "Grace Conroy."

The figure arose, slight, graceful, elegant; hesitated a moment, and then slipped a lissom shadow through the crowd as a trout glides though a shallow, and before the swaying, moving mass had settled to astonished rest, stood upon the witness stand. Then with a quick, dexterous movement she put aside the veil, that after the Spanish fashion was both bonnet and veil, and revealed a face so exquisitely beautiful and gracious, that even Manuela and Sal were awed into speechless admiration. She took the oath with downcast lids, whose sweeping fringes were so perfect that this very act of modesty seemed to the two female critics as the most artistic coquetry, and then raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon Gabriel.

Col. Starbottle waved his hand with infinite gallantry.

"What is—er—your name?"

"Grace Conroy."

"Have you a brother by the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

"I have."

"Look around the court and see if you can recognize him!"

The witness with her eyes still fixed on Gabriel pointed him out with her gloved finger.

"I do. He is there!"

"The prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"He is Gabriel Conroy?"

"He is."

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Six years."

"Where did you see him last, and under what circumstances?"

"At Starvation Camp, in the Sierras. I left there to get help for him and my sister."

"And you have never seen him since?"

"Never!"

"Are you aware that among the—er—er—unfortunates who perished, a body that was alleged to be yours was identified?"

"Yes."

"Can you explain that circumstance?"

"Yes. When I left I wore a suit of boy's clothes. I left my own garments for Mrs. Peter Dumphy, one of our party. It was

her body, clothed in my garments, that was identified as myself."

"Have you any proof of that fact other than your statement?"

"Yes. Mr. Peter Dumphy, the husband of Mrs. Dumphy, my brother, Gabriel Conroy, and—"

"May it please the Court" (this voice was Arthur Poinsett's, cool, quiet, and languidly patient), "may it please the Court, we of the defense—to save your Honor and the jury some time and trouble—are willing to admit this identification of our client as Gabriel Conroy, and the witness, without further corroboration than her own word, as his sister. Your Honor and the gentlemen of the jury will not fail to recognize in the evidence of our client as to his own name and origin, a rash, foolish, and, on behalf of myself and my colleague, I must add, unadvised attempt to save the reputation of the wife he deeply loves, from the equally unadvised and extraneous evidence brought forward by the prosecution. But we must insist, your Honor, that all this is impertinent to the real issue, the killing of Victor Ramirez by John Doe *alias* Gabriel Conroy. Admitting the facts just testified to by the witness, Grace Conroy, we have no cross-examination to make."

The face of the witness, which had been pale and self-possessed, flushed suddenly as she turned her eyes upon Arthur Poinsett. But that self-contained scamp retained an unmoved countenance as, at Judge Boompoiner's unusually gracious instruction that the witness might retire, Grace Conroy left the stand. To a question from the Court, Col. Starbottle intimated that he should offer no further evidence in rebuttal.

"May it please the Court," said Arthur quietly, "if we accept the impeachment by a sister of a brother on trial for his life, without comment or cross-examination, it is because we are confident—legally confident—of showing the innocence of that brother by other means. Recognizing the fact that this trial is not for the identification of the prisoner under any name or *alias*, but simply upon the issue of the fact, whether he did or did not commit murder upon the body of Victor Ramirez, as specified in the indictment, we now, waiving all other issues, prepare to prove his innocence by a single witness. That this witness was not produced earlier, was unavoidable; that his testimony was not outlined in the opening, was due to the fact that only within the last half-hour had he been within the reach of

the mandate of this Court." He would call Henry Perkins!

There was a slight stir among the spectators by the door as they made way to a quaint figure that, clad in garments of a by-gone fashion, with a pale, wrinkled, yellow face, and gray hair from which the dye had faded, stepped upon the stand.

Is a translator of Spanish and searcher of deeds to the Land Commission. Is called an expert. Recognizes the prisoner at the bar. Saw him only once, two days before the murder, in passing over Conroy's Hill. He was sitting on the door-step of a deserted cabin with a little girl by his side. Saw the deceased twice—once when he came to Don Pedro's house in San Francisco to arrange for the forgery of a grant that should invalidate one already held by the prisoner's wife. Saw the deceased again, after the forgery, on Conroy's Hill, engaged in conversation with the prisoner's wife. Deceased appeared to be greatly excited, and suddenly drew a knife and made an attack upon the prisoner's wife. Witness reached forward and interposed in defense of the woman, when the deceased turned upon him in a paroxysm of insane rage, and a struggle took place between them for the possession of the knife, witness calling for help. Witness did not succeed in wresting the knife from the hands of deceased; it required all his strength to keep himself from bodily harm. In the midst of the struggle, witness heard steps approaching, and again called for help. The call was responded to by a voice in broken English, unintelligible to witness,—apparently the voice of a Chinaman. At the sound of the voice and the approach of footsteps, the deceased broke from witness, and, running backward a few steps, plunged the knife into his own breast and fell. Witness ran to his side, and again called for help. Deceased turned upon him with a ghastly smile, and said: "Bring any one here, and I'll accuse you before them of my murder!" Deceased did not speak again, but fell into a state of insensibility. Witness became alarmed, reflecting upon the threat of the deceased, and did not go for help. While standing irresolutely by the body, Mrs. Conroy, the prisoner's wife, came upon him. Confessed to her the details just described, and the threat of the deceased. She advised the instant flight of the witness, and offered to go with him herself. Witness procured a horse and buggy from a livery-stable, and at half-past nine at night took

Mrs. Conroy from the hill-side near the road, where she was waiting. Drove to Markleville that night, where he left her under an assumed name, and came alone to San Francisco and the Mission of San Antonio. Here he learned from the last witness, prisoner's sister, Grace Conroy, of the arrest of her brother for murder. Witness at once returned to One Horse Gulch, only to find the administration of justice in the hands of a Vigilance Committee. Feeling that his own life might be sacrificed without saving the prisoner's, he took refuge in a tunnel on Conroy's Hill. It chanced to be the same tunnel which Gabriel Conroy and his friend afterward sought in escaping from the Vigilance Committee after the earthquake. Witness, during the absence of Gabriel, made himself known to Mr. Jack Hamlin, Gabriel's friend and comrade in flight, and assured him of the witness's intention to come forward whenever a fair trial could be accorded to Gabriel. After the re-arrest and bailing of Gabriel, witness returned to San Francisco to procure evidence regarding the forged grant, and proofs of Ramirez's persecution of Mrs. Conroy. Had brought with him the knife, and had found the cutler who sold it to deceased eight months before, when deceased first meditated an assault on Mrs. Conroy. Objected to, and objection overruled by a deeply interested and excited Court.

"That is all," said Arthur.

Col. Starbottle, seated beside Grace Conroy, did not, for a moment, respond to the impatient eyes of the audience in the hush that followed. It was not until Grace Conroy whispered a few words in his ear, that the gallant Colonel lifted his dilated breast and self-complacent face above the level of the seated counsel.

"What—er—er—was the reason—why did the—er—er—deeply anxious wife, who fled with you, and thus precipitated the arrest of her husband—why did not she return with you to clear him from suspicion? Why does she remain absent?"

"She was taken ill—dangerously ill—at Markleville. The excitement and fatigue of the journey had brought on premature confinement. A child was born—"

There was a sudden stir among the group beside the prisoner's chair. Col. Starbottle, with a hurried glance at Grace Conroy, waved his hand toward the witness and sat down. Arthur Poinsett rose.

"We ask a moment's delay, your Honor. The prisoner has fallen in a fit."

CHAPTER LI.

A FAMILY GREETING.

WHEN Gabriel opened his eyes to consciousness, he was lying on the floor of the jury-room, his head supported by Olly, and a slight, graceful, womanly figure, that had been apparently bending over him, in the act of slowly withdrawing from his awakening gaze. It was his sister Grace.

"Thar, you're better now," said Olly, taking her brother's hand, and quietly ignoring her sister, on whom Gabriel's eyes were still fixed. "Try and raise yourself into this chair. Thar—thar now—that's a good old Gabe—thar I reckon you're more comfortable!"

"It's Gracy!" whispered Gabriel hoarsely, with his eyes still fixed upon the slight, elegantly dressed woman, who now, leaning against the door-way, stood coldly regarding him. "It's Gracy—your sister, Olly!"

"Ef you mean the woman who hez been tryin' her best to swar away your life, and kem here allowin' to do it—she ain't no sister o' mine—not," added Olly, with a withering glance at the simple elegance of her sister's attire, "not even ef she does trapse in yer in frills and tuckers—more shame for her!"

"If you mean," said Grace, coldly, "the girl whose birthright you took away by marrying the woman who stole it—if you mean the girl who rightfully bears the name that you denied, under oath, in the very shadow of the gallows, she claims nothing of you but her name."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, simply. He dropped his head between his great hands, and a sudden tremor shook his huge frame.

"Ye ain't goin' to be driv inter histeriks agin along o' that crockodill," said Olly, bending over her brother in alarm. "Don't ye—don't ye cry, Gabe!" whimpered Olly, as a few drops oozed between Gabriel's fingers; "don't ye take on, darling, afore her!"

The two sisters glared at each other over the helpless man between them. Then another woman entered, who looked sympathetically at Gabriel and then glared at them both. It was Mrs. Markle. At which, happily for Gabriel, the family bickering ceased.

"It's all over, Gabriel! you're clar!" said Mrs. Markle, ignoring the sympathies as well as the presence of the two other ladies. "Here's Mr. Poinsett."

He entered quickly, but stopped and

flushed slightly under the cold eyes of Grace Conroy. But only for a moment. Coming to Gabriel's side, he said, kindly:

"Gabriel, I congratulate you. The acting District Attorney has entered a *nolle prosequi*, and you are discharged."

"Ye mean I kin go?" said Gabriel, suddenly lifting his face.

"Yes. You are as free as air."

"And ez to *her*?" asked Gabriel quickly.

"What do you mean?" replied Arthur, involuntarily glancing in the direction of Grace, whose eyes dropped scornfully before him.

"My wife—July—is *she* clare too?"

"As far as this trial is concerned, yes," returned Arthur, with a trifle less interest in his voice, which Gabriel was quick to discern.

"Then I'll go," said Gabriel, rising to his feet.

He made a few steps to the door, and then hesitated, stopped, and turned toward Grace. As he did so, his old apologetic, troubled, diffident manner returned.

"Ye'll exkoos me, Miss," he said, looking with troubled eyes upon his newly found sister, "ye'll exkoos me, ef I haven't the time now to do the agreeable and show ye over yer property on Conroy's Hill. But it's thar! It's all thar, ez Lawyer Maxwell kin testify. It's all thar, and the house is open, ez it always was to ye, ez the young woman who keeps the house kin tell ye. I'd go thar with ye ef I hed time, but I'm startin' out now, to-night, to see July. Toe see my wife, Miss Conroy—to see July ez is expectin'! When I say 'expectin', I don't mean *me*—far from it. But expectin' a little stranger—my chile! And I reckon afore I get thar thar'll be a baby—a pore little, helpless new-born baby—only *so* long!" added Gabriel, exhibiting his fore-finger as a degree of mensuration, "and ez a famerly man, being ladies, I reckon you reckon I oughter be thar."

(I grieve to state that at this moment the ladies appealed to exchange a glance of supreme contempt, and am proud to record that Lawyer Maxwell and Mr. Poinsett exhibited the only expression of sympathy with the speaker that was noticeable in the group.) Arthur detected it, and said, I fear none the less readily for that knowledge:

"Don't let us keep you, Gabriel; we understand your feelings. Go at once."

"Take me along, Gabe," said Olly, flashing her eyes at her sister, and then turning to Gabriel with a quivering upper lip.

Gabriel turned, swooped his tremendous arm around Olly, lifted her bodily off her feet, and saying, "You're my own little girl," vanished through the door-way.

This movement reduced the group to Mrs. Markle and Grace Conroy, confronted by Mr. Poinsett and Maxwell. Mrs. Markle relieved an embarrassing silence by stepping forward and taking the arm of Lawyer Maxwell and leading him away. Arthur and Grace were left alone.

For the first time in his life, Arthur lost his readiness and self-command. He glanced awkwardly at the woman before him, and felt that neither conventional courtesy nor vague sentimental recollection would be effective here.

"I am waiting for my maid," said Grace, coldly; "if, as you return to the court-room, you will send her here, you will oblige me."

Arthur bowed confusedly.

"Your maid—"

"Yes, you know her, I think, Mr. Poinsett," continued Grace, lifting her arched brows with cold surprise. "Manuela!"

Arthur turned pale and red. He was conscious of being not only awkward, but ridiculous.

"Pardon me—perhaps I am troubling you—I will go myself," said Grace, contemptuously.

"One moment, Miss Conroy," said Arthur, instinctively stepping before her as she moved as if to pass him, "one moment, I beg."

He paused, and then said, with less deliberation and more impulsively than had been his habit for the last six years:

"You will, perhaps, be more forgiving to your brother if you know that I, who have had the pleasure of meeting you since—since—you were lost to us all—I, who have not had his preoccupation of interest in another—even I, have been as blind, as foolish, as seemingly heartless as he. You will remember this, Miss Conroy—I hope quite as much for its implied compliment to your complete disguise, and an evidence of the success of your own endeavors to obliterate your identity, as for its being an excuse for your brother's conduct, if not for my own. I did not know you."

Grace Conroy paused and raised her dark eyes to his.

"You spoke of my brother's preoccupation with—with the woman for whom he would have sacrificed anything—*me*—his very life! I can—I am a woman—I can

understand *that*! You have forgotten, Don Arturo, you have forgotten—pardon me—I am not finding fault—it is not for me to find fault—but you have forgotten—Donna Maria Sepulvida!”

She swept by him with a rustle of silk and lace, and was gone. His heart gave a sudden bound; he was about to follow her, when he was met at the door by the expanding bosom of Col. Starbottle.

“Permit me, sir, as a gentleman, as a man of—er—er—honor! to congratulate you, sir! When we—er—er—parted in San Francisco, I did not think that I would have the—er—er—pleasure—a rare pleasure to Col. Starbottle, sir, in his private as well as his—er—er—public capacity, of—er—er—a PUBLIC APOLOGY. Ged, sir! I have made it! Ged, sir! when I entered that *nolle pros.*, I said to myself—I did, blank my blank soul!—I said, ‘Star., this is an apology—blank me!—an apology, sir! But you are responsible, sir, you are responsible, Star.! personally responsible!’”

“I thank you,” said Arthur abstractedly, still straining his eyes after the retreating figure of Grace Conroy, and trying to combat a sudden instinctive jealousy of the man before him.—“I thank you, Colonel, on behalf of my client and myself.”

“Ged, sir,” said Col. Starbottle, blocking up the way, with a general expansiveness of demeanor.—“Ged, sir, this is not all. You will remember that our recent interview in San Francisco was regarding another and a different issue. That, sir, I am proud to say, the developments of evidence in this trial have honorably and—er—er—as a lawyer, I may say, have legally settled. With the—er—er—identification and legal—er—rehabilitation of Grace Conroy, that claim of my client falls to the ground. You may state to your client, Mr. Poinsett, that—er—er—upon my own personal responsibility I abandon the claim.”

Arthur Poinsett stopped and looked fixedly at the gallant Colonel. Even in his sentimental preoccupation the professional habit triumphed.

“You withdraw Mrs. Dumphy’s claim upon Mr. Dumphy?” he said slowly.

Col. Starbottle did not verbally reply. But that gallant warrior allowed the facial muscles on the left side of his face to relax so that one eye was partially closed.

“Yes, sir,—there is a matter of a few thousand dollars that—er—er—you understand I am—er—er—personally responsible for.”

“That will never be claimed, Col. Star-

bottle,” said Arthur, smiling, “and I am only echoing, I am sure, the sentiments of the man most concerned, who is approaching us—Mr. Dumphy!”

CHAPTER LII.

IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS RETURN.

MR. JACK HAMLIN was in very bad case. When Dr. Duchesne, who had been summoned from Sacramento, arrived, that eminent surgeon had instantly assumed such light-heartedness and levity toward his patient, such captiousness toward Pete, with an occasional seriousness of demeanor when he was alone, that, to those who knew him, it was equal to an unfavorable prognosis. Indeed, he evaded the direct questioning of Olly, who had lately constituted herself a wondrously light-footed, soft-handed assistant of Pete, until one day when they were alone, he asked, more seriously than was his wont, if Mr. Hamlin had ever spoken of his relations, or if she knew of any of his friends who were accessible.

Olly had already turned this subject over in her womanly mind, and had thought once or twice of writing to the Blue Moselle; but on the direct questioning of the doctor and its peculiar significance, she recalled Jack’s confidences on their midnight ride, and the Spanish beauty he had outlined. And so one evening, when she was alone with her patient, and the fever was low, and Jack lay ominously patient and submissive, she began—what the doctor had only lately abandoned—probing a half-healed wound.

“I reckon you’d hev’ been a heap more comfortable ef this thing hed happened to ye down thar in San Antonio,” said Olly.

Jack rolled his dark eyes wonderingly upon his fair persecutor.

“You know you’d hev’ had thet thar sweetheart o’ yours—thet Mexican woman—sittin’ by ye, instead o’ me—and Pete,” suggested the artful Olympia.

Jack nearly leaped from the bed.

“Do you reckon I’d hev’ rung myself in as a wandering cripple—a tramp thet hed got peppered—on a lady like *her*? Look yer, Olly,” continued Mr. Hamlin, raising himself on his elbow; “if you’ve got the idea thet thet woman is one of them hospital sharps—one of them angels who waltz round a sick man with a bottle of camphor in one hand and a tract in the other—you had better disabuse your mind of it at once, Miss Conroy; take a back seat and wait for

a new deal. And don't you go to talkin' of thet lady as my sweetheart—it's—it's—sacriligious—and the meanest kind of a bluff."

As the day of the trial drew near, Mr. Hamlin had expressed but little interest in it, and had evidently only withheld his general disgust of Gabriel's weakness from consideration of his sister. Once Mr. Hamlin condescended to explain his apparent coldness.

"There's a witness coming, Olly, that'll clear your brother—more shame for him—the man ez *did* kill Ramirez. I'm keeping my sympathies for that chap. Don't you be alarmed. If that man don't come up to the scratch, I will. So—don't you go whining round. And ef you'll take my advice, you'll keep clear o' that court, and let them lawyers fight it out. It will be time enough for you to go when they send for *me*."

"But you can't move—you ain't strong enough," said Olly.

"I reckon Pete will get me there some way if he has to pack me on his back. I ain't a heavy weight now," said Jack, looking sadly at his thin white hands, "I've reckoned on that, and even if I should pass in my checks there's an affidavit already sworn to in Maxwell's hands."

Nevertheless, on the day of the trial, Olly, still doubtful of Gabriel, and still mindful of his capacity to develop "God-forsaken mulishness" was nervous and uneasy, until a messenger arrived from Maxwell, with a note to Hamlin, carrying the tidings of the appearance of Perkins in Court, and closing with a request for Olly's presence.

"Who's Perkins?" asked Olly, as she reached for her hat in nervous excitement.

"He's no slouch," said Jack sententiously. "Don't ask questions. It's all right with Gabriel now," he added assuringly. "He's as good as clear. Run away, Miss Conroy. Hold up a minit! There, kiss me! Look here, Olly, say!—Do you take any stock in that lost sister of yours that your blank fool brother is always gabbing about? You do! Well you are as big a fool as he! There! There!—Never mind now—she's turned up at last! Much good may it do you. One! two!—go!" and as Olly's pink ribbons flashed through the door-way, Mr. Hamlin lay down again with a twinkle in his eye.

He was alone. The house was very quiet and still; most of the guests, and the hostess and her assistant, were at the all-absorbing trial; even the faithful Pete, unconscious of any possible defection of his assistant,

Olly, had taken the opportunity to steal away to hear the arguments of counsel. As the retreating footsteps of Olly echoed along the vacant corridor he felt that he possessed the house completely.

This consciousness, to a naturally active man, bored by illness and the continuous presence of attendants however kind and devoted, was at first a relief. Mr. Hamlin experienced an instant desire to get up and dress himself, to do various things which were forbidden—but which now an overruling Providence had apparently placed within his reach. He rose with great difficulty, and a physical weakness that seemed altogether inconsistent with the excitement he was then feeling, and partially dressed himself. Then he was suddenly overtaken with great faintness and vertigo, and staggering to the open window fell in a chair beside it. The cool breeze revived him for a moment, and he tried to rise but found it impossible. Then the faintness and vertigo returned, and he seemed to be slipping away somewhere,—not altogether unpleasantly nor against his volition—somewhere where there was darkness, and stillness, and rest. And then he slipped back, almost instantly as it seemed to him, to a room full of excited and anxious people, all extravagantly and, as he thought, ridiculously concerned about himself. He tried to assure them that he was all right, and not feeling any worse for his exertion, but was unable to make them understand him. Then followed night, replete with pain and filled with familiar voices that spoke unintelligibly, and then day, devoted to the monotonous repetition of the last word or phrase that the doctor or Pete or Olly had used, or the endless procession of Olly's pink ribbons and the tremulousness of a window curtain, or the black, sphynx-like riddle of a pattern on the bed quilt, or the wall-paper. Then there was sleep that was turbulent and conscious, and wakefulness that was lethargic and dim, and then infinite weariness, and then lapses of utter vacuity—the occasional ominous impinging of the shadow of death.

But through this chaos there was always a dominant central figure—a figure partly a memory, and, as such, surrounded by consistent associations; partly a reality, and incongruous with its surroundings—the figure of Donna Dolores! But whether this figure came back to Mr. Hamlin out of the dusky arches of the Mission Church in a cloud of incense, besprinkling him with holy water, or whether it bent over him, touch-

ing his feverish lips with cool drinks, or smoothing his pillow, a fact utterly unreal and preposterous seen against the pattern of the wall-paper, or sitting on the familiar chair by his bedside—it was always there. And when, one day, the figure stayed longer, and the interval of complete consciousness seemed more protracted, Mr. Hamlin, with one mighty effort, moved his lips, and said feebly:

"Donna Dolores!"

The figure started, leaned its beautiful face, blushing a celestial, rosy red, above his own, put its finger to its perfect lips, and said in plain English:

"Hush! I am Gabriel Conroy's sister!"

CHAPTER LIII.

IN WHICH MR. HAMLIN PASSES.

WITH his lips sealed by the positive mandate of the lovely specter, Mr. Hamlin resigned himself again to weakness and sleep. When he awoke, Olly was sitting by his bedside; the dusty figure of Pete, spectacled, and reading a good book, was dimly outlined against the window,—but that was all. The vision—if vision it was—had fled.

"Olly," said Mr. Hamlin, faintly.

"Yes!" said Olly, opening her blue eyes in expectant sympathy.

"How long—have I been dr—I mean how long has this—spell lasted?"

"Three days," said Olly.

"The——— you say!" (A humane and possibly weak consideration for Mr. Hamlin, in his new weakness and suffering, restricts me to a mere outline of his extravagance of speech.)

"But you're better now," supplemented Olly.

Mr. Hamlin began to wonder faintly if his painful experience of the last twenty-four hours were a part of his convalescence. He was silent for a few moments, and then suddenly turned his face toward Olly.

"Didn't you say something about—about—your sister the other day?"

"Yes,—she's got back," said Olly, curtly.

"Here?"

"Here."

"Well?" said Mr. Hamlin, a little impatiently.

"Well," returned Olly, with a slight toss of her curls. "She's got back, and I reckon it's about time she did."

Strange to say, Olly's evident lack of appreciation of her sister seemed to please

Mr. Hamlin,—possibly because it agreed with his own idea of Grace's superiority, and his inability to recognize or accept her as the sister of Gabriel.

"Where has she been all this while?" asked Jack, rolling his large hollow eyes over Olly.

"Goodness knows! Says she's bin livin' in some fammerly down in the South—Spanish, I reckon—thet's where she gits those airs and graces."

"Has she ever been here,—in this room?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"Of course she has," said Olly. "When I left you to go with Gabe to see his wife at Wingdam, she volunteered to take my place. Thet woz while you woz flighty, Mr. Hamlin. But I reckon she admired to stay here on account of seein' her bo!"

"Her what?" asked Mr. Hamlin, feeling the blood fast rushing to his colorless face.

"Her bo," repeated Olly; "thet thar Ashley or Poinsett—or whatever he calls hisself now!"

Mr. Hamlin here looked so singularly, and his hand tightened so strongly around Olly's, that she hurriedly repeated to him the story of Grace's early wanderings, and her absorbing passion for their former associate, Arthur Poinsett. The statement was, in Olly's present state of mind, not favorable to Grace.

"And she just came up yer, only to see Arthur agin. Thet's all. And she nearly swearin' her brother's life away—and pretendin' it was only done to save the famerly's name. Jest az if it hed been any more comfortable fur Gabriel to have been hung in his own name. And then goin' and accusin' thet innocent ole lamb, Gabe, of conspiring with July to take her name away. Purty goin's on, I reckon! And thet man Poinsett, by her own showin', never lettin' on to see her nor us,—nor anybody. And she sassin' *me* for givin' my opinion of him—and excusin' him by sayin' she didn't want him to know *whar* she was. And she refusin' to see July at all—and pore July lyin' thar at Wingdam, sick with a new baby. Don't talk to me about her!"

"But your sister didn't run away with—this chap. She went away to bring you help," interrupted Jack, hastily dragging Olly back to earlier history.

"Did she? Couldn't she trust her bo to go and get help and then come back fur her?—reckonin' he cared for her at all. No, she waz thet crazy after him she couldn't

trust him outer her sight—and she left the camp and Gabe and ME for him. And then the idee of *her* talking to Gabriel about bein' disgraced by July! Ez ef she had never done anythin' to spile her own name, and puttin' on such airs and—"

"Dry up!" shouted Mr. Hamlin, turning with sudden savageness upon his pillow. "Dry up!—don't you see you're driving me half crazy with your infernal buzzing!"

He paused as Olly stopped in mingled mortification and alarm, and then added in milder tones:

"There, that'll do. I'm not feeling well, to-day. Send Dr. Duchesne to me, if he's here. Stop one moment—there! good-bye! go!"

Olly had risen promptly. There was always something in Mr. Hamlin's positive tones that commanded an obedience that she would have refused to any other. Thoroughly convinced of some important change in Mr. Hamlin's symptoms, she sought the Doctor at once. Perhaps she brought with her some of her alarm and anxiety, for a moment later that distinguished physician entered, with less deliberation than was his habit. He walked to the bedside of his patient, and would have taken his hand, but Jack slipped his tell-tale pulse under the covers, and, looking fixedly at the Doctor, said:

"Can I be moved from here?"

"You can, but I should hardly advise—"

"I didn't ask that. This is a lone hand I'm playin', Doctor, and if I'm euchred, tain't your fault. How soon?"

"I should say," said Dr. Duchesne, with professional caution, "that if no bad symptoms supervene" (he made here a half-habitual, but wholly ineffectual, dive for Jack's pulse), "you might go in a week."

"I must go *now*!"

Dr. Duchesne bent over his patient. He was a quick as well as a patiently observing man, and he saw something in Jack's face that no one else had detected. Seeing this, he said:

"You can go now—at a great risk—the risk of your life!"

"I'll take it!" said Mr. Hamlin, promptly. "I've been playin' agin odds," he added, with a faint but audacious smile, "for the last six months, and it's no time to draw out now. Go on, and tell Pete to pack up and get me ready."

"Where are you going?" asked the Doctor quietly, still gazing at his patient.

"To—blank!" said Mr. Hamlin, impulsively.

Then recognizing the fact that, in view of his having traveling companions, some more definite and practicable locality was necessary, he paused a moment, and said:

"To the Mission of San Antonio."

"Very well," said the Doctor, gravely.

Strange to say, whether from the Doctor's medication, or from the stimulus of some reserved vitality hitherto unsuspected, Mr. Hamlin from that moment rallied. The preparations for his departure were quickly made, and in a few hours he was ready for the road.

"I don't want to have anybody cacklin' around me," he said, in deprecation of any leave-taking. "I leave the board,—they can go on with the game."

Notwithstanding which, at the last moment Gabriel hung awkwardly and heavily around the carriage in which the invalid was seated.

"I'd foller arter ye, Mr. Hamlin, in a buggy," he interpolated, in gentle deprecation of his unwieldy and difficult bulk, "but I'm sorter kept yer with my wife—who is powerful weak along of a pore small baby—about so long—the same not bein' a famerly man yourself, you don't kinder get the hang of. I thought it might please ye to know that I got bail yesterday fur thet Mr. Perkins—ez didn't kill that thar Ramirez—the same havin' killed hisself—ez woz fetched out on the trial, which I reckon ye didn't get to hear. I admire to see ye lookin' so well, Mr. Hamlin, and I'm glad Olly's goin' with ye. I reckon Grace would hev gone too, but she's sorter skary about strangers, hevin' bin engaged these seving years to a young man by the name o' Poinsett ez waz one o' my counsel, and hevin' lately had a row with the same—one o' them lovers' fights—which bein' a young man yourself, ye kin kindly allow for."

"Drive on!" imprecated Mr. Hamlin furiously to the driver. "What in the name of blank are you waiting for?" and with the whirling wheels Gabriel dropped off apologetically in a cloud of dust, and Mr. Hamlin sank back exhaustedly on the cushions.

Notwithstanding, as he increased his distance from One Horse Gulch, his spirits seemed to rise, and by the time they had reached San Antonio, he had recovered his old audacity and dash of manner, and raised the highest hopes in the breast of everybody but—his doctor. Yet that gen-

tleman, after a careful examination of his patient one night, said privately to Pete:

"I think this exaltation will last about three days longer. I am going to San Francisco. At the end of that time I shall return—unless you telegraph to me before that."

He parted gayly from his patient, and seriously from everybody else. Before he left, he sought out Padre Felipe.

"I have a patient here, in a critical condition," said the Doctor; "the hotel is no place for him. Is there any family here—any house that will receive him, under your advice, for a week? At the end of that time he will be better, or beyond *our* ministrations. He is not a Protestant—he is nothing. You have had experience with the heathen, Father Felipe."

Father Felipe looked at Dr. Duchesne. The Doctor's well-earned professional fame had penetrated even San Antonio; the Doctor's insight and intelligence were visible in his manner, and touched the Jesuit instantly.

"It is a strange case, my son—a sad case," he said, thoughtfully. "I will see."

He did. The next day, under the directions of Father Felipe, Mr. Hamlin was removed to the Rancho of the Blessed Fisherman; and, notwithstanding the fact that its hostess was absent, was fairly installed as its guest. When Mrs. Sepulveda returned from her visit to San Francisco, she was at first astonished, then excited, and then, I fear, gratified.

For she at once recognized in this guest of Father Felipe the mysterious stranger whom she had, some weeks ago, detected on the plains of the Blessed Trinity. And Jack, despite his illness, was still handsome, and had, moreover, the melancholy graces of invalidism, which go far with an habitually ailing sex. And so she coddled Mr. Hamlin, and gave him her sacred hammock by day over the porch and her best bedroom at night. And then, at the close of a pleasant day, she said archly:

"I think I have seen you before, Mr. Hamlin—at the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. You remember—the house of Donna Dolores?"

Mr. Hamlin was too observant of the sex to be impertinently mindful of another woman than his interlocutor, and assented with easy indifference.

Donna Maria (now thoroughly convinced that Mr. Hamlin's attentions on that eventful occasion were intended for herself, and

even delightfully suspicious of some pre-arranged plan in his present situation):

"Poor Donna Dolores! You know we have lost her forever?"

"When?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"That dreadful earthquake on the 8th."

Mr. Hamlin, reflecting that the appearance of Grace Conroy was on the 10th, assented again abstractedly.

"Ah, yes! so sad! And yet, perhaps, for the best. You know the poor girl had a hopeless passion for her legal adviser—the famous Arthur Poinsett? Ah! you did not. Well, perhaps it was only merciful that she died before she knew how insincere that man's attentions were. You are a believer in special Providences, Mr. Hamlin?"

Mr. Hamlin (doubtfully):

"You mean a run of luck?"

Donna Maria (rapidly, ignoring Mr. Hamlin's illustration):

"Well, perhaps I have reason to say so. Poor Donna Dolores was my friend. Yet, would you believe there were people—you know how ridiculous is the gossip of a town like this—there are people who believed that he was paying attention to ME!"

Mrs. Sepulveda hung her head archly. There was a long pause. Then Mr. Hamlin called faintly:

"Pete!"

"Yes, Mars Jack."

"Ain't it time to take that medicine?"

When Dr. Duchesne returned, he ignored all this little by-play, and even the anxious inquiries of Olly, and said to Mr. Hamlin:

"Have you any objections to my sending for Dr. Mackintosh—a devilish clever fellow?"

And Mr. Hamlin had none. And so, after a private telegram, Dr. Mackintosh arrived, and for three or four hours the two doctors talked in an apparently unintelligible language, chiefly about a person who Mr. Hamlin was satisfied did not exist. And when Dr. Mackintosh left, Dr. Duchesne, after a very earnest conversation with him on their way to the stage-office, drew a chair beside Mr. Hamlin's bed.

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got everything fixed—all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"You've made Pete very happy this morning."

Jack looked up at Dr. Duchesne's critical face, and the Doctor went on, gravely:

"Confessing religion to him—saying you believed as he did!"

A faint laugh glimmered in the dark hollows of Jack's eyes.

"The old man," he said explanatorily, "has been preachin' mighty heavy at me ever since t'other doctor came, and I reckoned it might please him to allow that everything he said was so. You see the old man's bin right soft on me, and between us, Doctor, I ain't much to give him in exchange. It's no square game!"

"Then you believe you're going to die?" said the Doctor, gravely.

"I reckon."

"And you have no directions to give me?"

"There's a blank hound at Sacramento, Jim Briggs, who borrowed and never gave back my silver-mounted Derringers, blank him! that I reckoned to give you. Tell him he'd better give them up, or I'll—"

"Jack," interrupted Dr. Duchesne, with infinite gentleness, laying his hand on the invalid's arm, "you must not think of me."

Jack pressed his friend's hand.

"There's my diamond pin up the spout at Wingdam, and the money gone to Lawyer Maxwell to pay witnesses for that blank old fool, Gabriel. And then, when Gabriel and me was escaping, I happened to strike the very man, Perkins, who was Gabriel's principal witness, and he was dead broke, and I had to give him my solitaire ring to help him get away and be on hand for Gabriel. And Olly's got my gold specimen to be made into a mug for that cub of that old she-tiger—Gabriel's woman—that Madame Devarges. And my watch—who in blank *has* got my watch?" said Mr. Hamlin, reflectively.

"Never mind those things, Jack. Have you any word to send—to—anybody?"

"No."

There was a long pause. In the stillness, the ticking of a clock on the mantel became audible. Then there was a laugh in the anteroom, where a professional brother of Jack's had been waiting, slightly under the influence of grief and liquor.

"Scotty ought to know better—than to kick up a row in a decent woman's house," whispered Jack, faintly. "Tell him to dry up, blank him, or I'll—"

But his voice was failing him, and the sentence remained incomplete.

"Doc." (after a long effort).

"Jack!"

"Don't—let—on—to Pete—I fooled—him."

"No, Jack."

They were both still for several minutes. And then Dr. Duchesne softly released his hand, and laid that of his patient, white and thin, upon the coverlid before him. Then he rose gently and opened the door of the anteroom. Two or three eager faces confronted him.

"Pete," he said gravely, "I want Pete—no one else."

The old negro entered with a trembling step. And then, catching sight of the white face on the pillow, he uttered one cry—a cry replete with all the hysterical pathos of his race, and ran and dropped on his knees beside it! And then the black and the white face were near together, and both were wet with tears.

Dr. Duchesne stepped forward and would have laid his hand gently upon the old servant's shoulder. But he stopped, for suddenly both of the black hands were lifted wildly in the air, and the black face, with rapt eyeballs, turned toward the ceiling as if they had caught sight of the steadfast blue beyond. Perhaps they had.

"O de Lord God! whose prechiss blood washes de brack sheep and de white sheep all de one color! O de Lamb ob God! Sabe, sabe dis por', dis por' boy. O Lord God for MY sake. O de Lord God dow knowst fo' twenty years Pete, ole Pete has walked in dy ways—has found de Lord and him crucified!—and has been dy servant. O de Lord God—O de bressed Lord, ef it's all de same to you, let all dat go fo' nowt! Let old Pete go! and send down dy mercy and forgiveness fo' *him*!"

CHAPTER LIV.

IN THE OLD CABIN AGAIN.

THERE was little difficulty in establishing the validity of Grace Conroy's claim to the Conroy grant, under the bequest of Dr. Devarges. Her identity was confirmed by Mr. Dumphy—none the less readily that it relieved him of a distressing doubt about the late Mrs. Dumphy, and did not affect his claim to the mineral discovery which he had purchased from Gabriel and his wife. It was true that since the dropping of the lead the mine had been virtually abandoned, and was comparatively of little market value. But Mr. Dumphy still clung to the

hope that the missing lead would be discovered.

He was right. It was some weeks after the death of Mr. Hamlin, that Gabriel and Olly stood again beneath the dismantled roof-tree and bare walls of his old cabin on Conroy Hill. But the visit this time was not one of confidential disclosure nor lonely contemplation, but with a practical view of determining whether this first home of the brother and sister could be repaired and made habitable, for Gabriel had steadily refused the solicitations of Grace that he should occupy his more recent mansion. Mrs. Conroy and infant were at the hotel.

"Thar, Olly," said Gabriel, "I reckon that a cart-load o' boards and a few days' work with willing hands, will put that thar shanty back agin ez it used to be when you and me waz childun."

"Yes," said Olly abstractedly.

"We've had good times yer, Olly, you and me!"

"Yes," said Olly, with eyes still afar.

Gabriel looked down—a great ways—on his sister, and then suddenly took her hand and sat down upon the door-step, drawing her between his knees after the old fashion.

"Ye ain't hearkenin' to me, Olly dear!"

Whereat Miss Olympia instantly and illogically burst into tears, and threw her small arms about Gabriel's huge bulk. She had been capricious and fretful since Mr. Hamlin's death and it may be that she embraced the dead man again in her brother's arms. But her outward expression was, "Gracy! I was thinking o' poor Gracy, Gabe!"

"Then," said Gabriel, with intense archness and cunning, "you was thinking o' present kempany, for ef I ain't blind, that's them coming up the hill."

There were two figures slowly coming up the hill outlined against the rosy sunset. A man and woman: Arthur Poinsett and Grace Conroy. Olly lifted her head and rose to her feet. They approached nearer. No one spoke. The next instant—impulsively I admit, inconsistently I protest—the sisters were in each other's arms. The two men looked at each other, awkward, reticent, superior.

Then, the women having made quick work of it, the two men were treated to an equally illogical, inconsistent embrace. When Grace at last, crying and laughing, released Gabriel's neck from her sweet arms, Mr. Poinsett assumed the masculine attitude of pure reason.

"Now that you have found your sister,

permit me to introduce you to my wife," he said to Gabriel, taking Grace's hand in his own.

Whereat Olly flew into Poinsett's arms, and gave him a fraternal and conciliatory kiss. Tableau.

"You don't look like a bride," said the practical Olly to Mrs. Poinsett, under her breath, "you ain't got no veil, no orange blossoms—and that black dress—"

"We've been married seven years, Olly," said the quick-eared and ready-witted Arthur.

And then these people began to chatter as if they had always been in the closest confidence and communion.

"You know," said Grace to her brother, "Arthur and I are going East, to the States, to-morrow, and really, Gabe, he says he will not leave here until you consent to take back your house—your wife's house, Gabe. You know WE" (there was a tremendous significance in this newly found personal plural) "WE have deeded it all to you."

"I hev a dooty to per-form to Gracy," said Gabriel Conroy, with astute deliberation looking at Mr. Poinsett,—“a dooty to thet gal, thatt must be done afore any transfer of this yer propputty is made. I hev to make restitootion of certing papers ez hez fallen casooally into my hands. This yer paper," he added, drawing a soiled yellow envelope from his pocket, "kem to me a week ago, the same hevin' lied in the Express Office sens the trial. It belongs to Gracy, I reckon, and I hands it to her."

Grace tore open the envelope, glanced at its contents hurriedly, uttered a slight cry of astonishment, blushed, and put the paper into her pocket.

"This yer paper," continued Gabriel, gravely, drawing another from the pocket of his blouse, "was found by me in the Empire Tunnel the night I was runnin' from the lynchers. It likewise b'longs to Gracy—and the world gin'rally. It's the record of Dr. Devarges's fust discovery of the silver lead on this yer hill, and," continued Gabriel, with infinite gravity, "wipes out, so to speak, this yer mineral right o' me and Mr. Dumphy, and the stockholders gin'rally."

It was Mr. Poinsett's turn to take the paper from Gabriel's hands. He examined it attentively by the fading light.

"That is so," he said earnestly; "it is quite legal and valid."

"And thar ez one paper more," continued Gabriel, this time putting his hand in his

bosom and drawing out a buckskin purse, from which he extracted a many-folded paper. "It's the grant that Dr. Devargues gave Gracy, thet thet pore Mexican Ramirez ez—may be ye may remember was killed—handed to my wife, and July, my wife"—said Gabriel, with a prodigious blush—"hez bin sorter keepin' IN TRUST for Gracy!"

He gave the paper to Arthur, who received it, but still retained a warm grasp of Gabriel's massive hand.

"And now," added Gabriel, "et's gettin' late, and I reckon et's about the square thing ef we'd ad-journ this yer meeting to the hotel; and ez you're goin' away, may be ye'd make a partin' visit with yer wife, forgettin' and forgivin' like, to Mrs. Conroy and the baby—a pore little thing—that, ye wouldn't believe it, Mr. Poinsett, looks like me!"

But Olly and Grace had drawn aside, and were in the midst of an animated conversation. And Grace was saying:

"So I took the stone from the fire just as I take this—(she picked up a fragment of the crumbling chimney before her)—it looked black and burnt just like this, and I rubbed it hard on the blanket, so; and it shone, just like silver; and Dr. Devargues said—"

"We are going, Grace," interrupted her husband, "we are going to see Gabriel's wife."

Grace hesitated a moment; but, as her husband took her arm, she slightly pressed it with a certain matrimonial caution, whereupon, with a quick, impulsive gesture, Grace held out her hand to Olly, and the three gayly followed the bowed figure of Gabriel as he strode through the darkening wood.

CHAPTER LV.

THE RETURN OF A FOOT-PRINT.

I REGRET that no detailed account of the reconciliatory visit to Mrs. Conroy has been handed down, and I only gather a hint of it from after-comments of the actors themselves. When the last words of parting had been said, and Grace and Arthur had taken their seats in the Wingdam coach, Gabriel bent over his wife's bedside.

"It kinder seemed ez ef you and Mr. Poinsett recog-nized each other at first, July," said Gabriel.

"I *have* seen him before—not here! I don't think he'll ever trouble us much, Gabriel," said Mrs. Conroy, with a certain tri-

umphant lighting of the cold fires of her gray eyes. "But look at the baby. He's laughing! He knows you, I declare!"

And in Gabriel's rapt astonishment at this unprecedented display of intelligence in one so young, the subject was dropped.

"Why, where did you ever see Mrs. Conroy before?" asked Grace of her husband, when they had reached Wingdam that night.

"I never saw *Mrs. Conroy* before," returned Arthur, with legal precision. "I met a lady in St. Louis years ago under another name, who, I dare say, is now your brother's wife. But—I think, Grace—the less we see of her—the better."

"Why?"

"By the way, darling, what was that paper that Gabriel gave you?" asked Arthur, lightly avoiding the previous question.

Grace drew the paper from her pocket, blushed slightly, kissed her husband, and then putting her arms around his neck, laid her face in his breast, while he read aloud, in Spanish, the following:

"This is to give trustworthy statement that on the 18th of May, 1848, a young girl, calling herself Grace Conroy, sought shelter and aid at the Presidio of San Geronimo. Being friendless—but of the B. V. M. and the Saints—I adopted her as my daughter, with the name of Dolores Salvatierra. Six months after her arrival, on the 12th of November, 1848, she was delivered of a dead child, the son of her affianced husband, one Philip Ashley. Wishing to keep her secret from the world, and to prevent recognition by the members of her own race and family, by the assistance and advice of an Indian *peon*, Manuela, she consented that her face and hands should be daily washed by the juice of the *Yakoto*—whose effect is to change the skin to the color of bronze. With this metamorphosis she became known, by my advice and consent, as the daughter of the Indian Princess Nicata and myself. And as such I have recognized in due form, her legal right in the apportionment of my estate.

"Given at the Presidio of San Geronimo, the 1st day of December, 1848.

"JUAN HERMENIZILDO SALVATIERRA."

"But how did Gabriel get this?" asked Arthur.

"I—don't—know!" said Grace.

"To whom did *you* give it?"

"To—Padre Felipe."

"Oh! I see," said Arthur. "Then *you* are Mr. Dumphy's long-lost wife!"

"I don't know what Father Felipe did," said Grace, tossing her head slightly. "I put the matter in his hands."

"The whole story?"

"I said nothing about you—you great goose!"

Arthur kissed her, by way of acknowledging the justice of the epithet.

"But I ought to have told Mrs. Sepulvida the whole story when she said you proposed to her. You're sure you didn't?" continued Grace, looking into her husband's eyes.

"Never!" said that admirable young man, promptly.

CHAPTER LVI.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM OLYMPIA CONROY TO GRACE POINSETT.

"—the baby is doing well. And only think—Gabe has struck it again! And you was the cause,

dear—and he says it all belongs to you—like the God-forsaken old mule that he is. Don't you remember when you was telling me about Doctor Divergers giving you that rock and how you rubed it untill the silver shone, well, you took up a rock from our old chimby and rubed it, wile you was telling it. And thet rock Gabe came acrost next morning, all shining where you had rubed it. And shure enuff it was sollid silver. And then Gabe says, says he, We've struck it agin, fur the chimby rock was taken from the first hole I dug on the hill only a hunderd feet from here. And shure enuff, yesterday he perspected the hole and found the leed agin. And we are all very ritch agin and comin' to see you next year, only that Gabe is such a fool!

"Your loving Sister,

"OLYMPIA CONROY."

THE END.

NOTE.—"Gabriel Conroy" was begun in SCRIBNER for November, 1875, and is therefore completed in ten numbers.

ON THE IRON TRAIL.



BUFFALO TRAILS IN WESTERN KANSAS.

It was the 12th of April when I left New York City, and there was snow in the air. I remember getting into the railway coach belted in an ulster and muffled in a shawl.

It was the 18th of April when I got out of the cars in Topeka, Kansas, and the air was blossomy and vocal with spring. I smiled in a self-satisfied way as I tried to realize that I was among the Topekans and not in Florida or up the Rhine, and I gave a border ruffian twenty-five cents to hold my overcoat, for it was too warm to wear it, and would have been too absurd to carry it. He had a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, and he curled a broad grin all round it as he said,

"San Wan, I s'pose?"

"San Juan? no," I replied, indignantly. "Do you take me for a miner? I'm going to the Hesperides, and the garden of Ma-cænas. How long before this train starts?"

This was the fifteenth time that I had

protested that I was not going to San Juan. It seemed to be an understood fact that any man who traveled at this season of the year from the east must be going to San Juan.

The simple fact is I was traveling for pleasure, and at this moment was *en route* to what Charles Sumner once called the heart of the continent and what, I have since learned, the border ruffians call its backbone. I had decided at St. Louis, without consulting anybody, to take the most southern and the most direct route. I marked out my own course with a lead pencil on a colored pocket map, as the Emperor Nicholas once marked out a railway, and then with the same imperious will I adjusted the facts to it. By this simple and autocratic method, I avoided an embarrassment of routes, and found myself ticketed as a passenger one morning over the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fé road, for Colorado. It was

enough for me that it ran much closer than all the rest to my pencil mark, and made as straight an air line as the valley of the Arkansas would allow, to Pueblo and the Rocky Mountains.

For several years I had heard and read of a country lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific which corresponded in many respects with the original Eden. It was an elysium for invalids and a joy forever for artists. I think Bierstadt left a flavor of it in the Academy of Design, and Moran caught something of its opaline atmosphere for the idlers at Schaus's. Then there were long-lost and

given-up victims of gout and rheumatism and phthisis, continually coming back from this dim and uncertain paradise, and suddenly appearing on Broadway, forthwith enraging everybody by their effusive health. Any place, it seemed to me, where life was not a continual conflict with one's environment, must be worth discovering for the benefit of the pulmonic race. I resolved to discover it, and I set out from New York with a deep conviction that I should find, somewhere along the spinal ridge of the republic, that nature had provided in one inimitable volcanic stroke, a sanitarium and a park; embellished it with marvels more monstrous

with one lung,—“here, the air carries healing on its wings, the earth spouts medicinal gladness out of golden depths, and summer, aromatic and perpetual, basks and sings under the snowy vestments of a thousand peaks.” Ozone, I said to myself, can go no farther than this.

But to reach Colorado, I had to go



THE MOST PROMINENT BUILDING IN A KANSAS TOWN.

through Kansas. My premonitions of Kansas were not pleasant. My earliest recollection of the State still represented it as bleeding. I was told by an intimate and fastidious friend at Moretti's, that it raised bush-whackers and Texan cattle; that its railroad travel was liable to be interrupted at any moment by grasshoppers; and that I should have Mennonites, ranchmen, Ute Indians, army contractors and miners for society. In short it was altogether safer and wiser for me to go and lie under an orange-tree at St. Augustine, or take my valise to Carlsbad and enjoy life at a roulette table.

Upon my word, I found more life to the square inch, west of the Mississippi, than I ever found anywhere in all my poking about. It struck me that the crudity, the impetus and the elemental force that were everywhere observable gave an entirely new zest to my journey; and I found, long before I had arrived at the end of my trip, that some of the most vigorous men that the older civilizations produce, came



RAW-HIDE-FRONTED DUG-OUT.

than anything our Park commissioners had ever dreamed of, and had shut the pneumonia and the malaria out, with adamant gates on one side, and a desert on the other. “Here,”—wrote a charming convalescent

out here as tourists in order to get the contact and enjoy the shock of this life, which is one of incessant endeavor, and which develops in a marked degree, by its intimacy with primitive agencies, the wholesome fiber of the man.

Kansas is no doubt a *terra incognita* to the fashionable wanderer. It is not specially described in "Bradshaw" or "Harper's



WHAT THEY DO NOT BELIEVE EAST.

Hand-book." But a ride through it must be a revelation to the *ennuied* man who has spent months in indolently cursing the lazaroni of Southern Italy or in buying the laggard energy of dragomen and Spanish muleteers. The vital eagerness; the fresh, unconventional alertness; the sharp, restless, spic-span condition of everything, it seems to me, are not without special charms to the visitor. Nor can he, if the organic forces are still in him, wholly escape the contagious influence of an atmosphere which still retains its primal magnetism, and of a humanity which is putting forth all its heroism in a hand to hand conflict with external nature.

Elsewhere in the world we may look upon the serenest pictures of settled conditions,—the blandishments of fixed society; the fruits—not always sound in the core—of centuries of perturbation; the repose of a life which has been turned from the outward and healthier struggle with the universal, to the inner and more wearisome struggle with itself. Here, the actual charms of a new existence, which with all its rawness and restlessness has the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn" in it, come upon us, as if, indeed, an air delicious and electric had blown over us from that brightest of all morns when the earth seemed ours to conquer, and every natural obstacle invited us with enchantment to easy victory.

Nor is there wanting a certain romantic interest to this route. If you turn back fifty years and can get hold of any of the old narratives of western travel and exploit, you will come across what is celebrated in many a bloody legend as the Santa Fé trail. It wound up 800 miles through the wilderness from Mexico, across what is now the State of Kansas, and struck the Missouri, somewhere in the vicinity of what is at present the emporium of Kansas City. Nothing in the history of our civilization is so fraught with the dark and bloody deeds of border life, as that long and weary wagon-road over which the traders of the time drove their merchandise, and on which they fought hand to hand with the natural banditti of the country. The trail was a bloody one. Many an innocent wife who started upon it was dragged into the forgetfulness of the

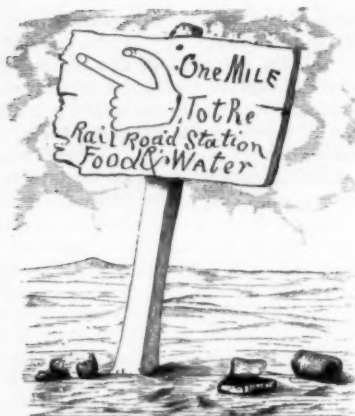


WATER-TANK ON A. T. & S. F. R. R.

unknown wilds beyond. Many a resolute band fell into the ambushes that sprang up along its unprotected length, and many are the traditions of heroism and revenge that have come down from it to the present generation of western men. From St. Louis,—then the base of supplies for the whole great south-west,—the boats carried their merchandise to Independence; thence it was taken in wagons formed into trains and hauled through a savage country, frequently with



THE FIRST TOWN-SITE SPECULATORS



A GOOD SIGN ON THE PLAINS.

no other protection than the hardy teamsters themselves provided. Of course, the rich booty of a train was a great temptation to the red-skins, and to capture the entire outfit, kill all the men and carry off the women, was not an unfrequent occurrence.

Commerce, which upon the ocean or in the wilderness follows its own laws and lines, still travels the Santa Fé trail—but it is now an iron trail. The wagons have given way to coaches and palace cars. The roadway is ballasted with stone, and jumps the ravines on magnificent bridges. It is indeed, as you will say if you ride over it, one of the finest and fastest trails in the country, and it pierces Colorado in the center, and must

sooner or later become the great feeder, no less than the developer, of the immense domain on the south-west, now known by every Wall street man to be bursting with mineral wealth.

And here let me say for the benefit of tourists, that it is the close chase of nature and barbarism that gives all the interest of a keen struggle to this ride. Dullness is not possible for the observer who can see what is going on after he gets into the arena. In the first place, so close is this civilization with its brick school-houses and its printing-presses, upon the heels of primeval nature, that the military posts—such as Forts Dodge and Lyon—have not had time to get away, and the settler two hundred miles from Topeka, still adds the pleasure of the chase to his husbandry, and knocks over the buffalo and the antelope on his own grounds.

The ride from Kansas City to Pueblo is, indeed, a panoramic view, not only of the efforts and results of American progress, but of its actual motion. We can see it here as if under polarized light, positively shooting out its crystals in a wondrous beauty of color and form. First, the exultant and somewhat audacious young life of its cities at Kansas City and Topeka,—loading its Centennial cars with the thousand products of its affluent fields and groves and mines; garlanding its spacious granaries with wild flowers, and sending up shouts and pæans of bloodless victory as Ceres rides eastward out of this plenty to make an exhibition of her corn standing twenty feet high. And as I



SHIP OF THE PLAINS AT ANCHOR



SHIP OF THE PLAINS AT SEA.

listen to the brass bands, I remember that it was but yesterday that Kansas, now blossoming, was bleeding; that Atchison, Topeka, Lawrence, Leavenworth were sown like dragons' teeth in a border war; and Horace Greeley and a few other men of sagacity and influence were using all their eloquence in the east to convince the world that this disputed domain was not a desert, and, unharried by thievish savages and banditti, would in a few years blossom like the rose.

Do you tell me it is not a new sensation to stand upon the doorstep of the young capital, feel it tremble with the incoming and outgoing trains, watch its bustling broad streets, scent its snowy orchards and admire the blue shimmer of the Arkansas, which has come all the way from its grand cañon to lave the parterres of this wide-awake city? Surely the wilderness has its victories no less than Wall street.

But from the bustle and beauty of these germinant towns to the wheat-fields, the blue grass and the homesteads—modest but comfortable—of the next remove is not a clearer departure than from the thrift and repose of the agricultural region to the nomadic and gamy life of the next, with its adobe shelters, its great corrals, its countless herds, its unceasing cotton-wood groves through which the glassy waters dance and sparkle, and over which wheel and circle the wild fowl.

From Kansas City, on the Missouri River, to Topeka is sixty-six miles. To Newton, is 185 miles, and in this distance we have passed fifty towns. I wish I could generalize them in one description, but that is impos-

sible. "Town" may mean a pert, handsome metropolis like Kansas City with eight railroads puncturing and fretting it; it may mean a lawn with handsome cottages and great broad avenues lit with gas, like Topeka. It applies to those ganglia along the nervous system of the State where a liberty pole and a cattle-shed mean business,—though to the eastern eye they appear dreadfully inadequate,—and it takes in all those aggregations of sheds and dance-houses where once the herdsmen congregated, but where now the settler from Illinois is turning over the sod or setting up shop. It will not do to speak contemptuously of the meanest of these town germs. The railroad, one would think, threw them off with its cinders along the track, but what we have seen accomplished in those thriving places to the east is within the possibility of every one of these settlements.

When we pass Dodge City we enter the primitive domain. The buffalo grass now takes the place of the blue grass, and the buffaloes themselves appear at intervals in the distance. It is a vast arid country with no other background than the low down, fleecy



SHIP OF THE PLAINS IN DOCK.



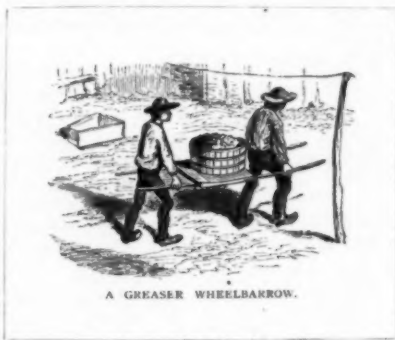
SAILORS RESTING.

sky, and little other life than the grazing cattle or the occasional ranchman. But the train spins unerringly across these plains toward the setting sun, intersecting the older tracks of the bisons worn into the soil by I know not how many seasons of travel, and making the tourist wonder, as I did, why we should go any farther when we were leaving civilization behind us. But that is an impossibility, as I found out at Dodge City and Las Animas.

To properly understand the distinctive character of this town, one must bear in mind that the country between the Missouri River and the base of the Rocky Mountains is a rolling champaign, six hundred miles wide, which rises from an elevation of five hundred and sixty feet above the sea at Kansas City to five thousand three hundred feet at the mountains. The railroad ascends this magnificent declivity at the average rate of twelve feet to the mile,—a grade that is of course not apparent to the eye. For three hundred miles, the track of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road passes through what is unquestionably the richest, and at the same time, the healthiest bottom-land in the United States. As I happened to make my visit just as the farmers and officials were collecting samples of produce grown on this track, to exhibit at the Centennial, you can

understand that the productiveness of the soil was pretty fairly demonstrated to me, and I believe the visitors at the Philadelphia Exhibition will not need any word of mine after looking at the samples of wheat, oats and Indian corn. The United States land grant to this road is, with the single exception of that made to the Illinois Central, the richest and most important Government endowment that has ever been made. It has resulted in bringing two million acres under cultivation, and opening a market to a domain larger than the states of New York and Indiana together.

At the distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles west of Kansas City, we reached what may be called the present western limit of arable culture. The morning of the second day's travel reveals a change. The buffalo trails stretch



A GREASER WHEELBARROW.

out over the limitless levels in crossing and converging lines. The yellow, air-cured hay of the gramma grass is not yet altogether hidden by the green spears. The dry, white beds of the water-courses, strewn with boulders, gleam at us with comfortless and voiceless sterility. The buffalo skeletons, bleached and dismembered, multiply close to the track.



OLD TIMES ON THE BORDER—RICE'S RANCH.



NEW TIMES ON THE BORDER, SOUTH PUEBLO.

There has been an occasional cry of "antelope" from the train-boy, and we have strained our eyes in the direction of pointing fingers, to see a shadowy herd moving indistinctly in the distance, and then mysteriously disappearing; and we have dashed through the prairie dog settlements so often, that we no longer smile at the comical antics of the little animals or endeavor to knock them off their mounds with our pocket-pistols.

Nor is this second day's change confined to appearances. More than one sense perceives the climatic transition. The air itself, all along wonderfully transparent, is now curiously crystalline and dry. Without the sting of humidity, the breezes in their roughest moods leave only the remembrance of a caress for those invalids who sit upon the car platforms. And if the train stops,—as it will at every one of those water-tanks that rise like so many miniature forts, and ride at us with increasing size over the horizon,—and we get out upon the hard, dry sod to stretch our limbs, the awful measureless stillness of desolation settles upon us,—here where the garish hours hang heavy in their luxurious monotony, even the atmosphere is tuneless, save when it borrows a wild moan or two from the telegraph wires. The eye in vain endeavors to measure the parallel undulations of the earth as they fade in successive tints into the impalpable blues and grays of the far distance, still dotted—such is the wonderful achromatic translucency of this atmosphere—with the sage bush.

It is at least three hundred miles across this silent, immovable sea, and as we glide over its surface, wearied with its immensity and yet fascinated by its green waves that run past us—past us all day, and seem to flow together far behind and swallow up the faint vanishing point of the shining railroad track—we think with pity of those earlier voyagers toiling across this waterless

waste in what has been aptly called the Ship of the Plains,—watching for weary days and weeks for a glimpse of those cool peaks, which in another hour or two will lift their spectral outlines for us out of the western ether.

That once familiar object on the plains, the canvas-covered emigrant wagon, still crawls occasionally westward, and we see its white top now and then far ahead for a while, and presently far behind, diminishing to a gleaming speck, and finally no longer distinguishable from the little piles of bones that dot the distance. To its weary occupants, nothing can be more welcome than the moist oases of the railroad tanks, or that other sign looming up above the horizon like a burnt tree, but bearing the inscription, "One Mile to R. R. Station. Food and Water."

If we stop at a little station called La Junta, about twenty-one miles west of the old cattle-trading place of Las Animas, we shall strike what is left of the old Santa Fé trail and business, and see the Ship of the Plains in dock, loading for a southern voyage.

Here are large storehouses which feed

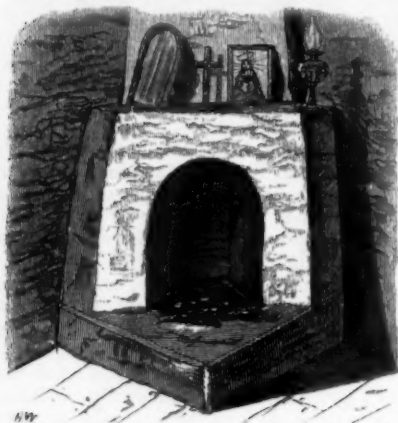


ADOBE OVEN.

these unwieldy transports with merchandise for Santa Fé. When loaded, they roll leisurely out across the country, drawn invari-

ably by oxen, and driven by the equally bovine greasers, and the last that is seen of them, are the canvas sails as they disappear slowly over the undulating country.

A month at least it will take them to make the voyage, and then they will reload



ADOBÉ FIRE-PLACE.

with wool, coal and ore, and set out upon their return trip.

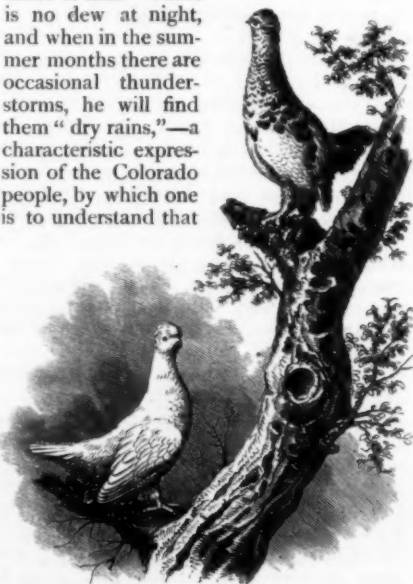
La Junta is at present the shipping-point on our line of travel, but it is one of the peculiarities of a new country that these rendezvous move on with the railroad. It is only a year or two ago that Las Animas was the center for the herders, cattle-shippers, and "greasers."

But whatever the point, the character derived from this class remains the same. Greasers and cow-boys are as unlike as it is possible to imagine men, in all but their love of gambling and whisky. I had an opportunity to make a passing sketch of the greaser at La Junta. He seemed to me to be a creature instinctively aware of the deterioration of his stock, and who had long since made up his mind to dodge as many of the hard knocks of life as possible, and submit servilely to those that he could not avoid. His face is invariably of one type, —a tawny lethargic index of low cunning, dull sensuality and indolence. He preserves the long straight hair and high cheek-bones that his mothers borrowed from Indian stock, while his dress and his gait and his character betray the Mexican. Under great stress he does a good deal of simple drudgery, but he does it exactly as do the mules he rides. And when it is over he goes with his fellows and

sits in the sun to stare vacantly at the ground or into the air.

Long before we come in sight of Pueblo, we discover Pike's Peak in snowy patches pointing above the horizon. And once that we admit it to our picture it is impossible again to shut it out during our rambles through Colorado. Go where I would, —south to the Grand Cañon, north to Denver City, or westward through the Ute Pass,—this silent, sheeted monitor was looking down upon me. I felt his presence even when I did not see him. Let me ride all day, over table-land, through ravines, across plains, until every familiar landmark was "hull down," and I knew that if I turned and looked over my shoulder, *he would be there*, in the same place, dominating me with that eternal white face.

Once in Pueblo, the present terminus of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, the traveler has reached the upland plateau of North America. He is at least four thousand feet above sea-level, and is perfectly secure from either ocean. If he is afflicted with bronchial troubles, he will breathe freer at once. If he is asthmatic he will cease to remember it. If he has organic disease of the heart, the increased action of his lungs will discover it. There is no large tract of water within a thousand miles of him. There is no dew at night, and when in the summer months there are occasional thunderstorms, he will find them "dry rains," —a characteristic expression of the Colorado people, by which one is to understand that



ROCKY MOUNTAIN QUAIL, WINTER AND SUMMER PLUMAGE.



BALANCE-ROCK.

the rain-drops pass through the air without wetting it. In other words, let it pour ever so hard, the atmosphere is never saturated; nor indeed is the earth, for the dense sod of buffalo grass sheds the water like a shingled roof.

Pueblo, as the reader doubtless knows, lies at the base of the mountains, midway between Denver and Trinidad, which, it is sufficiently correct for our purpose to say, mark the northern and southern extremes of the plateau. It is a quaint little city, in which the old and the new jostle each other closely since the railroad has been completed—those queer, one story *adobe* structures, nearly always awry, and cracked, alternating with the smart American "frame house," with its green shutters and veranda.

Stretching north along the foot of the mountains is the garden of Mæcenæas. There can be no doubt of it. This is the national sanitarium and the national park. Denver is a hundred miles north. Skirting the foot-hills, and winding in and out of the passes, is a little railroad which takes us into the heart of the promised land and drops us at the Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Monument Park and all the cañons. South of Pueblo stretches away into Mexico the inexhaustible ledges

and still unworked mines of Sierra Mogada and the San Juan country.

It needs but a few hours' stay in this town to discover that two entirely dissimilar streams of travel pass north and south.

The wagon loads of mining traps, the trains of mules, the companies of rough, determined men go south. The tourists, the invalids, the pleasure seekers go north. Colorado Springs is only forty-two miles off. We arrive there leisurely in three hours on the narrow gauge railway, and then we are face to face with Pike's Peak, only a pleasant walk from the Garden of the Gods, and fairly in the center of the Sanitarium.

Here all the conditions of life are new and inspiring. The town itself lies under the mountains on a sunny plain. The ice-cold streams from the snow-covered peaks bubble through its streets, and irrigate the fields. Here there is no winter, as the dweller on the Atlantic coast has known it, and no summer, as he has learned to dread it, but an equable, eternal spring. He shall fancy himself on the plains of Lombardy, or in the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, and the mornings will not chill him nor the evenings chase him with unkindly breath indoors. All the airy influences of nature are beneficent and tender, and a new



OLD FOGY STAGE-DRIVER.

electrical stimulus spurs him into activity. She has wrapped her grandeur in the most varied beauty of color, and she pours her medicine at his feet from every valley, and drops it like incense from every zephyr. Does this sound rhapsodical? Pray remember that I have written it where one

cannot breathe without taking in ozone, and cannot drink without imbibing carbonic acid gas. The very fish, flesh and fowl are whipped gamy and fresh from the mountain trout-streams or hunted in the fastnesses. The pressure of such an atmosphere as weighs you down, is gone at an elevation of six thousand three hundred and seventy feet. Shall not the emotions come to the surface with the blood!

Here indeed one can watch the varying moods and complexions of the mobile mountain and never grow tired of watching. Changing with every hour, he still looks calmly down out of the same grandeur. Morning hangs her auroral softness on his crags. Noonday deepens the thousand shadows of his furrowed face, and sunset flings a roseate glory over his snowy crown,



CATTLE-DROVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

but nothing robs him of the awful majesty and sovereignty of his character.

The town of Colorado Springs lies upon a natural level, close to the foot-hills and facing the range. Between it and the mountains extends the table-land, called the Mesa, which is both a meadow and a terrace,—sweeping up to the rocky ascent with graceful curves,

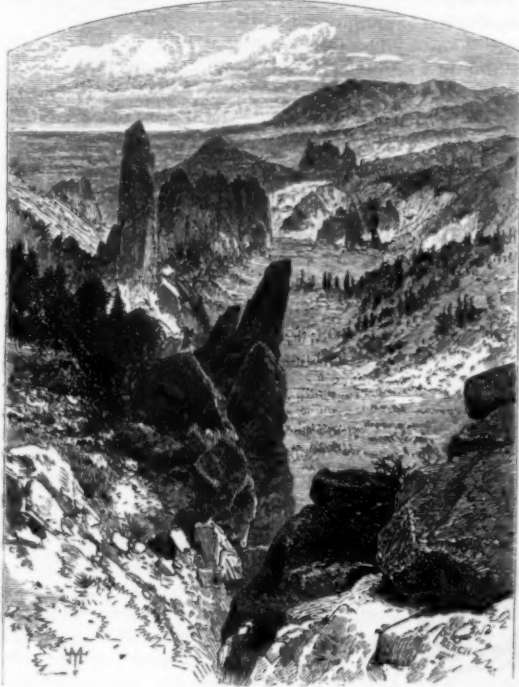
and cut here and there with the riviulets that brawl down from the heights. Standing upon the veranda of the hotel which faces the peaks, one cannot, even after a week's familiarity with the scene, entirely disabuse himself of the illusion that the picturesque and serrated wall lifting itself far above him is but a stone's throw away. The inevitable and irresistible impulse of every new-comer, is to walk over to the mountains before breakfast. The invariable result is, if he undertakes it, that he will not be back to dinner. It is five miles to the foot-hills, and ten at least to Pike's Peak proper. But with one leg of an imaginary pair of compasses stuck into the hotel, you may, with the other, describe a ten-mile circle such as one sometimes sees upon city maps, which will inclose most of the natural wonders of this range that have been celebrated the world over.

Pike's Peak, the Ute Pass, the Falls of the Fountain, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Monument Park, Cheyenne Cañon, Manitou, and the Mineral Springs, are all easily accessible, and are held by the people of this town to be their natural perquisites.

Manitou Glen, lying in the mouth of the Ute Pass, and already turned into a fashionable watering-place, is to my mind, the most attractive, if not the most stupendous of these resorts. Nothing so thoroughly Swiss in its wildness and rocky beauty have I anywhere seen, and it is difficult as you enter it to avoid listening for the tinkle of the Alpine cattle-bell, and the echoes of the *rans des vaches*. But its pictorial interest is, when you come to penetrate it far enough, broader, deeper and more varied than anything Switzerland has to offer. The volcanic agency has massed the primitive colors of the earth so as to defy description; the red sandstone, the porphyry, the gleaming granite, against which the white limestone stands out in curious relief, the moss-grown boulders, the splendid seams of red oxide and ochrous earth—make an *ensemble* of pigments that is wonderfully fascinating. All these hues are softened and complemented by the varying tints of a luxurious vegetation. The fountain creek

comes tunelessly down the pass, through chasms and over precipices. Pinyon, pine, cedar, birch and hemlock shade the road in overhanging groves, and mark the timber

lation, we meet upon the rocky road-side, with the luxuriant hotel and spring house, nestling with a true watering-place elegance of piazza and drives right in the lap of solitude.



GARDEN OF THE GODS.

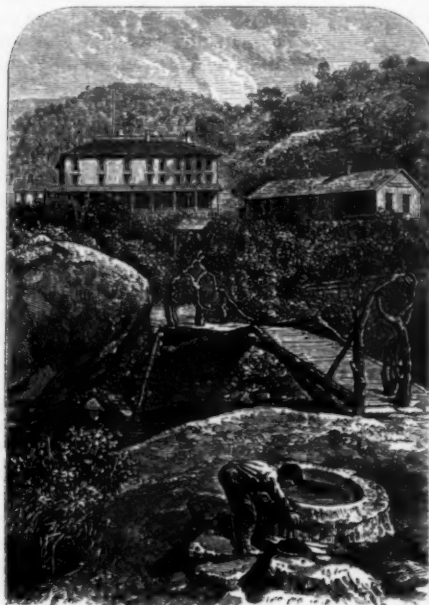
lines upon the heights, a thousand feet above us, in successive belts of color. The wild clematis and the Virginia creeper festoon the natural arcades with their tracery, and myriads of aromatic shrubs and wild flowers make the underbrush and the sod brilliant with their dyes and load the air with their perfumes.

The moment we leave the Mesa and enter this valley we are upon enchanted ground. In one instant we have passed from the shadowless and voiceless void to the sacred penetralia where every natural agency is leagued in the witchery of beauty. South of us rises, eight thousand feet above, the snow-filled ravines and glittering pinnacles of Pike's Peak; east of us a mere glimpse of the yellow and level meads of the great plain; all about us that indescribable charm of wildness not yet tamed into conventional lines. It is here that, just as we have experienced the first thrill of delight common to all men in complete iso-

lation, we meet upon the rocky road-side, with the luxuriant hotel and spring house, nestling with a true watering-place elegance of piazza and drives right in the lap of solitude.

lation, we meet upon the rocky road-side, with the luxuriant hotel and spring house, nestling with a true watering-place elegance of piazza and drives right in the lap of solitude. It is here, too, that we encounter the mineral springs. They are six in number, and vary in temperature from 43° to 56° Fahr., and are strongly charged with carbonic acid. They are respectively called "The Shoshone," "The Navajo," "The Manitou," "The Ute Soda," "The Iron Ute," and "The Little Chief." The waters have from time immemorial enjoyed curative reputation among the Indians, and many are the romantic legends that have been left behind as to their origin and purpose. Professor Loew, of the Wheeler Expedition, has published an analysis which shows that they resemble the springs of Ems, and excel those of Spa. I cannot help thinking, in spite of all the testimony, that the great medicinal virtue of this place is in its air. A balsamic breath blows forever down the pass from the pines, and one has only to watch the invalids climbing the rocks, driving over the plains, and making long excursions into the ever new mysteries of the range, to perceive that they are spurred and animated by vital influences that are rare. A pretty wide experience of watering-places enables me to speak with conviction, when I say that I believe this spot will in time become a national resort. It can be reached now in four days from New York, by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road. Its position, its surroundings and its climatic conditions surpass those of any place in this country. Within half an hour's walk is "The Garden of the Gods." Lying behind it is the main range of the Rocky Mountains, which furnishes ever new surprises to the adventurous explorer, and offers all kinds of game to the sportsman. Excellent brook trout, ptarmigan or Rocky Mountain quail, red-tail deer, and ducks, snipe and grouse, to say nothing of antelopes and an occasional cinnamon bear, are the standard temptations. I ought to say here that, unlike Switzerland, the mountains in this vicinity are entirely accessible. Our

party, in which there were four ladies, penetrated the Ute Pass, a distance of over two miles, and ascended to an elevation of nine thousand feet without any difficulty. We afterward found an easy path up the Cheyenne Cañon, and an excellent carriage-road to the top of the Grand Cañon. The forests of pine timber do not cease until an elevation of eleven thousand five hundred feet is reached; whereas in Switzerland, they disappear at six thousand feet. I am told that at Mount Lincoln, mining is carried on all winter at an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet, which is as high as the "Jungfrau."



SODA SPRINGS AND CLIFF HOUSE, MANITOU.

To the tourist, "The Garden of the Gods" will probably ever remain the most prominent attraction of this place. Before I set out for that celebrated natural museum, I rapped at the door of a quaint little cottage, perched up like a wren's nest over the brook in the pass. One cannot look at its exterior and resist the temptation to make a call. Unfortunately for me, Grace Greenwood was not at home. However, after inspecting as much of the nest as was accessible, I felt my respect for the lady's independence materially heightened. If she had possessed less she would have built an ornamental château at Long Branch,

and then lived in New York to escape from it. She was probably, at the time I called, making a visit at the United States Signal Station in the clouds near by, or had gone to Denver on her mule to do her shopping.

The Garden of the Gods is one of those natural parks where Thor and Boreas seem to have done all the hammering and chiseling, after a greater than either had shut the domain in with an upturned stratum. The gate, as you approach the entrance, is by far the finest part of the exhibition. And it seems to me that nobody has ever attempted to do justice to the wonderful color of these perpendicular walls, which rise three hundred feet into the air. If you will imagine a bed of red and gray sandstone, gypsum and limestone, from twenty to fifty feet thick, five hundred feet broad and half a mile long, turned on edge and broken in the middle so as to leave a gap of a hundred feet wide, you will get a general idea of the ridge which forms this wall and gateway. But you cannot possibly have any conception of the intricate modeling, the grotesque forms into which the elements have worn the surface, nor of the splendid hues, partly integral and partly laid on by the artist hand of time. To the cultivated eye, the form is lost in the blaze of pigments. When the painter first sees it he pauses in astonishment at what appears to be a stupendous and idealess poem of color. From a little distance, the façade, where it does not rise scarlet and maroon against the greens of the hills behind, runs into a veined and patched mosaic of chalcedony and onyx.

As the beholder draws closer, he sees that it is the graining and enameling of the elements on a superb ground, and then he perceives also, that a thousand demons, with preternatural chisels, were probably doomed to work at these fantastic pinnacles and niches and pedestals for ages—left indeed to their own grotesque fancies to shape and scoop and polish the eternal bastions into the strangest devices—only they could not cease from their work. Nothing short of the fancy of a Coleridge can write the demoniac history of the gates. But I can readily see that any man, even without aboriginal blood in him, would drop into a poetical fetishism if he lived here long and had few companions other than the whirling eagles which build their nests along the parapet and rear the young symbols of the republic in the upper frieze.

Looking through the gate-way, the first object seen is the inevitable Pike's Peak, cloud-capped and softened with mists.



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Other peaks there are which lend a fine background to the view. One is called Cameron's Cone and another Cheyenne. But the immediate object of interest to the visitor is the garden itself, and once inside, he readily believes himself to be in an old fortress rather than a garden of the gods. However, the park itself is inexpressibly beautiful in its wild grandeur, and it is difficult to believe that the stupendous monuments set out at regular intervals have been placed there by accident. It would baffle the skill of a Canova to match the massy suggestiveness of some of them. Phantoms, winged lions, and strangely distorted effigies are reared upon pedestals and shafts that are of quite another material, but which have been turned on the lathe of the tempest to true cylindrical grace.

I saw this strange and phantasmal museum afterward at night. The moon was full, and lent to the scene a weird and indescribable effect. There were two of us, and we had ridden over with perhaps the somewhat romantic if not morbid notion, that the garden at night would be invested with something of the spell of incantation. We were not disappointed. After the first astonishment, due to the ghastly pranks the light played with the shifting outlines of the

stony ghosts, a sense of the awful unrealness of the place stole over us. It was impossible to divest myself entirely of the idea that those grim and ghastly effigies of things unknown, now winking and writhing in the mysterious light, were the symbols, perhaps the manifestation, of some arcane power.

The very silence of the place was sepulchral, and connected it with the ruin of ages. The ponderous shadow of the great wall only served, where its masses fell, to intensify the lurking objects within its limit. The melancholy bark of a coyote far up the mountain, sounded like the yelp of a soul in another world. I recalled the *outré*



GRACE GREENWOOD'S COTTAGE, MANITOU.

lines of Poe's—never before had they half the significance:

"By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon named Night
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild, weird clime—sublime;
Out of space and out of time."

Perhaps the most remarkable fact of all is, that while these monoliths and cromlechs preserve here a purely monumental character,—such as is befitting pleasure grounds,—over at the place somewhat inappropriately called "Monument Park," not ten miles away, they take the form and significance of tombs, sarcophagi and ceno-



WOLVERINE.



ROCKS IN MONUMENT PARK.

taphs, and even suggest the rude attempt of the wind or water to scrawl them with memorial hieroglyphics.

After these natural statues, the Balance-rock has little interest for the tourist; besides there remains too much to be seen elsewhere. Glen Eyrie, the elegant home of Gen. Palmer, is only a half mile north, in the mouth of Queen's Cañon, and five miles south are the numberless water-falls and cliffs of the Cheyenne Cañon, through which there is a passable foot-path, and a great variety of beautiful and impressive scenes.

When I returned to Pueblo after a week's visit among these notable rocks, I was asked what I thought of Colorado. Not wishing to waste any of the admiration which I was saving for this article, I replied that I could not for the life of me see how it was going to feed itself. It is true, I said, Pueblo and the other towns have availed themselves of the streams from the mountains, to supply irrigation, but that plan, picturesque as it is, will not do for wheat-fields. Besides, the country will be equally divided between pleasure seekers from all parts of the world

—who are notoriously the most voracious eaters—and the miners.

"Without a large tillable area or a large agricultural population, it seems to me that you will not be self-supporting."

The Colorado gentleman knocked his pipe out on the heel of his boot, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and replied:

"You're precisely correct; we ain't hankerin' after agriculture. It wouldn't do us much good if we was, with that air paster layin' out there"—(sweeping his hand broadly, so as to indicate the whole of Kansas).

"Hev you been over that patch?"

I nodded my head, affirmatively.

"Then you've been in the garden of men. We ain't got nothin' but God's gardens to show. But, I calculate, when we git the gold out of nature's bowels into our pockets, there won't much of the milk and honey o' that country go East. No, sir; it'll climb this way. Why, Colonel, you ken talk about your gardens—that State's a reg'lar *cornucupio*, with the big end turned this way. In ten years you'll find the human race coming out to Colorado to live, and expectin' Kansas to help 'em through. All we can do is to give 'em their lungs full and their pockets full. The people of that valley down there will fill their bellies. You bet."

This homely speech was not devoid of a certain sagacity. I thought of it afterward when I had bought a horse, and had pushed my way far south of Pueblo, among the gold-grubbers and prospectors. The amazing richness of this whole mountain range, not alone in gold and silver, but in all the other metals and in coal,—a richness that



A MOUNTAIN COYOTE.

grows upon the sense as one passes south,—convinced me that a measureless commerce was yet to spring up with the South-west,



U. S. SIGNAL STATION, SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

and that the country about Santa Fé, once the objective point of those numberless traders who risked their lives upon the plains, was sooner or later to be one of the busiest domains within the borders of the Union.

The whole of the tract now known as San Juan is literally alive with the pioneer adventurers who seek a newly opened mining country. Every one is digging, and every one by digging can make money. But what the country needs is an open road to the capitalist, the machinist and the trader. It is in want of mills and markets. These the railroad alone will supply. To reach

San Juan now, the traveler and the miner must ride for one hundred miles at least, in a stage-coach or upon a mule. With such primitive means of access, it is not strange that the tourist seldom ventures with his pencil beyond Cañon City.

But even at that point, he observes that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, already surveyed to the Rio Grande, will, in a very short time, connect Mexico with Missouri, closely and commercially, as the early Santa Fé traders sought, and, in their primitive way, did indeed connect them.

Nature, no less than traffic, appears to have indicated this route. The other lines which run further north look primarily to California. The Santa Fé road aims at Colorado and the South-west, a domain which, more than any other, is at this moment engaging the attention of the capitalist as well as the wonder hunter and adventurer. I found throughout Colorado a genuine interest in this railroad, which is to be the great channel of nourishment and of emigration. Perhaps I should say that a ride in a buggy of a hundred miles over the farming country in Kansas, led me to believe that the producers of that State are fully aware of their relations to the road whose policy has been from the outset to encourage every kind of industry by fair rates, and by offering every reasonable inducement both to settlers and to residents.

If the remaining projected route to the South is completed as thoroughly and as durably as the line now reaching Pueblo, the West, I believe, will have reason to feel proud of one highway conscientiously constructed in the interest of the community.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.

Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea:
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste:
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;

Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER I.

THEY did not look like women, or at least a stranger new to the district might easily have been misled by their appearance, as they stood together in a group, by the pit's mouth. There were about a dozen of them there—all "pit girls," as they were called; women who wore a dress more than half masculine, and who talked loudly and laughed discordantly, and some of whom, God knows, had faces as hard and brutal as the hardest of their collier brothers and husbands and sweethearts. They had lived their lives among the coal-pits, and had worked early and late at the "mouth," ever since they had been old enough to take part in the heavy labor. It was not to be wondered at that they had lost all bloom of womanly modesty and gentleness. Their mothers had been "pit girls" in their time, their grandmothers in theirs; they had been born in coarse homes; they had fared hardly, and worked hard; they had breathed in the dust and grime of coal, and, somehow or other, it seemed to stick to them and reveal itself in their natures as it did in their bold unwashed faces. At first one shrank from them, but one's shrinking could not fail to change to pity. There was not an element of softness to rule or even influence them in their half savage existence.

On the particular evening of which I speak, the group at the pit's mouth were even more than usually noisy. They were laughing, gossiping and joking,—coarse enough jokes,—and now and then a listener might have heard an oath flung out carelessly, and as if all were well used to the sound. Most of them were young women, though there were a few older ones among them, and the principal figure in the group—the center figure, about whom the rest clustered—was a young woman. But she differed from the rest in two or three respects. The others seemed somewhat stunted in growth; she was tall enough to be imposing. She was as roughly clad as the poorest of them, but she wore her uncouth garb differently. The man's jacket of fustian, open at the neck, bared a handsome sunbrowned throat. The man's hat shaded a face with dark eyes that had a sort of animal beauty,

and a well-molded chin. It was at this girl that all the rough jokes seemed to be directed.

"I'll tell thee, Joan," said one woman, "we'st ha' thee sweetheartin' wi' him afore th' month's out."

"Aye," laughed her fellows, "so we shall. Tha'st ha' to turn soft after aw. Tha conna stond out again' th' Lunnnon chap. We'st ha' thee sweetheartin', Joan, i' th' face o' aw tha'st said."

Joan Lowrie faced them defiantly:

"Tha'st noan ha' me sweetheartin' wi' siss an a foo'," she said, "I amna ower fond o' men folk at no time. I've had my fill on 'em; and I'm noan loike to tak' up wi' such loike as this un. An' he's no an a Lunnnoner neither. He's on'y fro' th' South. An th' South is na Lunnnon."

"He's getten' London ways tho'," put in another. "Choppin' his words up an' mincin' 'em smo'. He's noan Lancashire, ony gowk could tell."

"I dunnot see as he minches so," said Joan roughly. "He dunnot speak our loike, but he's well enow i' his way."

A boisterous peal of laughter interrupted her.

"I thowt tha' ca'ed him a foo' a minute sin'," cried two or three voices at once. "Eh, Joan, lass, tha'st goin' t' change thy moind, I see."

The girl's eyes flashed dangerously.

"Theer's others I could ca' foo's," she said; "I need na go far to foind foo's. Foo' huntin's th' best sport out, an' th' safest. Leave th' engineer alone an' leave me alone too. It 'll be th' best fur yo'."

She turned round and strode out of the group. Another burst of derisive laughter followed her, but she took no notice of it. She took no notice of anything—not even of the two men who at that very moment passed her, and, passing, turned to look at her as she went by.

"A fine creature!" said one of them.

"A fine creature!" echoed the other.

"Yes, and you see that is precisely it, Der-rick. 'A fine creature'—and nothing else. Do you wonder at my dissatisfaction?"

They were the young civil engineer and his friend the Reverend Paul Grace, curate of the parish. There were never two men more unlike, physically and mentally, and

yet it would have been a hard task to find two natures more harmonious and sympathetic. Still most people wondered at and failed to comprehend their friendship. The mild, nervous little Oxonian barely reached Derrick's shoulder; his finely cut face was singularly feminine and innocent; the mild eyes beaming from behind his small spectacles had an absent, dreamy look. One could not fail to see at the first glance, that this refined, restless, conscientious little gentleman was hardly the person to cope successfully with Riggan. Derrick strode by his side like a young son of Anak—brains and muscle evenly balanced and fully developed.

He turned his head over his shoulder to look at Joan Lowrie once again before replying to Grace's remark.

"No, I do not," he said after the second glance; "I am equally dissatisfied myself."

Grace warmed at once. Being all nerve and brain, he was easily moved, especially where his sense of duty was touched.

"That girl," said he, "has worked at the pit's mouth from her childhood; her mother was a pit girl until she died—of hard work, privation and ill treatment. Her father is a collier and lives as most of them do—drinking, rioting, fighting. Their home is such a home as you have seen dozens of since you came here; the girl could not better it if she tried, and would not know how to begin if she felt inclined. She has borne, they tell me, such treatment as would have killed most women. She has been beaten, bruised, felled to the earth by this father of hers, who is said to be a perfect fiend, in his cups. And yet she holds to her place in their wretched hovel, and makes herself a slave to the fellow with a dogged, stubborn determination. What can I do with such a case as that, Derrick?"

"You have tried to make friends with the girl?" said Derrick.

Grace colored sensitively.

"There is not a man, woman or child in the parish," he answered, "with whom I have not conscientiously tried to make friends, and there is scarcely one, I think, with whom I have succeeded. Why can I not succeed? Why do I always fail? The fault must be with myself——"

"A mistake that at the outset," interposed Derrick. "There is no 'fault' in the matter; there is simply misfortune. Your parishioners are so unfortunate as not to be able to understand you, and on your part you are so unfortunate as to fail at first to

place yourself on the right footing with them. I say 'at first,' you observe. Give yourself time, Grace, and give them time too."

"Thank you," said the Reverend Paul. "But speaking of this girl—'That lass o' Lowrie's,' as she is always called—Joan I believe her name is. Joan Lowrie is, I can assure you, a weight upon me. I cannot help her, and I cannot rid my mind of her. She stands apart from her fellows. She has most of the faults of her class, but none of their follies; and she has the reputation of being half feared, half revered. The man who dared to approach her with the coarse love-making which is the fashion among them, would rue it to the last day of his life. She seems to defy all the world."

"And it is impossible to win upon her?"

"More than impossible. The first time I went to her with sympathy, I felt myself a child in her hands. She never laughed nor jeered at me as the rest do. She stood before me like a rock, listening until I had finished speaking. 'Parson,' she said, 'if tha'll leave me alone, I'll leave thee alone,' and then turned about and walked into the house. I am nothing but 'th' parson' to these people, and 'th' parson' is one for whom they have little respect and no sympathy."

He was not far wrong. The stolid heavy-natured colliers openly looked down upon 'th' parson.' A 'bit of a whipper snapper,' even the best-natured called him in sovereign contempt for his insignificant physical proportions. Truly the sensitive little gentleman's lines had not fallen in pleasant places. And this was not all. There was another source of discouragement with which he had to battle in secret, though of this he would have felt it almost dishonor to complain. But Derrick's keen eyes had seen it long ago, and, understanding it well, he sympathized with his friend accordingly. Yet, despite the many rebuffs the curate had met with, he was not conquered by any means. His was not an easily subdued nature, after all. He was very warm on the subject of Joan Lowrie this evening,—so warm, indeed, that the interest the mere sight of the girl had awakened in Derrick's mind was considerably heightened. They were still speaking of her when they stopped before the door of Grace's modest lodgings.

"You will come in, of course?" said Paul.

"Yes," Derrick answered, "for a short

time. I am tired and shall feel all the better for a cup of Mrs. Burnie's tea," pushing the hair restlessly back from his forehead, as he had a habit of doing when a little excited.

He made the small parlor appear smaller than ever, when he entered it. He was obliged to bend his head when he passed through the door, and it was not until he had thrown himself into the largest easy chair, that the trim apartment seemed to regain its countenance.

Grace paused at the table, and with a sudden sensitive flush, took up a letter that lay there among two or three uninteresting-looking epistles.

"It is a note from Miss Anice," he said, coming to the hearth and applying his pen-knife in a gentle way to the small square envelope.

"Not a letter, Grace?" said Derrick with a half smile.

"A letter! Oh dear, no! She has never written me a letter. They are always notes with some sort of business object. She has very decided views on the subject of miscellaneous letter-writing."

He read the note himself and then handed it to Derrick.

It was a compact, decided hand, free from the least suspicion of an unnecessary curve.

"DEAR MR. GRACE,—

"Many thanks for the book. You are very kind indeed. Pray let us hear something more about your people. I am afraid papa must find them very discouraging, but I cannot help feeling interested. Grandmamma wishes to be remembered to you.

"With more thanks,

"Believe me your friend,

"ANICE BARHOLM."

Derrick refolded the note and handed it back to his friend. To tell the truth, it did not impress him very favorably. A girl not yet twenty years old, who could write such a note as this to a man who loved her, must be rather *too* self-contained and well balanced.

"You have never told me much of this story of yours, Grace," he said.

"There is not much to tell," answered the curate, flushing again of course. "She is the Rector's daughter, and is unlike any other girl in the world. I have known her three years. You remember I wrote to you about meeting her while you were in India. As for the rest, I do not exactly understand myself how it is that I have gone so far, having so—so little encouragement—in fact having had no encouragement at all; but, however that is, it has grown upon me, Derrick,—

my feeling for her has grown into my life,—and there it all lies. She has never cared for me. I am quite sure of that, you see. Indeed, I could hardly expect it. It is not her way to care for men as they are likely to care for her, though it will come some day, I suppose—with the coming man," half smiling. "She is simply what she signs herself here, my friend Anice Barholm, and I am thankful for that much. She would not write even that if she did not mean it."

"Bless my soul," broke in Derrick, tossing back his head impatiently; "and she is only nineteen yet, you say?"

"Only nineteen," said the curate, with simple trustfulness in his friend's sympathy, "but different, you know, from any other woman in the world."

The tea and toast came in then, and they sat down together to partake of it. Derrick knew Anice quite well before the meal was ended, and yet he had not asked many questions. He knew how Grace had met her at her father's house—an odd, self-reliant, singularly pretty and youthful-looking little creature, with the force and decision of half a dozen ordinary women hidden in her small frame; how she had seemed to like him; how their intimacy had grown; how his gentle, deep-rooted passion had grown with it; how he had learned to understand that he had nothing to hope for—all the simple history, in fact, with a hundred minor points that floated to the surface as they talked.

"I am a little fearful for the result of her first visit here," said Grace, pushing his cup aside and looking troubled. "I can not bear to think of her being disappointed and disturbed by the half-savage state in which these people live. She knows nothing of the mining districts. She has never been in Lancashire, and they have always lived in the South. She is in Kent now, with Mrs. Barholm's mother. And though I have tried, in my short letters to her, to prepare her for the rough side of life she will be obliged to see, I am afraid it is impossible for her to realize it, and it may be a sort of shock to her when she comes."

"She is coming to Riggan then?" said Derrick.

"In a few weeks. She has been visiting Mrs. Galloway since the Rector gave up his living at Ashley-wolde, and Mrs. Barholm told me to day that she spoke in her last letter of coming to them."

The moon was shining brightly when Derrick stepped out into the street later in the evening, and though the air was some-

what chill it was by no means unpleasant. He had rather a long walk before him. He disliked the smoke and dust of the murky little town, and chose to live on its outskirts; but he was fond of sharp exercise, and regarded the distance between his lodging and the field of his daily labor as an advantage.

"I work off a great deal of superfluous steam between the two places," he said to Grace at the door. "The wind coming across Boggart Brow has a way of scattering and cooling feverish plans and restless fancies, that is good for a man. Half a mile of the Knoll Road is often sufficient to bring morbidness to reason."

To-night by the time he reached the corner that turned him upon the Knoll Road, his mind had wandered upon an old track, but it had been drawn there by a new object,—nothing other than Joan Lowrie, indeed. The impression made upon him by the story of Joan and her outcast life was one not easy to be effaced, because the hardest miseries in the lot of a class in whom he could not fail to be interested, were grouped about an almost dramatic figure. He was struck, too, by a painful sense of incongruity.

"If she had been in this other girl's niche," he said, "if she had lived the life of this Anice —"

But he did not finish his sentence. Something, not many yards beyond him, caught his eye—a figure seated upon the road-side near a collier's cottage—evidently a pit girl in some trouble, for her head was bowed upon her hands, and there was a dogged sort of misery expressed in her very posture.

"A woman," he said aloud. "What woman, I wonder. This is not the time for any woman to be sitting there alone."

He crossed the road at once, and going to the girl, touched her lightly on her shoulder.

"My lass," he said good-naturedly, "what ails you?"

She raised her head slowly as if she were dizzy and bewildered. Her face was disfigured by a bruise, and on one temple was a cut from which the blood trickled down her cheek; but the moonlight showed him that it was Joan. He removed his hand from her shoulder and drew back a pace.

"You have been hurt!" he exclaimed.

"Aye," she answered deliberately, "I've had a hurt—a bad un."

He did not ask her how she had been hurt. He knew as well as if she had told him, that it had been done in one of her

father's fits of drunken passion. He had seen this sort of thing before during his sojourn in the mining districts. But, shamefully repulsive as it had been to him, he had never felt the degradation of it as fiercely as he did now.

"You are Joan Lowrie?" he said.

"Aye, I'm Joan Lowrie, if it'll do yo' ony good to know."

"You must have something done to that cut upon your temple," he said next.

She put up her hand and wiped the blood away, as if impatient at his persistence.

"It'll do well enow as it is," she said.

"That is a mistake," he answered. "You are losing more blood than you imagine. Will you let me help you?"

She stirred uneasily.

But he took no notice of the objection. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, after some little effort, managed to stanch the bleeding, and, having done so, bound the wound up. Perhaps something in his sympathetic silence and the quiet consideration of his manner touched Joan. Her face, upturned almost submissively, for the moment seemed tremulous, and she set her lips together. She did not speak until he had finished, and then she rose and stood before him immovable as ever.

"Thank yo'," she said in a suppressed voice, "I canna say no more."

"Never mind that," he answered, "I could have done no less. If you could go home now —"

"I shall na go whoam to neet," she interrupted him abruptly.

"You cannot remain out of doors!" he exclaimed.

"If I do, it wunnot be th' first toime," meeting his startled glance with a pride which defied him to pity or question her. But his sympathy and interest must have stirred her, for the next minute her manner softened. "I've done it often," she added, "an' nowts nivver feared me. Yo' need na care, Mester, I'm used to it."

"But I cannot go away and leave you here," he said.

"You canna do no other," she answered.

"Have you no friends?" he ventured hesitatingly.

"No, I ha' not," she said, hardening again, and she turned away as if she meant to end the discussion. But he would not leave her. The spirit of determination was as strong in his character as in her own. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, dashing off a few lines upon it, handed

it to her. "If you will take that to Thwaites' wife," he said, "there will be no necessity for your remaining out of doors all night."

She took it from him mechanically; but when he finished speaking, her calmness left her. Her hand began to tremble, and then her whole frame, and the next instant the note fell to the ground, and she dropped into her old place again, sobbing passionately and hiding her face on her arms.

"I wunnot tak' it!" she cried, "I wunnot go no wheer an' tell as I'm turned loike a dog into th' street."

Her misery and shame shook her like a tempest. But she subdued herself at last.

"I dunnot see as yo' need care," she protested half resentfully. "Other folk dunnot. I'm left to mysen most o' toimes." Her head fell again and she trembled all over.

"But I do care!" he returned. "I cannot leave you here and will not. If you will trust me and do as I tell you, the people you go to need know nothing you do not choose to tell them."

It was evident that his determination made her falter, and seeing this he followed up his advantage, and so far improved it that at last, after a few more arguments, she rose slowly and picked up the fallen paper.

"If I mun go, I mun," she said, twisting it nervously in her fingers, and then there was a pause, in which she plainly lingered to say something, for she stood before him with a restrained air and downcast face. She broke the silence herself, however, suddenly looking up and fixing her large eyes full upon him.

"If I was a lady," she said, "happen I should know what to say to yo'; but bein' what I am, I dunnot. Happen as yo're a gentleman yo' know what I'd loike to say an canna—happen yo' do."

Even as she spoke, the ever-present element of defiance in her nature struggled against the finer instinct of gratitude; but the finer instinct conquered, and when her eyes fell before his, her whole being softened into a novel dignity of womanliness. He knew, however, even while recognizing this, that words would not please her; so he was as brief as possible in his reply.

"We will not speak of thanks," he said. "I may need help some day, and come to you for it."

Her head went up at once—a sudden glow fell upon her.

"If yo' ivver need help at th' pit will yo' come to me?" she demanded. "I've seen th' toime as I could ha' g'iven help to th'

Mesters ef I'd had th' moind. If yo'll promise *that* —"

"I will promise it," he answered her.

"An' I'll promise to gi' it yo'," eagerly. "So that's settled. Now I'll go my ways. Good neet to yo'."

"Good night," he returned, and uncovering with as grave a courtesy as he might have shown to the finest lady in the land, or to his own mother or sister, he stood at the road-side and watched her until she was out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Th' owd lad's been at his tricks again," was the rough comment made on Joan Lowrie's appearance when she came down to her work the next morning; but Joan looked neither right nor left, and went to her place without a word. Not one among them had ever heard her speak of her miseries and wrongs, or had known her to do otherwise than ignore the fact that their existence was well known among her fellow-workers.

When Derrick passed her on his way to his duties, she looked up from her task with a faint, quick color, and replied to his courteous gesture with a curt yet not ungracious nod. It was evident that not even her gratitude would lead her to encourage any advances. But, notwithstanding this, he did not feel repelled or disappointed. He had learned enough of Joan, in their brief interview, to prepare him to expect no other manner from her. He was none the less interested in the girl because he found himself forced to regard her curiously and critically, and at a distance. He watched her as she went about her work, silent, self-contained and solitary.

"That lass o' Lowrie's!" said a superannuated old collier once, in answer to a remark of Derrick's. "Eh! hoo's a rare un, hoo is! Th' fellys is haaf feart on her. Tha' sees hoo's gotten a bit o' skoolin. Hoo can read a bit, if tha'll believe it, Mester," with a hint of pardonable pride in the accomplishment.

"Not as th' owd chap ivver did owt fur her i' that road," the speaker went on, nothing loath to gossip with 'one o' th' Masters.' "He nivver did nowt fur her but spend her wage i' drink. But theer wur a neet skoo' here a few years sen', an' th' lass went her ways wi' a few o' th' steady uns, an' they say as she gotten ahead on 'em aw, so as it wur a wonder. Just let her set her moind to do owt an' she'll do it."

"Here," said Derrick to Paul that night, as the engineer leaned back in his easy chair, glowering at the grate and knitting his brows, "Here" he said, "is a creature with the majesty of a Juno—a woman—really nothing but a girl in years—who rules a set of savages by the mere power of a superior will and mind, and yet a woman who works at the mouth of a coal-pit,—who cannot write her own name, and who is beaten by her fiend of a father as if she were a dog. Good Heaven," vehemently. "What is she doing here! What does it all mean?"

The Reverend Paul put up his delicate hand deprecatingly.

"My dear Fergus," he said, "if I dare—if my own life and the lives of others would let me—I think I should be tempted to give it up, as one gives up other puzzles, when one is beaten by them."

Derrick looked at him, forgetting himself in a sudden sympathetic comprehension.

"You have been more than ordinarily discouraged to day," he said. "What is it, Grace?"

"Do you know Sammy Craddock," was the rather irrelevant reply.

"Owd Sammy Craddock?" said Derrick with a laugh. "Wasn't it 'Owd Sammy,' who was talking to me to-day about Joan Lowrie?"

"I dare say it was," sighing. "And if you know Sammy Craddock, you know one of the principal causes of my discouragement. I went to see him this afternoon, and I have not quite—quite got over it, in fact."

Derrick's interest in his friend's trials was stirred as usual at the first signal of distress. It was the part of his stronger and more evenly balanced nature to be constantly ready with generous sympathy and comfort.

"It has struck me, somehow or other," he said, "that Craddock is one of the institutions of Riggan. I should like to hear something definite concerning him. Why is he your principal cause of discouragement, in the first place?"

"Because he is the man of all others whom it is hard for me to deal with,—because he is the shrewdest, the most irreverent and the most disputatious old fellow in Riggan. And yet, in the face of all this, because he is so often right, that I am forced into a sort of respect for him."

"Right!" repeated Derrick, raising his reflective eyebrows. "That's bad."

Grace rose from the chair, flushing up to the roots of his hair,—

"Right!" he reiterated. "Yes, *right* I say. And how, I ask you, can a man battle against the faintest element of right and truth, even when it will and *must* arraign itself on the side of wrong. If I could shut my eyes to the right, and see only the wrong, I might leave myself at least a blind content, but I can not—I can not. If I could look upon these things as Barholm does ———" But here he stopped, suddenly checking himself.

"Thank God you can not," put in Derrick quietly.

For a few minutes the Reverend Paul paced the room in silence.

"Among the men who were once his fellow-workers, Craddock is an oracle," he went on. "His influence is not unlike Joan Lowrie's. It is the influence of a strong mind over weaker ones. His sharp sarcastic speeches are proverbs among the Rigganites; he amuses them and can make them listen to him. When he holds up 'Th' owd parson' to their ridicule, he sweeps all before him. He can undo in an hour what I have struggled a year to accomplish. He was a collier himself until he became superannuated, and he knows their natures, you see."

"What has he to say about Barholm?" asked Derrick—without looking at his friend, however.

"Oh!" he protested, "that is the worst side of it—that is miserable—that is wretched! I may as well speak openly. Barholm is his strong card, and that is what baffles me. He scans Barholm with the eye of an eagle, and does not spare a single weakness. He studies him—he knows his favorite phrases and gestures by heart, and has used them until there is not a Riggan collier who does not recognize them when they are presented to him, and applaud them as an audience might applaud the staple joke of a popular actor."

Explained even thus far, the case looked difficult enough; but Derrick felt no wonder at his friend's discouragement when he had heard his story to the end, and understood it fully.

The living at Riggan had never been fortunate, or happily managed. It had been presented to men who did not understand the people under their charge, and to men whom the people failed to understand; but possibly it had never before fallen into the hands of a man who was so little qualified to govern Rigganites, as was the present rector, the Reverend Harold

Barholm. A man who has mistaken his vocation, and who has become ever so faintly conscious of his blunder, may be a stumbling-block in another's path; but restrained as he will be by his secret pangs of conscience, he can scarcely be an active obstructionist. But a man who, having mistaken the field of his life's labor, yet remains amiably self-satisfied, and unconscious of his unfitness, may do more harm in his serene ignorance than he might have done good if he had chosen his proper sphere. Such a man as the last was the Reverend Harold. A good-natured, broad-shouldered, tactless, self-sufficient person, he had taken up his work with a complacent feeling that no field of labor could fail to be benefited by his patronage; he was content now as always. He had been content with himself and his intellectual progress at Oxford; he had been content with his first parish at Ashley-wolde; he had been content then with the gentle-natured, soft-spoken Kentish men and women; he had never feared finding himself unequal to the guidance of their souls, and he was not at all troubled by the prospect Riggan presented to him.

"It is a different sort of thing," he said to his curate, in the best of spirits, "and new to us—new of course; but we shall get over that—we shall get over that easily enough, Grace."

So with not a shadow of a doubt as to his speedy success, and with a comfortable confidence in ecclesiastical power, in whomsoever vested, he called upon his parishioners one after the other. He appeared at their cottages at all hours, and gave the same greeting to each of them. He was their new rector, and having come to Riggan with the intention of doing them good, and improving their moral condition, he intended to do them good, and improve them, in spite of themselves. They must come to church: it was their business to come to church, as it was his business to preach the gospel. All this implied, in half an hour's half-friendly, half-ecclesiastical conversation, garnished with a few favorite texts and theological platitudes, and the man felt that he had done his duty, and done it well.

Only one man nonplussed him, and even this man's effect upon him was temporary, only lasting as long as his call. He had been met with a dogged resentment in the majority of his visits, but when he encountered 'Owd Sammy Craddock' he encountered a different sort of opposition.

"Aye," said Owd Sammy, "an' so tha'rt th' new rector, art ta? I thowt as mich as another ud spring up as soon as th' owd un wur cut down. Tha parsens is a nettles as dunnot soon dee out. Well, I'll leave thee to th' owd lass here. Hoo's a rare un fur gab when hoo' taks th' notion, an' I'm noan so mich i' th' humor t' argufy mysen to-day." And he took his pipe from the mantel-piece and strolled out with the cool indifference of a man who was not to be influenced by prejudices.

But this was not the last of the matter. The Rector went again and again, cheerfully persisting in bringing the old sinner to a proper sense of his iniquities. There would be some triumph in converting such a veteran as Sammy Craddock, and he was confident of winning this laurel for himself. But the result was scarcely what he had expected. Owd Sammy stood his ground like a stubborn ne'er-do-weel as he was. The fear of man was not before his eyes, and 'parsens' were his favorite game. He was as contumacious and profane as such men are apt to be, and he delighted in scattering his clerical antagonists as a task worthy of his mettle. He encountered the Reverend Harold with positive glee. He flung bold arguments at him, and bolder sarcasms. He jeered at him in public, and sneered at him in private, and held him up to the mockery of the collier men and lads, with the dramatic mimicry which made him so popular a character. As Derrick had said, Sammy Craddock was a Riggan institution. In his youth, his fellows had feared his strength; in his old age they feared his wit. "Let Owd Sammy tackle him," they said, when a new-comer was disputations, and hard to manage; "Owd Sammy's th' one to gi' him one fur his nob. Owd Sammy'll fettle him—graidely." And the fact was that Craddock's cantankerous sharpness of brain and tongue were usually efficacious. So he "tackled" Barholm, and so he "tackled" the curate. But, for some reason, he was never actually bitter against Grace. He spoke of him lightly, and rather sneered at his physical insignificance; but he did not hold him up to public ridicule.

"I hav' not quite settled i' my moind about th' little chap," he would say sententiously to his admirers. "He's noan siccan a foo' as th' owd un, for he's a graidely foo, *he* is, and no mistake. At any rate a little foo' is better nor a big un."

And there the matter stood. Against

these tremendous odds Grace fought—against coarse and perverted natures,—worse than all, against the power that should have been ranged upon his side. And added to these discouragements, were the obstacles of physical delicacy, and an almost morbid conscientiousness. A man of coarser fiber might have borne the burden better—or at least with less pain to himself.

"A drop or so of Barholm's blood in Grace's veins," said Derrick, communing with himself on the Knoll Road after their interview—"a few drops of Barholm's rich, comfortable, stupid blood in Grace's veins would not harm him. And yet it would have to be but a few drops indeed," hastily. "On the whole I think it would be better if he had more blood of his own."

The following day Anice Barholm came. Business had taken Derrick to the station in the morning, and being delayed, he was standing upon the platform when one of the London trains came in. There were generally so few passengers on such trains who were likely to stop at Riggan, that the few who did so were of some interest to the bystanders. Accordingly he stood gazing, in rather a preoccupied fashion, at the carriages, when the door of a first-class compartment opened, and a girl stepped out upon the platform near him. Before seeing her face one might have imagined her to be a child of scarcely more than fourteen or fifteen. This was Derrick's first impression; but when she turned toward him he saw at once that it was not a child. And yet it was a small face, and a singular youthful and lovely one, with its delicate oval features, its smooth, clear skin, and the stray locks of hazel-brown hair that fell over the low forehead. She had evidently made a journey of some length, for she was encumbered with traveling wraps, and in her hands she held a little flower-pot containing a cluster of early blue violets,—such violets as would not bloom as far north as Riggan, for weeks to come. She stood upon the platform for a moment or so, glancing up and down as if in search of some one, and then, plainly deciding that the object of her quest had not arrived, she looked at Derrick in a business-like, questioning way. She was going to speak to him. The next minute she stepped forward without a shadow of girlish hesitation.

"May I trouble you to tell me where I can find a conveyance of some sort," she said. "I want to go to the Rectory."

Derrick uncovered, recognizing his friend's picture at once.

"I think," he said with far more hesitancy than she had herself shown, "that this must be Miss Barholm."

"Yes," she answered, "Anice Barholm. I think," she said, "from what Mr. Grace has said to me, that you must be his friend."

"I am *one* of Grace's friends," he answered, "Fergus Derrick."

She managed to free one of her small hands, and held it out to him.

She had arrived earlier than had been expected, it turned out, and through some mysterious chance or other, her letters to her friends had not preceded her, so there was no carriage in waiting, and but for Derrick she would have been thrown entirely upon her own resources. But after their mutual introduction the two were friends at once, and before he had put her into the cab, Derrick had begun to understand what it was that led the Reverend Paul to think her an exceptional girl. She knew where her trunks were, and was quite definite upon the subject of what must be done with them. Though pretty and frail-looking enough, there was not a suggestion of helplessness about her. When she was safely seated in the cab, she spoke to Derrick through the open window.

"If you will come to the Rectory to-night, and let papa thank you," she said "we shall all be very glad. Mr. Grace will be there you know, and I have a great many questions to ask which I think you must be able to answer."

Derrick went back to his work, thinking about Miss Barholm, of course. She was different from other girls, he felt, not only in her fragile frame and delicate face, but with another more subtle and less easily defined difference. There was a suggestion of the development in a child of the soul of a woman.

Going down to the mine, Derrick found on approaching it that there was some commotion among the workers at the pit's mouth, and before he turned in to his office he paused upon the threshold for a few minutes to see what it meant. But it was not a disturbance with which it was easy for an outsider to interfere. A knot of women drawn away from their work by some prevailing excitement, were gathered together around a girl—a pretty but pale and haggard creature, with a helpless despairing face—who stood at bay in their midst, clasping a child to her bosom—a

target for all eyes. It was a wretched sight, and told its own story.

"Wheer ha' yo' been, Liz?" Derrick heard two or three voices exclaim at once. "What did yo' coom back for? This is what thy handsome face has browt thee to, is it?"

And then the girl, white, wild-eyed and breathless with excitement and shame, turned on them, panting, bursting into passionate tears.

"Let me a-be!" she cried, sobbing. "There's none of yo' need to talk. Let me a-be! I did na coom back to ax nowt fro' none on you! Eh Joan! Joan Lowrie!"

Derrick turned to ascertain the meaning of this cry of appeal, but almost before he had time to do so, Joan herself had borne down upon the group; she had pushed her way through it, and was standing in the center, confronting the girl's tormentors in a flame of wrath, and Liz was clinging to her.

"What ha' they been sayin' to yo', lass?" she demanded. "Eh! but yo're a brave lot, yo' are—women yo' ca' yo'rsens!—badgerin' a slip o' a wench loike this."

"I did na coom back to ax nowt fro' noan o' them," sobbed the girl. "I'd rayther dee only day nor do it! I'd rayther starve i' th' ditch—an' its comin' to that."

"Here," said Joan, "gi' me th' choild."

She bent down and took it from her, and then stood up before them all, holding it high in her strong arms—so superb, so statuesque, and yet so womanly a figure, that a thrill shot through the heart of the man watching her.

"Lasses," she cried, her voice fairly ringing, "do yo' see this? A bit o' a helpless thing as canna answer back yo're jeers! Aye! look at it well, aw on yo'. Some on yo's gotten th' loike at whoam. An' when yo' looked at th' choild, look at th' mother! Seventeen year owd, Liz is, an' th' world's gone wrong wi' her. I wunnot say as th' world's gone ower reet wi' only on us; but them on us as has had th' strength to howd up agen it, need na set our foot on them as has gone down. Happen theer's na so much to choose betwixt us after aw. But I've gotten this to tell yo'—them as has owt to say o' Liz, mun say it to Joan Lowrie!"

Rough, and coarsely pitiless as the majority of them were, she had touched the right chord. Perhaps the bit of the dramatic in her upholding of the child, and championship of the mother, had as much to do with the success of her half-commanding appeal as anything else. But at least, the most hardened of them faltered before her daring, scornful words, and the fire in her face. Liz would be safe enough from them henceforth, it was plain.

That evening while arranging his papers before going home, Derrick was called from his work by a summons at the office door, and going to open it, he found Joan Lowrie standing there, looking half abashed, half determined.

"I ha' summat to ax yo'," she said briefly, declining his invitation to enter and be seated.

"If there is anything I can do for—" began Derrick.

"It is na mysen," she interrupted him. "There is a poor lass as I'm fain to help, if I could do it, but I ha' not th' power. I dunnot know of any one as has, except yo'rsen an' th' parson, an' I know more o' yo' than I do o' th' parson, so I thowt I'd ax yo' to speak to him about th' poor wench, an' ax him if he could get her a bit o' work as ud help to keep her honest."

Derrick looked at her handsome face gravely, curiously.

"I saw you defend this girl against some of her old companions, a few hours ago, I believe," he said.

She colored high, but did not return his glance.

"I dunnot believe in harryin' women down th' hill," she said, "I'm a woman mysen."

And then, suddenly she raised her eyes.

"Th' little un is a little lass," she said, "an' I canna bide th' thowt o' what moight fa' on her if her mother's life is na an honest un—I canna bide the thowt on it."

"I will see my friend to-night," said Derrick, "and I will speak to him. Where can he find the girl?"

"Wi' me," she answered. "I'm taken both on 'em whoam wi' me."

(To be continued.)

A NEIGHORLY CALL.

WHEN we were all young and lived at home in the country—in the green, flower-bestrown, ever-changing, sunshiny country, vital with myriad forms of life, musical with incessant buzz, and chirp, and whir, and song, thick-thronged with childhood's important and imperious business—sometimes the hens would fly out of their coops untimely into the flower-beds or the kitchen-garden, because a careless hand had left the slide-door open; or the pigs would crowd out of a too fragile pen and root in among the beets, and strawberries, and sweet corn. And when the "hired man" had rushed to the rescue, armed with hoe, rake, pitchfork, or any improvised instrument of war whatever, and had scattered the scared hens, fluttering frantic with divided minds, squawking wild terror, in every direction but the right one: and the pigs, slowly startled, had first grunted remonstrance, and then, hard pressed, had torn across the careful borders with unexpected, ungraceful and destructive agility, beyond reach of hoe or pitchfork—then it was that Achilles, with the dew of battle on his martial brow and the grip of fate in his tense, muscular fingers, gave one vain, final lunge with his domestic broad-side, and muttered, under breath:

"Go—to—Halifax!"

Such was our first introduction to the little smoky, provincial city of the sea, and it was not, perhaps, till we came to man's estate that we began to mistrust these childish associations and suspect that our wayward younger brethren of the garden-walks were not recommended to Halifax as a benevolent city of refuge for fugitives from justice; but, that the saving virtue of its last two syllables is what commends it to the tongues of muscular and angry young Christians.

If you would see Nova Scotia aright, go visit it by the pale moonlight of early November. The summers of Northern New England are so long that their sweetness rather cloy the senses, and it is a relief to escape from the heats of the middle-autumn into the tempered warmth of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Then the scenery between Bangor and Bedford Basin is remarkably varied and picturesque; and when all the evergreens are glittering with November dew, and the warm, spicy breath of November gales has swept over the fields,

or the blessings of Heaven are descending in a six days' rain,—a comfortable Pullman car, pleasant company and an absorbing novel, make the journey one of unique interest. There is certainly no form of dead pine or wilted hackmatack, or sodden field or spongy road, that can ever be unfamiliar to the eyes of him who has journeyed to Halifax in that Dead Sea of the seasons, the placid if insipid November.

So then, if you are of a scientific turn, and devoured with desire to know whether the waves in the Bay of Fundy do run mountain-high, whether the hungry tides do rush up from the sea to swallow the swine feeding on shell-fish along the shore, and, worse still, whether even the friendly rivers turn themselves into immense bores and plunge insanely inland to engulf the unwary cattle feeding tranquilly on the rich meadow-grass—there is no surer way than to go down yourself to the Bay of Fundy and take an observation.

My opinion, founded on careful research, may be best expressed in the fine feminine formula regarding the proportion of unhappy marriages: "there are more that are that ain't than ain't that are."

The devotees of science appear often to suppose that when they have rode, lance in rest, against some popular opinion, they have not only demolished the opinion, but the fact on which it was based; and have thereby approved themselves good soldiers of science. They seem not to have considered that popular opinion is itself a fact, and to be accounted for. If the tides in the Bay of Fundy are not mountain-high and arid feeders upon ambushed flocks, how came they to have such a reputation? No one ever accused Wenham Pond of charging upon Beverly Shore.

There come in also the necessities of the case. Here is a long, deep, narrow gully, hollowed in between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with all the sea behind it, sinking and swelling under the influence of sun, and moon, and star. When that sea is lashed into storm and stress, there is nothing for it to do but push into the Bay of Fundy, raging up its gorges, choking against every rocky bank too high for overflow, foaming up the rivers and submerging every level low enough to afford relief. Given a deep cut with the ocean outside, and the tides that cannot spread must rise. Notwith-

standing then, the philosophical attempts of those who would reduce every wonder of the world to a commonplace stature, it remains that the tides in the Bay of Fundy ought to rise. If they are but ordinary city "swells," it shows a failure on their part to "sense" the situation.

But you are not reduced to abstract reasoning. There are the floating docks of St. John, letting you up and down like the locks of a canal. Standing on the deck of your majestic ferry-boat at low water, you gaze far up into the sky, and see exactly where you will ascend to the stars when the tide comes in. High and mighty on the mud droop the stately ships, helpless, bedraggled, degraded, that will ride the waves triumphantly as soon as the waves wash up. Nay, have not these eyes seen on the Petticodiac—the river of the great bore—the first act in the tragedy, the grazing cattle? And all along the banks may be witnessed the overflowings of the waters—ditches, and dikes, and mud. And all along the Bay stretch the fertile Tantramar meadows—celebrated by Sam Slick as the place where the Sackville farmers run ten miles to catch a horse to ride two to market or to meeting. But let them laugh who won Tantramar meadows from the sea two hundred years ago—thrifty Frenchmen, whose successors, not always, alas! their descendants, have reaped rich harvests ever since. For these grateful fields, from their own unaided richness, give to the farmers their three tons of hay to the acre—their thank-offering for being wrested from the deep. But I cannot think Longfellow was as good at diking as at hexameters when he put flood-gates into these dikes, opened them at stated seasons, and "welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows." I cannot find that there is any season when the flax-fields, and corn-fields, and orchards, would welcome an incursion from the salt sea. The Nile, I believe, is in great demand as a fertilizer; but, as at present advised, all that the simple Acadian farmers want of the Bay of Fundy is, that it should keep hands off.

Riding over the tortuous back of the Costigan Mountain, you gaze across the valley below and through the rifts in the woods, and, perhaps, over the woods creeping between, if, perhaps, you may catch a glimpse of the Northumberland Strait and Prince Edward Island, and so bring yourself at once into direct communication with an open Polar Sea. For, in New Brunswick, in late October, one seems not so very far

off from any Arctic locality, and your search is rewarded; for there, in spite of the oldest inhabitant, who affirms that the high land along shore hides the whole coast from view, and in spite of the gloomiest traveler who declares that the clouds will prevent any sight at all—there, lifted high up against the sky, cold and wide and steely blue, stretches the long line of Northumberland Strait, unmistakable as the sun in the sky; and there, moreover, is the coast plainly to be discerned,—“Wallace Harbor,” “Fox Harbor,” and Oak Island. The gloomy traveler is utterly brought to shame, and the oldest inhabitant, routed from his stronghold, is reduced to explaining that we have seen what no others have ever seen—a mirage—by which, through the cloudy, misty state of the atmosphere, the whole gulf coast was lifted up for our inspection!

Bedford Basin, just outside—or inside—of Halifax, where the Province can hold a whole fleet in its pocket, is a signal proof of Nature's intention that man should be a fighting animal. A sheet of water connected by a narrow opening with the outside ocean, gives not only a delightful summer resort on its shores to the citizens of the city, but sporting ground for the largest ships. The shore, moreover, is so steep that all the water surface is available; and the great “Bellerophon,” bearing a whole village population within its ample walls, comes sailing stately in, and winds and turns through all its swift, graceful, dignified evolutions, obeying the master's hand as promptly as the smallest sea-nymph of them all. Here is harbor enough for any fleet that England may choose to send for our menace and overthrow. And since they do say that we have in all our yards no such man-of-war as this “Bellerophon” of theirs—and since mine own eyes have marked well its guns and men, and seen how stanch are its oaken ribs and iron sides, how splendid its array of burnished brass and glittering steel, how formidable its piles of balls, and shot, and shell, and how imminent the necessity of retrenchment and economy in our own army and navy—why—let us have peace!

It is ever assumed in our political, and especially in our international discussions, that we are, by reason of our isolated position, exempt from the dangers that threaten European nations. Austria, and France, and Russia, and England, must hold well the balance of power, since, whatever foe menaces is at his gates. But we, afar off

from any nation, have only to mind our own business, assured that Europe and Africa will not sail over the Atlantic waters to trouble themselves about the condition of our navy or the caliber of our guns.

Arrogant assumption! as if we were the people, and wisdom on this continent shall die with us! While close at hand, within easy reach by rail, and telegraph, and express—so near, in fact, that if you are unexpectedly invited to dinner, you can send home to the republic for your veteran swallow-tail, that hero of a hundred tea-fights—lies a regularly constructed nation, a foreign power in all its parts, a kingdom with thrones and dominions, principalities and provinces, a government in fact, with ample machinery in good working order. We thought we were playing at this little game alone, and lo! yonder they are going through all the motions with every appearance of earnestness, and every attendance of cost. They have a Cabinet and a Council, an Administration party, and an Opposition party. They have a Minister of Marine and a Minister of Finance, and a Fisheries Commissioner and a Canal Commissioner, and no doubt a Canal Ring and a Whisky Ring, and all the other rings that pertain to popular government; and they have violently partisan newspapers that lash themselves up to a fury on what appear to be questions involving no moral point. To one class, the Premier is not only the first Minister of the Crown in Canada, but its chief adviser,—leader of the House of Commons, the foremost representative of Canadian nationality, a singularly able administrator, an honest man of the Hugh Miller stamp, a statesman and a gentleman, whom the Dominion delights to honor, and, honoring whom, she honors herself! And, across the way, the other newspaper denounces him as a canny Scotchman, shrewd enough to know on which side his bread is buttered, a low-born plotter who can never rise above his original grade, an arrogant, tyrannical, haughty ruler, who is not careful to speak you courteously, a greedy and dishonest trickster, caring only to line his pockets with gold, and to fatten on the spoils of office. Even you, yourself, raised into distinguished guests by one organ, shrink into third-rate Americans in the other. It is all as natural as life, and you involuntarily turn to the first page to see if you have not by some mistake fastened upon a copy of the "Jamestown Herald," or the "Smithville Times." Such Spartan virtue on the one side, such high-handed fraud on the other,

you have hitherto imagined to characterize only the officers of this wretched republic.

But we need not feel alarmed at the proximity of this foreign nation. It is true that there are seeds of discord, but they seem to have borne no fruit, though they were planted now nearly a hundred years ago. When we had the little unpleasantness with England, and when—God bless her!—we whipped her soundly and sent her about her business for a generation or so, the good people who wished to be only a new England, found the new United States a rather uncomfortable place of abode, and they went by scores and by hundreds, and settled in New Brunswick. One could pardon them if a little hatred, envy, malice and all uncharitableness lurked in their breasts,—they, although just men, not having been yet made perfect. It is bad enough to fight with a man to prevent his having his own way, and be beaten and see him getting it. But it is far worse to see him thriving on it! Nevertheless, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia seem to be a friendly people, and they showed their friendliness unto death. "Large numbers of men," says the Doctor, who has the blood of our greatest statesmen in his veins, and the history, topography, geology, and sociology of the Dominion at his finger-tips, "large numbers of men from Cumberland County, and many thousands from the Provinces fought in the Northern Army during the late Rebellion." And fighting among these Provincials is no child's play. It is a stalwart and sturdy race that stems the tides in the Bay of Fundy, and breasts the sea among the treacherous rocks of Halifax and along the stormy shore of Northumberland Strait.

Twenty and more years ago the little community on Prince Edward Island fought its little fight between Protestant and Catholic, and summarily settled the question over which we are still waging a war of words. Two members were to be elected in Belfast to the Island Parliament. The Protestants, say contemporary history and local tradition, offered to compound on one member if the Catholics would be content also to elect one in peace. To this the Catholics, strong in superior numbers, would not consent, but determined to carry the election of both men, by fists and feet if necessary. To avoid bloodshed, the priest agreed with the clergyman of the Scotch Kirk to request the people from the pulpit, not to carry any weapons to the polls on the morning of the election. Both sides listened to the voice

of spiritual authority, and both obeyed; but all the same the Catholics gave out word that they would kill any man who should dare vote on the Protestant side. The managers were on the ground early, and obedient to the church, came without weapons; but they had taken the precaution to send their shillalabs in advance, and pile them up in the bushes near the polls. A Scotch farmer, MacGrath by name, having to go to the woods to work, went early to the poll to vote, and was met by the announcement that if he did so they would beat his brains out. But with the commands and promises of Kirk and priest in memory he could not believe this was anything but idle threat. Perhaps, if he had believed it, his sturdy Scotch pride and pluck would have made him vote just the same; but vote he did and in fifteen minutes his blood crimsoned the snow. His lifeless remains were borne to the house of the Kirk minister, whose young son mounted his horse, and rode in horror-stricken haste to meet the Protestant men coming from other parts of the district. These men had left their farms and their fisher-nets, unarmed, according to agreement; but they had not left brawn and brain behind. They quickly provided themselves with beveled, pointed sticks, which in the hands of such men might be as fatal as the old Scotch "claymore," and marched down, silently, swiftly, savagely, upon the puny Irish,—a race of giants. About five hundred Irish were gathered about the polls, while the Scotch counted scarcely half that number; but then might have been fulfilled that which is written, "How should one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." The sight of MacGrath's blood roused their wrath to flame, and in fifteen minutes the astonished and dismayed Irish fled precipitately, leaving seventy of their number dead or wounded on the battle-field! Seven brothers, sons of one mother, the youngest of them six feet seven, were in the fight, and their driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for they drave furiously through the demoralized crowd. Douglas, the oldest of the seven, was nearly scalped. A well-directed blow laid open his head, and the skin hung down over his eye; but not for that did he cease to wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon about the skulls of these Philistines. "I could fight the rascals w' one eye," he said demurely, when questioned afterward about the day's doings.

"Och! sure then!" said an old Irishman,

recounting the scene with as much frankness and zest as if he had not been on the losing side, "and it was an awfu' sight intirely. Do ye' see that forest beyant?" pointing to about ten acres of young Rock Maples. "If ye had seen them Belfast Scotch a-comin' down the hill. They looked for all the world like that,—every one of 'em wid two sticks. Man alive, it was the greatest wonder in the world that we wasn't all killed dead intirely altogether," and the old so'dier grew young again in the vivid glow of that remembered terror.

One poor fellow was done to death by his own rash, headstrong mother. She saw him preparing for his peaceful work as usual and arrested him with lowering brows—

"Is it not going ye are?"

"Sure, an' it's not wanting me they'll be. An' more than that, I have no business there. Sure isn't it out of our district?"

"Sure, then, I'll dishown yer for iver as an Irishman and a son of your mother if ye doesn't be after takin' yer place among yer counthrymen and fighting for yer religion."

The poor lad went, heavy-hearted, to the bloody field. A blow from one of the Scotch heroes stretched him, almost headless, upon the ground, and thus he was borne back to his mother, not "dishowned." The exact number of the killed was never known. Not a Protestant fell, save the first, MacGrath, whose death was so amply avenged. But the work was done for a generation at least. The two Protestant members were elected by acclamation ten days after the fight.

Standing on the wind-blown citadel of Halifax, looking seaward, or gazing from the low drive-way along her rocky shores, nothing of the past or the present touches us with such vital human force as that hazy spot on the distant coast, near which, three years ago, the good ship "Atlantic," beset by no storm, betrayed by no leak, was flung by a ruthless captain upon the fatal rocks for doom and death. Close to land, almost within sight of home, on a still and star-lit night, they perished by a wanton fate. But wide as the story of their cruel wreck, and the guilt of those who caused it, rang also the tale of daring, the heroic helpfulness of men who ventured life to save life. Local tradition has rescued some feats of unselfish bravery which escaped the more public record. We all know how nobly and how successfully the Rev. Mr. Ancient fought for the lives of the imperiled throng; how he climbed along the tilted deck, instructing, encouraging,

assisting. We know how Quarter-master Speakman swam from the laboring ship through the raging surf to the Golden Rule rock with a line, by the aid of which over two hundred men passed through the weltering waters, and gained the temporary safety of the rock. Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the nerve, the manhood, the humanity, the wisdom of these stirring deeds; but we remember that Quarter-master Speakman in swimming to the rock was making his own way to the shore. The Rev. Mr. Ancient had a good boat under him, manned by a first-class crew, and himself fortified by past experience as a sailor.

Their action was splendid; but more splendid, more dauntless it seems to me was that of Quarter-master Thomas. He had foreseen and vainly tried to avert the disaster. "The ship ought to stand to the south-west," he had said to his superior officer, and had been repulsed as meddling with what did not concern him. "We shall not feel the land till we strike it," he had muttered despairingly. But when the fatal hour came, none was so brave as he. Standing on the broken bow of the steamer, Speakman said to Thomas, "You try and gain the shore and I will try for the rock."

Thomas sprang in, but soon returned, saying, "No man can live in such a surf."

"You can but drown," said Speakman truly, "try it again." And the resolute man, fully alive to the peril, did try it again, and made his way through the angry waters safe to the shore, nearly a hundred yards away. There, Edmund Clancy and his brother Michael, awakened by the escape of steam from the shattered ship, were hurrying to the wreck, and at their garden gate met Thomas, benumbed by his long struggle in the water, and by his hard labor through the cold and the snow on shore, and almost exhausted. They returned with him to the house, gave him a cap, a pair of socks and boots, and as soon as he had recovered, he took about sixty fathoms of line, seven-eighths rope, and went down again to the shore. Meanwhile Quarter-master Speakman had swum out with his line from the steamer to the Golden Rule Rock, which was much nearer to the steamer than to the shore. By this line a passenger followed, and third officer Brady was the third man to reach the Rock. When Quarter-master Thomas reached the shore with the Clancys, four men had gained it from the wreck, encouraged by his safe arrival, and a large number were

on the Golden Rule Rock aided by Speakman's line. When Thomas saw these people crowded on the little Rock, with no means of reaching the Island, he exclaimed,

"Some one must take them a line or most of them will be washed off."

"No man can take out a line in such a surf," cried Clancy, who thought him crazed by the sudden strain on strength and life.

"I shipped to do my duty to my officers, my ship-mates, and the passengers," said the sailor simply, "and in God's name I will take it out, or drown in doing it."

Then, being himself safe on shore and out of danger, he took the bight of the rope in his mouth, ran down the rock, plunged into the awful breakers, and succeeded in reaching the rock. He then secured his line, swam back again, and fastened the rope to a stake which he had driven into a crack of the rocks. Then back and forth through this Hell Gate of the sea, back and forth from four o'clock till seven, three endless hours, he went and came, helping the chilled and terrified passengers, helping to save over fifty men, many of whom must have perished in unaided effort, or have been forced into the sea from the rock by others crowding up from the ship before any assistance came from the mainland. Then, strength failed him. As he neared the shore, he threw up his arms, and they thought him lost, but a friendly wave cast him, more dead than alive, high up on the beach; he was taken to the house, warmed and restored, and went back to England with life enough left to jump overboard from his ship, just as she was entering the Mersey, and save the life of an unknown person who had fallen from a passing boat!

Stronger than iron-bound ships or bastioned citadels, is England in such hearts as these.

And yet, unawed by peril, and uninspired by heroism, there were not wanting in that supreme hour dastards of the riotous crew who not only gave no heed to the living, but who rifled the dead, and who did not flinch afterward, from attempts to deprive this brave man of the credit which was his least due.

A late statement of the case, by the Clancys and other eye-witnesses, was forwarded to the British Royal Humane Society, which decreed a silver clasp to the medal already awarded Thomas, and three pounds sterling!

Inscrutable are the ways of royalty. The silver clasp may have been, and doubtless was—as a symbol solely—a sufficient and

priceless reward, but it is difficult for the republican mind to see anything but absurdity in the three pounds sterling. A sadder story of a more fatal blunder on the part of the Government was told me by one whose own family was smitten to the dust by the sudden shock. Two brothers and a brother-in-law built and owned a vessel which they sailed as a trader to Newfoundland and Bermuda from Prince Edward Island. In the autumn of 1870 they had made a very successful voyage, and were thereby induced, against their usual custom, to return again to Boon Bay. The night they sailed, the fond old mother sat by her son, her Benjamin, holding his head in her lap; and as she passed her fingers back and forth through his black locks lovingly, she could not help sighing,

"Oh! my son, I am so troubled at the thought of your leaving so late in the season for a voyage on such a stormy coast."

"Never mind, mother," said the young man cheerily, "we know every inch of our tight little craft, and with a good light on the East Point, we have nothing to fear."

So they started out on their perilous journey,—

"For men must work and women must weep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning,"

and their good ship did not betray their trust, nor belie their word, but bore them safely to their destined haven. But the good light of East Point failed them. For some mere political reason, the Government had dismissed the light-house keeper, the dismissal to take effect on the fifth of January. The keeper left as soon as his time was up, and no one having been appointed to fill the position, the light went out. On the ninth of January, eighteen seventy-one, the ship came sailing merrily across the stormy waters, watching warily for the light that had gone out four days before. Just where that light should have been,—the light that should guide them safely home, to father and mother and wife and child, only thirty miles away,—they met their doom. The unhappy vessel dashed in the darkness straight upon East Point rock, straight into the jaws of death. One lifeless body was washed ashore and half buried in the sand. The captain's coat was found with the buttons wrenched off, showing that he had torn off his coat and struck out manfully for life through the hopeless waters. Of all the rest, friend and brother, captain and crew, the sea would not give up its dead. The vessel shattered itself against the rocks, then drifted dismantled and helpless over the

waters to Broad Cove, Cape Breton, where its floating fragments told the sad story of its midnight doom. And for all the household wreck,—ruined fortunes, broken hearts, parents bereaved, three happy wives widowed, one wholly crazed with grief, and ten children orphaned in one family, by the direct act of Government,—that Government gave not one penny for their support or relief.

But let me not impugn royalty, for the Provinces are loyal to their sovereign. King streets, and Queen streets, and Prince streets abound, and everywhere the sign of the crown over lintel and door-post indicates a living faith in monarchical institutions. Otherwise the casual observer might say that the social fabric here lacketh somewhat the fire and fiber which distinguish the adjacent republic. You cross the puny little St. Croix falling forlornly through a desolate region of pines and rocks and barren wilderness, and travel through a tract of wide and no doubt fertile fields, but dotted with villages that look few and feeble, to Halifax itself,—dingy, smoke-stained, but hospitable and courteous,—suffering as its own citizens somewhat profanely allege, from a too close worship of rum, fish, and molasses. And always the country seems to speak of a past and not of a future. Halifax is gay with her red-coated garrison, and, as everywhere else, epaulets carry the day over the homely, slighted shepherds' trade; but her hostleries are quaint and old-fashioned like the inns of a New England village, stranded on the highways by the receding tide of stage-coach travel, and preserving for to-day the ways and traditions of a vanished yesterday. The church in which we worship is a prerevolutionistic relic brought down from Boston, before Boston had become rebellious, and restored by a later generation, to be preserved for the reverence of its successor. I should not like to see this changed. I should be sorry to see King street and Queen street masquerading as Washington street and Madison avenue. I should regret to see the Regent's Inn discrowned of its tarnished golden crown, and resplendent with modern lettering of the most dazzling gilt. It would be a thousand pities, and a serious check to our own enterprise, to have no place on the North American Continent where New York kid gloves could be sent to be resold to peripatetic New York citizens, as smuggleable Parisian goods, and where the sea-fearing American citizen might be able to gratify, in ever so slight yet expensive a manner, his innate love of stolen sweets,

and so enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

But whatever may be thought of continental annexation, this question at least is settled: the prejudice largely derived from the Briton, and largely adopted by the American, against hasty way-side eating, is utterly unfounded. Leisurely meals are pleasant but they are not essential. Breakfasting rather early, and therefore rather slightly, at your hotel, you are ravenously hungry by the time the train stops for dinner. The railroad dinners are not bad. They are not exquisitely dainty, but they are not bad. You take your place at table and begin to eat. You wait for nothing, but eat right and left. You give your orders for beef and vegetables, and what other succulents heaven may have in store, but you eat all the time, not stealthily, but boldly—crackers, bread and butter, and cheese, and pickles, while the beef is coming. A great reformer, famished and venturesome, went so far as to attack—feebly—a cold cabbage, and a whole regiment of equally voracious but more timorous forks followed suit, till, of that cabbage, not so much as a pale green crinkle was left to mark the spot where it stood. And, with all the cabbage, and cheese, and pie, and pickle, with tea and coffee, bitter-black with strength, all eaten and drunken at steady, unfaltering, resolute railroad speed, unseasoned with talk, only intensified now and then with inextinguishable laughter, and appended with two handfuls of bread and cheese borne into the car at the last and latest bell-ringing, there never was such rude health, such absolute tranquillity of temper and serenity of bliss, and unconsciousness of digestion as distinguished the retinue of the great reformer. The very restaurant people themselves saw and succumbed. The native self-defense of the

kitchen magnates fell before these appalling appetites, these straightforward, resolute *omnivori*. Ganymede brought the savory turkey, and apologized for not producing canvas-back duck. Hebe showered down apple-pie, and cranberry and mince, and regretted that they had not known we were coming, that they might have prepared the patriotic squash. Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon them! One of them was ready to sacrifice all your engagements, and endanger your straps and portmanteaus, in her frantic impulse to rescue you from the pangs of hunger.

"Mrs. Haley, have you anything ready to eat?"

"I have, darlint, sure, and haven't I a nice bit of a chicken beyont? Sit down like a darlint, eat yer fill, and there is a good cup of tay for yer, too."

"Tell me, Mrs. Haley, when the cars move up to the platform."

"I will, dear."

"Mrs. Haley, are they moving?"

"They are, dear, just taking a little wood and a sup of wather."

"Mrs. Haley, are the cars not at the platform yet?"

"They are, dear, and gone again; they are away down the road now beyont. But niver mind, eat yer breakfast like a darlint, and don't be moindin' them aould cars, they does be comin' and goin' all the toime! Och! there now, and ye'll have pleanty o' toime to ate."

And sure enough, by the time you have breakfasted comfortably, and telegraphed your whereabouts, the Truro train comes up, and as you pass her door, Mrs. Haley shouts triumphantly,

"There! didn't I tell ye they're comin' and goin' all the toime!"

Only beware of the big-hearted, beneficent angel of the church of Windsor Junction!

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MIGHTY HAND, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,

Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands out-stretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten,—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness

Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

THE LIVING MUMMY.

BY IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

"A DRY fisherman and a wet hunter make sorry figures," says the French proverb. Never having had any turn for angling, I can form no opinion as to the feelings of a fisherman in fine sunny weather—or tell how far, in foul weather, the satisfaction he obtains from a good catch makes up for the unpleasantness of getting drenched. But, for any one out shooting, rain is an actual disaster.

Well, it was to a disaster of this kind that Ermolai and I were exposed in one of our expeditions after blackcock in the Bielef district. From the earliest morn the rain fell without ceasing. We tried everything we could think of in order to escape from it. We pulled our water-proofs almost over our heads; we took shelter under trees, in hopes of being less drenched. But our water-proofs, besides hindering us from shooting, let in the wet in the most shameless manner; and under the trees, though at first scarcely a drop reached us, yet, after a time, the moisture which had accumulated on the leaves broke through; every branch spouted on us like a water-pipe, till a cold stream insinuated itself under our cravats and ran down our backs. Things had got to their worst, as Ermolai observed.

"It's no use, Peter Petrovich," at last he exclaimed. "There will be no shooting to-day. The scent won't lie in the wet, and the guns will hang fire."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. We'll go to Alexievka. Perhaps you don't know such a place exists. It's a hamlet belonging to your mother, about eight versts off. We can spend the night there, and to-morrow —"

"We'll come back here?"

"No, not here. I know some covers beyond Alexievka, much better for blackcock than hereabouts."

I did not stop to ask my trusty companion why he had not taken me there at once, and, before long, we reached the little village, of the existence of which, to tell the truth, I had never till then had the slightest idea. There was a small seigneurial house in it, very old, but unoccupied, and therefore clean. Within its walls I spent a tolerably quiet night.

Next morning I awoke very early. The

sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; all around was brilliant with the fresh light of the early sunbeams flashed back by yesterday's rain-drops.

While a carriage was being got ready, I took a stroll through what had once been a fruit-garden, but was now a little wilderness, surrounding the house on all sides with its rich, odoriferous vegetation. Ah! how pleasant it was in the open air, beneath the clear sky, in which trembled the larks, from which streamed the silvery rain of their ringing notes! Actual dew had they borne aloft on their wings, and in the dew of fancy their songs seemed to have been steeped. I wandered along bare-headed, joyfully drawing long deep breaths.

On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the garden hedge, a number of bee-hives were to be seen. A narrow path led up to them, gliding like a snake between compact walls of nettles and fern, above which, rose here and there, a stray stalk of dark green hemp. I strolled along this path and reached the bee-hives. Beside them stood the wattled hut which they occupied in winter. I glanced through its half-opened door-way. All was dark inside, and dry, and still; the air redolent of mint and balm. In one corner was a raised planking, and on it there seemed to be stretched a small figure, with a coverlet thrown over it. I was turning away when—"Barin,* Barin, Peter Petrovich!" I heard a voice cry—a voice weak, languid, hoarse, resembling the rustling of sedge in a pool. I stopped short.

"Peter Petrovich! Please come here," continued the voice.

It came to my ears from the corner where, as I have said, the planking stood.

I drew near—and stopped in amazement. Before me lay a human being of some kind; but of what kind was it?

The face was so emaciated, so bronzed into one monotonous hue, that it was precisely like one of those depicted in old manuscripts. The nose was as sharp as the edge of a knife; of lips scarcely anything could be seen; from underneath the kerchief round the head some thin locks of

* Master, Seigneur, or Sir.

yellowish hair straggled on to the forehead. The only touches of high light in the picture were contributed by the teeth and eyes. Under the chin, at the fold of the covering, two small hands, of the same bronzed hue as the face, were slowly working their bony fingers. When I looked more closely, I saw that the features were not only free from ungainliness, but were even finely cut—but the whole face was strange,—startling. What heightened the singular effect it produced upon me was that I could see, on those metallic cheeks, a smile striving, but unsuccessfully, to break forth:

"You do not recognize me, Barin?" whispered the voice again. It seemed as if it were merely exhaled from the scarcely moving lips. "But how could you recognize me? I am Loukeria. Do you recollect, I used to lead the Khorovods* at your mother's, in Spasskoe? I used to lead the singing, too, if you remember."

"Loukeria!" I exclaimed. "Can this be you?"

"Yes, Barin. I am Loukeria."

I knew not what to say, but stared as if stupified at that dark, motionless face, with its pale and death-like eyes fixed on mine. Was it possible? That mummy—Loukeria, the beauty of the household, that tall, lithe, clear-skinned, rosy-cheeked girl, so given to laughter and dance and song!—Loukeria, the bright Loukeria, whom all our lads courted, for whom, I myself, then a youngster of sixteen, had secretly sighed!

"Tell me, Loukeria," I said at last; "what can have happened to you?"

"A great trouble has befallen me! But don't be repelled by my misfortune, Barin. Take a seat on that pail there—a little nearer, please, or you won't be able to hear what I say. You see what a fine strong voice I have now. Ah, how glad I am to see you! How did you ever come to Alexievka?"

Loukeria spoke continuously, though her words came slowly and were faintly uttered.

"It was Ermolai who brought me here," I said. "But, tell me —"

"Tell you about my troubles? Very well, Barin. It's a long time since they came upon me, some six or seven years ago. I had just then been betrothed to Vassily Poliakov. Do you recollect him? Well made, with curly hair—he was one of your mother's servants. But you weren't in the

country at that time; you were studying then at Moscow. Vassily and I were very fond of each other. He was never out of my mind. Well, one night—it was in the spring—I could not sleep. A little before daybreak, I heard a nightingale singing in the garden so sweetly, so wonderfully, that I could not help getting up and going out on the steps to listen to it. It sang and sang. All of a sudden I fancied that some one was calling to me with a voice like Vassily's—low, like this—'Lasha!'^{*} I looked round, and—I suppose I was only half awake—I missed my footing, slipped off the steps, and fell right down on the ground. I thought I was not much hurt, for I jumped up directly and went back to my room. But it seems I must have got some hurt inside. Let me wait a minute, Barin, to get my breath."

Loukeria stopped talking. I gazed at her in wonder. What astonished me most was that she told her tale in a tone that was almost lively, without a groan or a sigh, never complaining or asking for sympathy.

"From the time of that accident," continued Loukeria, "I began to fade and wither away. My skin darkened; first I found a difficulty in walking, then I could not use my legs any more. I could neither stand nor sit up, but had to be always lying down. I never cared to eat or drink, and continually grew worse and worse. Your mother kindly got doctors to see me, and had me sent to a hospital. But not the slightest good came of it all. And there was not a single doctor who could tell what was the matter with me. What didn't they do to me! They seared my back with hot irons, they placed me in pounded ice. But it was all of no use. After a time I seemed to get numb all over, and at last it was settled that there was no curing me. The gentry cannot be expected to keep cripples in their houses, so I was sent on here where I have some relations. And here I live, as you see."

Loukeria again stopped, and again tried to smile.

"But, it's dreadful, this state you're in!" I exclaimed, and not knowing what to say next, added: "And how about Vassily Poliakov?" not a very discreet question to ask.

Loukeria turned away her eyes a little.

"Poliakov? He was very unhappy for some time. And then he married another girl, one from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far off. Her name is Agra-

*The *Khorovod* is the circling dance, accompanied by song,—the French *ronde*.

*Diminutive of Loukeria.

fena. He was very fond of me; but he was a young man, you know; he couldn't always remain unmarried. And what sort of a helpmate should I have been for him? He has a wife who is good and comely, and they have children. He is employed in the steward's office of a neighboring estate—your mother gave him a permit—and all goes well with him, thank God!"

"And so you're always lying here without moving?" I asked.

"This is the seventh year, Barin, I've been lying here. During the summer I remain in this hut. When it turns cold, I am removed to the outer room of the bath-house."

"And who looks after you?"

"There are kind folks here as well as elsewhere. I am not deserted, and I don't want much looking after. As for victuals—why, I scarcely eat anything; and for drink—there is water in that pitcher. It always stands there, with plenty of fresh spring-water. I can get at it without help. One of my arms is still serviceable, and, besides, there is a young girl, an orphan, who comes to see after me, God bless her! She was here just now. Didn't you meet her? A fair-haired girl, and so pretty! She brings me flowers. I am so fond of flowers. I haven't any garden ones; I had some once, but they're all gone. But see how charming the wild flowers are; and they smell even sweeter than the garden ones. See, here are some lilies of the valley—what can be prettier?"

"And you don't find the life you lead wearisome or painful, my poor Loukeria?"

"What can one do? I won't say what isn't true. At first it was very dreary. But after I got accustomed to it and learned to be patient, it seemed a mere nothing. There are others still worse off."

"How so?"

"There are some who are homeless, there are others who are blind or deaf. But I, thank God! see quite well and hear everything, everything. If a mole burrows underground I can hear it, and I can enjoy every scent, however faint it may be. When the buckwheat is in flower in the fields, or the lime-trees in the garden, there is no need to tell me of it. I am the first to know it, as long as the wind blows the right way. No, why should I anger God? There are many who are worse off than I am. For instance, when one is well, one may easily fall into sin. But from me, all sin has, as it were, passed aside. Father Alexis, our priest, was going to give me the sacrament the other

day, and he said: 'You need not confess. What sin can you possibly commit in the state you're in?' 'But,' I replied: 'How about mental sins, Father?' 'Come,' says he, and smiled withal, 'those can be no great sins.'"

"Though, I dare say I've not done much even in the way of those same mental sins," continued Loukeria, "because I've accustomed myself not to think, not even to remember. Time goes faster that way."

I must own I felt astonished.

"You are always alone, Loukeria. How can you prevent ideas from coming into your mind? Surely, you cannot always be sleeping?"

"Oh, no, Barin! Though I am free from any acute suffering, yet, I have a pain just here, and in the bones, too, which does not let me sleep properly. No—here I lie and lie, and think of nothing. I know that I am alive, that I breathe—and that is all. I see, I hear. The bees hum around the hives; a pigeon lights on the roof and coos; a hen comes with her chickens to pick up the crumbs; sometimes a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—it's all a pleasure to me. Two years ago, some swallows made their nest over there, in the corner, and reared a brood. How interesting that was! One of them would fly in, cling to the nest, give the young birds their food, and then be off again. Next minute, there would be the other one instead. Sometimes they would not fly in, would only flit past the open door, and, then how the little ones would open their beaks wide and cry for food! I looked out for them again next year, but folks say that some one hereabouts shot them. What good could he get by that? Why, a swallow's whole body is not much bigger than a cock-chaffer's. How cruel you sportsmen are!"

"I never kill swallows," I hastened to say.

"Once, something funny happened," continued Loukeria. "A hare ran in here; it's a fact! I suppose it had been chased by dogs. Anyhow, in it came, right through the door-way. It sat close by me, sat ever so long, twitching its nose the while and its mustaches—just like an officer—and looking at me all the time. One could see it knew well enough that it needn't be afraid of me. At last, up it jumped, bounded to the door, gave a look back when it got there—and was gone. What a droll creature it was!"

"Wasn't it funny, though?" said Loukeria, glancing at me. I laughed to please her. She moistened her dry lips.

"In winter, I must allow, I'm not so well off, for then it's so dark. It would be a pity to light a candle, and what would be the use of it? I can read and write, and I was always fond of reading, but what is there for me to read? There are no books here, but, even if there were, how could I hold one up? Father Alexis brought me an almanac one day, but he saw it was of no use, so he just took it back again. However, even in the dark, there's always something to listen to. A cricket chirps, or a mouse begins to gnaw. And so one gets on well enough without thinking of anything.

"Besides, I say my prayers," continued Loukeria, with a slight sigh. "Only I don't know many. And why should I go wearying the Lord? What is there I can ask Him for? He knows better than I do what is meet for me. He has laid upon me a cross; it is a sign of his love for me. That is how we are told to look upon such things. I say the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Prayer for all who are Afflicted, and then I go on lying here without thinking at all."

Two or three minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, but sat perfectly still, on the reversed pail which served as a scanty stool. The cruel stony immobility of the unfortunate living creature who lay there before me, seemed to communicate itself to me. I felt as if I too were losing vitality.

"Loukeria," I began at last, "think over the suggestion I am going to make. Would you like me to arrange for your being removed to a hospital,—a good hospital in town. Who knows whether it may not be possible to cure you? At all events you would not be left alone."

Loukeria's eyebrows twitched a little.

"Oh no, Barin!" she said in an uneasy whisper. "Don't send me to a hospital; don't take me from where I am. I should only suffer all the more there. How can I be cured? There was a doctor came here one day and wanted to examine me. I begged him not to. 'For Christ's sake, do not disturb me!' I said. What was the use? He began turning me over from one side to another, bending my arms and legs, and kneading them into dough, saying the while: 'I do this for the sake of science. I'm a scientific man, you see, and employed by Government. And you mustn't go putting difficulties in my way,' said he, 'for I've had a decoration given me for what I've done, and it's for the sake of such stupid as

you that I labor.' He went on worrying me ever so long, then he told me the name of my complaint—such a learned one—and then he left me. But for a whole week afterward, there wasn't a bone in me that didn't ache.

"You said that I am alone, always alone. No, not always. People come here sometimes. I am a quiet body, in no one's way. The village girls come in here and gossip; pilgrim women turn in here on their wanderings, and tell stories about Jerusalem, and Kief, and the Holy Cities. But I'm not afraid of being alone; I even prefer being so. No, Barin, don't disturb me, don't send me to a hospital. Thank you all the same. You mean it kindly, but please let me be as I am."

"As you like, as you like, Loukeria. You see I thought it would do you good——"

"I know it was meant for my good, Barin. But who is there who can be sure he is right in helping another? Who can enter into another's heart? Let every one help himself!—you'd hardly believe me, but sometimes when I lie here all alone, it's exactly as if there wasn't another living creature in the whole world beside myself. Just I alive and no one else! And then it seems to me as if a shadow came over me from on high, and I become rapt in meditation. It's wonderful!"

"And what do you meditate about at such times, Loukeria?"

"That's impossible to say, Barin; there's no explaining it. Besides, I forget all about it afterward. It comes just like a cloud. The rain falls, all is fair and fresh, but I don't remember of what nature it was. Only I say to myself: 'If there had been any one here, nothing of the sort would have happened, and I should have felt nothing—except my troubles.'"

Loukeria drew a long breath, not without difficulty. Her lungs were evidently as little at her command as the rest of her frame.

"When I look at you, Barin," she began anew, "I can see that you are very sorry for me. But you must not pity me too much,—really you must not. I'll tell you something. Sometimes even now I—you recollect, don't you, how merry I used to be in old days? Well even now I sing songs at times."

"Sing songs?"

"Yes, songs, old songs, such as are sung at Christmas, at marriages, in Khorovods; all sorts of songs. I used to know a good many, and I haven't forgotten them. Only I

never sing dance-songs now. In my present condition, that wouldn't be becoming!"

"And how do you sing them? To yourself?"

"Yes, and aloud too. I can't sing loud, of course, but still—I told you, you know, that there's a young girl who comes to see me. She's an orphan, so she's quick. Well, I've been giving her lessons. She's already learned four songs. Don't you believe me? Well then, I'll soon show you —"

Loukeria drew a long breath. The idea that this almost inanimate being was about to sing gave me an involuntary shudder. But before I could say a word, there began to sound in my ears a prolonged note, scarcely audible, but still true and clear; and after it, followed a second and a third. "In the Meadows," was the song Loukeria chose. She sang without altering the stony expression of her face; even her eyes remained fixed. But how pathetic was the sound of that poor feeble voice, wavering like a thread of smoke! How earnestly did the singer strive to throw her whole soul into her song! It was no longer a shudder of repugnance which I felt; an inexpressible compassion took hold of all my heart.

"Ah! I can sing no more!" she said abruptly. "I have no more strength left. — It was such a pleasure to see you."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand upon her small, chilly fingers. She looked up at me, and her dark eyelids, shaded like those of ancient statues with golden lashes, closed again. A moment later they glimmered in the half light. They were moist with tears.

I remained as still as ever.

"What a strange creature I am!" suddenly exclaimed Loukeria with unexpected vivacity; and, opening her eyes wide, tried to wipe away the tears. "Oughtn't I to be ashamed? What is the matter with me? Such a thing has not happened to me for ever so long, not since the day when Vassily Poliakov came to see me last spring. As long as he was sitting here and talking, it was all right; but as soon as he was gone, I took to crying away all by myself. What an idea! Well, tears don't cost the like of you anything! Barin," added Loukeria, "you've a handkerchief, haven't you? Would you mind drying my eyes?"

I hastened to do what she asked, and left the handkerchief with her. At first she would not keep it. "Why should I have such a present made me?" she said. The handkerchief was quite a common one, but

white and clean. At last she took it in her weak fingers, and kept them closed upon it. By this time I had grown accustomed to the twilight in which we were, and could distinctly make out her features, could even discern a slight rosy flush through the bronze hue of her face, could discover in that face—at least so I fancied—some traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, Barin, if I slept," Loukeria began anew. "In reality I don't often sleep; but when I do I always have dreams, beautiful dreams. I never feel ill in them. In dreams I am always quite well and young. The only misfortune is that when I wake, I want to have a good stretch, and here I am unable to move. Once I had such a wonderful dream! Shall I tell you about it? Very well, you shall hear it."

"I seemed to be standing in a corn-field, and all around was rye, ever so tall, quite ripe, like so much gold! And along with me was a dog of a ruddy color, a terribly snappish one, always trying to bite me. And in my hands I seemed to hold a sickle—not a common one, but one just like what the moon is when it looks like a sickle. And with that same sort of moon I had to cut all that rye. But I was quite done up with the heat, and the moon dazzled my eyes, and sluggishness took hold of me. And all around grew corn-flowers, such swarms of them! And all of them bent their heads toward me. I said to myself: 'I'll pick these corn-flowers. Vassily promised he would come. I'll make myself a wreath first; there will be time enough for my reaping afterward.' Well, I began plucking the corn-flowers, but they melted away in my hands, and so I could not make myself a wreath. Meanwhile I heard some one come close to me and call: 'Loukeria, Loukeria!' 'Ah!' thought I, 'what a pity; I've not had time enough after all. Never mind, I'll put this moon on my head instead of the corn-flowers.' So I put on the moon, just like a Kokoshnik*, and immediately I began to shine so brightly that I lighted up the whole field. Presently there came swiftly gliding along the surface of the corn, not Vassily, but Christ himself! How I knew that it was Christ I cannot say. He was not as we see him in Church pictures, but still it was he—tall, youthful, beardless, all in white, only with a golden girdle. He stretched out his hand to me and said: 'Be not afraid, my

* The Russian crescent-shaped head-dress.

chosen spouse, but follow me. In my heavenly kingdom shalt thou lead the choral dance, and sing songs of Paradise.' And I, how closely did I cling to his hand! The dog was following at my heels, but just then we rose in the air. He was in front—his wings, long wings like a sea-gull's, spreading over all the heavens—and I followed after him. So the dog had to stay behind. Then for the first time I understood that the dog was my ailment, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was now no place for it."

Loukeria paused for a while.

"Another time I had a dream," she continued; "or, perhaps it was a revelation; I know not. It seemed to me that I was lying here in this hut, and there came to me my dead parents, my father and my mother. And they bowed low before me, but without uttering a word. And I said to them: 'Wherefore, O my father and my mother, do ye bow down before me?' And they replied: 'Because thou hast suffered much in this world, thou hast not only freed thine own soul, but thou hast also taken from us a heavy burden; and, therefore, have we fared far better in the other world. With thine own sins hast thou already finished thy reckoning. Now dost thou overcome ours also.'

"And when they had thus spoken, my parents again rendered me obeisance and disappeared—there was nothing to be seen but the bare walls. Thereupon I was greatly troubled as to what manner of thing had come to pass. I even made confession of it to the priest. But he was of opinion that it was not a revelation, inasmuch as revelations are made only to clerical personages.

"Here is another dream I have had," continued Loukeria. "I saw myself sitting by the road-side under a willow-tree, holding a staff in my hand, a bag slung across my shoulder, my head wrapped in a kerchief—just like a pilgrim. And on a pilgrimage, in truth, I had wandered somewhere far, far away. And before me pilgrims kept incessantly passing. Slowly did they move, as though unwillingly, and all in one direction; the faces of all of them were sad, and they all closely resembled one another. And I saw that among them, there kept darting to and fro a female form, a whole head taller than the rest, and her dress was strange, not like ours, not a Russian dress. Her face also was strange, a meager face and stern. All the others seemed to keep aloof from her. Suddenly she turned round and came straight up to me. Then she stopped and

looked at me steadfastly. Her eyes were like those of a hawk, yellow, large, and exceedingly clear. I asked her, 'Who art thou?' and she replied: 'I am thy Death.' I might well have been frightened, but instead of that a great joy came over me, and I made the sign of the cross. And, to me, that Death of mine said: 'I pity thee, Loukeria, but I cannot take thee with me. Farewell!' Ah me! how sad did I become!

"Take me away," I cried: 'take me with thee, mother dear!' Then my Death turned back to me, and began to speak to me. I knew that she was telling me of my appointed time, but obscurely, in words hard to understand.

"After St. Peter's Fast," she said.

"And then I awoke. Such are the wondrous dreams I have dreamt."

Loukeria looked upward and remained musing for a time.

"The only thing that troubles me is this. Sometimes a whole week goes by without my having a moment's sleep. Last year, a lady who passed by here came to see me, and she gave me a bottle of some remedy for sleeplessness; ten drops at a time, she told me to take of it. It did me a deal of good, and I was able to sleep. Only the bottle has long ago been emptied. Do you know what medicine that was, and how it is to be got?"

The lady had evidently given her laudanum. I promised to get her another bottle of the same kind, and then I could not help once more expressing my astonishment at her patience.

"Ah, Barin!" she exclaimed; "what are you talking about? What sort of patience is that of mine? Now Simeon Stylites exhibited really great patience. For thirty whole years did he stand on the top of a pillar! And there was another saint who had himself buried breast-high in the ground, and the ants came and devoured his face. Moreover, a person who had a deal of book-learning used to tell me this: There was a certain land, and the Agarians conquered that land, and tormented and slew the inhabitants thereof. And however much those inhabitants tried, they could by no means get themselves free. Then there appeared among that people a holy virgin, and she took a great sword, and she put on a weighty breastplate, and she went against those Agarians, and drove them all across the sea. And as soon as she had chased them away, she said to them: 'Now consume me with fire, because my promise was that I would die by a fiery death in behalf of my people.'

And the Agarians took her and consumed her with fire, and from that time forth that people has been free. That was really a noble deed! But I—what have I done?"

I silently marveled a little as to whence, and under what aspect, the story of Joan of Arc had made its way hither. Then I asked Loukeria how old she was?

"Twenty-eight, or, perhaps, twenty-nine. At all events, not thirty. But why should I count my years? I will tell you something more —"

All of a sudden, Loukeria coughed huskily, and uttered a kind of groan.

"You have talked a good deal," I said, "it may do you harm."

"That's true," she replied, in an almost inaudible whisper. "Our talk has come to an end. But, never mind. When you are gone, I shall be silent enough. At all events, I have had a little solace."

I rose to take leave, repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and begged her once more to think over the matter, and let me know if there was anything she wanted.

"There is nothing that I want. I have plenty of everything, thank God!" she said, with deep feeling, but only by a considerable effort. "May God grant to all their health! But there is one thing, Barin, you might ask your mother. The peasants here are very poor. If she would only diminish their obligations a little. They have not enough land. As to wood and such-like things, they have none at all. They would pray to God on your behalf. But I need nothing. I have all that I want."

I took leave of Loukeria, after promising

that I would see her request fulfilled. Just as I reached the door she called me back.

"Do you remember, Barin," she said,—a singular expression touching her eyes and lips—"do you remember what long hair I used to have, right down to my knees? It was a long time before I could make up my mind about it. But how could I keep it in proper order, in the state I am in? So, at last, I had it cut short. Yes — Well, good-bye, Barin. I cannot talk any more."

That same day, before going out shooting, I had a talk about Loukeria with the head of the hamlet. From him I learned that she bore the name among the villagers of "The Living Mummy," and that she never gave the least trouble to any one: neither murmur nor complaint was ever heard from her lips.

"She never asks for anything, but, on the other hand, she is grateful for everything. Very quiet-like, to be sure,—very quiet-like. God has smitten her,"—it was thus he concluded—"for her sins, no doubt. But we won't go into that. And as to condemning her, forsooth. No, no; we won't condemn her. Let her go free!"

A few weeks later, I heard that Loukeria was dead. Death had come for her in truth, and that, too; "after the St. Peter's Fast." They say that on the day of her death, she heard a constant ringing of church bells, though Alexievka is reckoned to be more than five versts from a church, and it was not a Sunday or Saint's day. Besides, Loukeria affirmed that the sound came, not from the church, but from "on high." She probably had not ventured to say that it came "from heaven."

CRAWFORD'S CONSISTENCY.

WE were great friends, and it was natural that he should have let me know with all the promptness of his ardor that his happiness was complete. Ardor is here, perhaps, a misleading word, for Crawford's passion burned with a still and hidden flame; if he had written sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, he had never declaimed them in public. But he was deeply in love; he had been full of tremulous hopes and fears, and his happiness, for several weeks, had hung by a hair—the extremely fine line that appeared to divide the yea and nay of the young lady's parents. The scale descended at last with their heavily-weighted consent

in it, and Crawford gave himself up to tranquil bliss. He came to see me at my office—my name, on the little tin placard beneath my window, was garnished with an M. D., as vivid as new gilding could make it—long before that period of the morning at which my irrepressible buoyancy had succumbed to the teachings of experience (as it usually did about twelve o'clock), and resigned itself to believe that that particular day was not to be distinguished by the advent of the female form that haunted my dreams—the confiding old lady, namely, with a large account at the bank, and a mild, but expensive chronic malady. On that day I quite

forgot the paucity of my patients and the vanity of my hopes in my enjoyment of Crawford's contagious felicity. If we had been less united in friendship, I might have envied him; but as it was, with my extreme admiration and affection for him, I felt for half an hour as if I were going to marry the lovely Elizabeth myself. I reflected after he had left me that I was very glad I was not, for lovely as Miss Ingram was, she had always inspired me with a vague mistrust. There was no harm in her, certainly; but there was nothing else either. I don't know to what I compared her—to a blushing rose that had no odor, to a blooming peach that had no taste. All that nature had asked of her was to be the prettiest girl of her time, and this request she obeyed to the letter. But when, of a morning, she had opened wide her beautiful, candid eyes, and half parted her clear, pink lips, and gathered up her splendid golden tresses, her day, as far as her own opportunity was concerned, was at an end; she had put her house in order, and she could fold her arms. She did so invariably, and it was in this attitude that Crawford saw her and fell in love with her. I could heartily congratulate him, for the fact that a blooming statue would make no wife for me, did not in the least discredit his own choice. I was human and erratic; I had an uneven temper and a prosaic soul. I wished to get as much as I gave—to be the planet, in short, and not the satellite. But Crawford had really virtue enough for two—enough of vital fire, of intelligence and devotion. He could afford to marry an inanimate beauty, for he had the wisdom which would supply her shortcomings, and the generosity which would forgive them.

Crawford was a tall man, and not particularly well made. He had, however, what is called a gentlemanly figure, and he had a very fine head—the head of a man of books, a student, a philosopher, such as he really was. He had a dark coloring, thin, fine black hair, a very clear, lucid, dark gray eye, and features of a sort of softly-vigorous outline. It was as if his face had been cast first in a rather rugged and irregular mold, and the image had then been lightly retouched, here and there, by some gentler, more feminine hand. His expression was singular; it was a look which I can best describe as a sort of intelligent innocence—the look of an absent-minded seraph. He knew, if you insisted upon it, about the corruptions of this base world;

but, left to himself, he never thought of them. What he did think of, I can hardly tell you: of a great many things, often, in which I was not needed. Of this, long and well as I had known him, I was perfectly conscious. I had never got behind him, as it were; I had never walked all round him. He was reserved, as I am inclined to think that all first rate men are; not capriciously or consciously reserved, but reserved in spite of, and in the midst of, an extreme frankness. For most people he was a clear-visaged, scrupulously polite young man, who, in giving up business so suddenly, had done a thing which required a good deal of charitable explanation, and who was not expected to express any sentiments more personal than a literary opinion re-inforced by the name of some authority, as to whose titles and attributes much vagueness of knowledge was excusable. For me, his literary opinions were the lightest of his sentiments; his good manners, too, I am sure, cost him nothing. Bad manners are the result of irritability, and as Crawford was not irritable he found civility very easy. But if his urbanity was not victory over a morose disposition, it was at least the expression of a very agreeable character. He talked a great deal, though not volubly, stammering a little, and casting about him for his words. When you suggested one, he always accepted it thankfully,—though he sometimes brought in a little later the expression he had been looking for and which had since occurred to him. He had a great deal of gayety, and made jokes and enjoyed them—laughing constantly, with a laugh that was not so much audible as visible. He was extremely deferential to old people, and among the fairer sex, his completest conquests, perhaps, were the ladies of sixty-five and seventy. He had also a great kindness for shabby people, if they were only shabby enough, and I remember seeing him, one summer afternoon, carrying a baby across a crowded part of Broadway, accompanied by its mother,—a bewildered pauper, lately arrived from Europe. Crawford's father had left him a very good property; his income, in New York, in those days, passed for a very easy one. Mr. Crawford was a cotton-broker, and on his son's leaving college, he took him into his business. But shortly after his father's death he sold out his interest in the firm—very quietly, and without asking any one's advice, because, as he told me, he hated buying and selling. There were other

things, of course, in the world that he hated too, but this is the only thing of which I remember to have heard him say it. He had a large house, quite to himself (he had lost his mother early, and his brothers were dispersed); he filled it with books and scientific instruments, and passed most of his time in reading and in making awkward experiments. He had the tastes of a scholar, and he consumed a vast number of octavos; but in the way of the natural sciences, his curiosity was greater than his dexterity. I used to laugh at his experiments and, as a thrifty neophyte in medicine, to deprecate his lavish expenditure of precious drugs. Unburdened, independent, master of an all-sufficient fortune, and of the best education that the country could afford, good-looking, gallant, amiable, urbane—Crawford at seven and twenty might fairly be believed to have drawn the highest prizes in life. And, indeed, except that it was a pity he had not stuck to business, no man heard a word of disparagement either of his merit or of his felicity. On the other hand, too, he was not envied—envied at any rate with any degree of bitterness. We are told that though the world worships success, it hates successful people. Certainly it never hated Crawford. Perhaps he was not regarded in the light of a success, but rather of an ornament, of an agreeable gift to society. The world likes to be pleased, and there was something pleasing in Crawford's general physiognomy and position. They rested the eyes; they were a gratifying change. Perhaps we were even a little proud of having among us so harmonious an embodiment of the amenities of life.

In spite of his bookish tastes and habits, Crawford was not a recluse. I remember his once saying to me that there were some sacrifices that only a man of genius was justified in making to science, and he knew very well that he was not a man of genius. He was not, thank heaven; if he had been, he would have been a much more difficult companion. It was never apparent, indeed, that he was destined to make any great use of his acquisitions. Every one supposed, of course, that he would "write something;" but he never put pen to paper. He liked to bury his nose in books for the hour's pleasure; he had no dangerous *arrière pensée*, and he was simply a very perfect specimen of a class which has fortunately always been numerous—the class of men who contribute to the advancement of learning by zealously opening their ears and

religiously closing their lips. He was fond of society, and went out, as the phrase is, a great deal,—the mammas in especial, making him extremely welcome. What the daughters, in general, thought of him, I hardly know; I suspect that the younger ones often preferred worse men. Crawford's merits were rather thrown away upon little girls. To a considerable number of wise virgins, however, he must have been an object of high admiration, and if a good observer had been asked to pick out in the whole town, the most propitious victim to matrimony, he would certainly have designated my friend. There was nothing to be said against him—there was not a shadow in the picture. He himself, indeed, pretended to be in no hurry to marry, and I heard him more than once declare, that he did not know what he should do with a wife, or what a wife would do with him. Of course we often talked of this matter, and I—upon whom the burden of bachelorhood sat heavy—used to say, that in his place, with money to keep a wife, I would change my condition on the morrow. Crawford gave a great many opposing reasons; of course the real one was that he was very happy as he was, and that the most circumspect marriage is always a risk.

"A man should only marry in self-defense," he said, "as Luther became Protestant. He should wait till he is driven to the wall."

Some time passed and our Luther stood firm. I began to despair of ever seeing a pretty Mrs. Crawford offer me a white hand from my friend's fireside, and I had to console myself with the reflection, that some of the finest persons of whom history makes mention, had been celibates, and that a desire to lead a single life is not necessarily a proof of a morose disposition.

"Oh, I give you up," I said at last. "I hoped that if you did not marry for your own sake, you would at least marry for mine. It would make your house so much pleasanter for me. But you have no heart! To avenge myself, I shall myself take a wife on the first opportunity. She shall be as pretty as a picture, and you shall never enter my doors."

"No man should be accounted single till he is dead," said Crawford. "I have been reading Stendhal lately, and learning the philosophy of the *coup de foudre*. It is not impossible that there is a *coup de foudre* waiting for me. All I can say is that it will be lightning from a clear sky."

The lightning fell, in fact, a short time

afterward. Crawford saw Miss Ingram, admired her, observed her, and loved her. The impression she produced upon him was indeed a sort of summing up of the impression she produced upon society at large. The circumstances of her education and those under which she made her first appearance in the world, were such as to place her beauty in extraordinary relief. She had been brought up more in the manner of an Italian princess of the middle ages—sequestered from conflicting claims of wardship—than as the daughter of a plain American citizen. Up to her eighteenth year, it may be said, mortal eye had scarcely beheld her; she lived behind high walls and triple locks, through which an occasional rumor of her beauty made its way into the world. Mrs. Ingram was a second or third cousin of my mother, but the two ladies, between whom there reigned a scanty sympathy, had never made much of the kinship; I had inherited no claim to intimacy with the family, and Elizabeth was a perfect stranger to me. Her parents had, for economy, gone to live in the country—at Orange—and it was there, in a high-hedged old garden, that her childhood and youth were spent. The first definite mention of her loveliness came to me from old Dr. Beadle, who had been called to attend her in a slight illness. (The Ingrams were poor, but their daughter was their golden goose, and to secure the most expensive medical skill was but an act of common prudence.) Dr. Beadle had a high appreciation of a pretty patient; he, of course, kept it within bounds on the field of action, but he enjoyed expressing it afterward with the freedom of a profound anatomist, to a younger colleague. Elizabeth Ingram, according to this report, was perfect in every particular, and she was being kept in cotton in preparation for her *début* in New York. He talked about her for a quarter of an hour, and concluded with an eloquent pinch of snuff; whereupon I remembered that she was, after a fashion, my cousin, and that pretty cousins are a source of felicity, in this hard world, which no man can afford to neglect. I took a holiday, jumped into the train, and arrived at Orange. There, in a pretty cottage, in a shaded parlor, I found a small, spare woman with a high forehead and a pointed chin, whom I immediately felt to be that Sabrina Ingram, in her occasional allusions to whom my poor mother had expended the very small supply of acerbity with which nature had intrusted her.

"I am told my cousin is extremely beautiful," I said. "I should like so much to see her."

The interview was not prolonged. Mrs. Ingram was frigidly polite; she answered that she was highly honored by my curiosity, but that her daughter had gone to spend the day with a friend ten miles away. On my departure, as I turned to latch the garden gate behind me, I saw dimly through an upper window, the gleam of a golden head, and the orbits of two gazing eyes. I kissed my hand to the apparition, and agreed with Dr. Beadle that my cousin was a beauty. But if her image had been dim, that of her mother had been distinct.

They came up to New York the next winter, took a house, gave a great party, and presented the young girl to an astonished world. I succeeded in making little of our cousinship, for Mrs. Ingram did not approve of me, and she gave Elizabeth instructions in consequence. Elizabeth obeyed them, gave me the tips of her fingers, and answered me in monosyllables. Indifference was never more neatly expressed, and I wondered whether this was mere passive compliance, or whether the girl had put a grain of her own intelligence into it. She appeared to have no more intelligence than a snowy-fleeced lamb, but I fancied that she was, by instinct, a shrewd little politician. Nevertheless, I forgave her, for my last feeling about her was one of compassion. She might be as soft as swan's-down, I said; it could not be a pleasant thing to be her mother's daughter, all the same. Mrs. Ingram had black bands of hair, without a white thread, which descended only to the tops of her ears, and were there spread out very wide, and polished like metallic plates. She had small, conscious eyes, and the tall white forehead I have mentioned, which resembled a high gable beneath a steep roof. Her chin looked like her forehead reversed, and her lips were perpetually graced with a thin, false smile. I had seen how little it cost them to tell a categorical fib. Poor Mr. Ingram was a helpless colossus; an immense man with a small plump face, a huge back to his neck, and a pair of sloping shoulders. In talking to you, he generally looked across at his wife, and it was easy to see that he was mortally afraid of her.

For this lady's hesitation to bestow her daughter's hand upon Crawford, there was a sufficiently good reason. He had money, but he had not money enough. It was a

very comfortable match, but it was not a splendid one, and Mrs. Ingram, in putting the young girl forward, had primed herself with the highest expectations. The marriage was so good that it was a vast pity it was not a little better. If Crawford's income had only been twice as large again, Mrs. Ingram would have pushed Elizabeth into his arms, relaxed in some degree the consuming eagerness with which she viewed the social field, and settled down, possibly, to contentment and veracity. That was a bad year in the matrimonial market, for higher offers were not freely made. Elizabeth was greatly admired, but the ideal suitor did not present himself. I suspect that Mrs. Ingram's charms as a mother-in-law had been accurately gauged. Crawford pushed his suit, with low-toned devotion, and he was at last accepted with a good grace. There had been, I think, a certain amount of general indignation at his being kept waiting, and Mrs. Ingram was accused here and there, of not knowing a first-rate man when she saw one. "I never said she was honest," a trenchant critic was heard to observe, "but at least I supposed she was clever." Crawford was not afraid of her; he told me so distinctly. "I defy her to quarrel with me," he said, "and I don't despair of making her like me."

"Like you!" I answered. "That's easily done. The difficulty will be in your liking her."

"Oh, I do better—I admire her," he said. "She knows so perfectly what she wants. It's a rare quality. I shall have a very fine woman for my mother-in-law."

Elizabeth's own preference bore down the scale in Crawford's favor a little, I think; how much I hardly know. She liked him, and thought her mother took little account of her likes (and the young girl was too well-behaved to expect it). Mrs. Ingram reflected probably that her pink and white complexion would last longer if she were married to a man she fancied. At any rate, as I have said, the engagement was at last announced, and Crawford came in person to tell me of it. I had never seen a happier-looking man; and his image, as I beheld it that morning, has lived in my memory all these years, as an embodiment of youthful confidence and deep security. He had said that the art of knowing what one wants was rare, but he apparently possessed it. He had got what he wanted, and the sense of possession was exquisite to him. I see again my shabby

little consulting-room, with an oil-cloth on the floor, and a paper, representing seven hundred and forty times (I once counted them) a young woman with a pitcher on her head, on the walls; and in the midst of it I see Crawford standing upright, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, his head thrown back, and his eyes as radiant as two planets.

"You are too odiously happy," I said. "I should like to give you a dose of something to tone you down."

"If you could give me a sleeping potion," he answered, "I should be greatly obliged to you. Being engaged is all very well, but I want to be married. I should like to sleep through my engagement—to wake up and find myself a husband."

"Is your wedding-day fixed?" I asked.

"The twenty-eighth of April—three months hence. I declined to leave the house last night before it was settled. I offered three weeks, but Elizabeth laughed me to scorn. She says it will take a month to make her wedding-dress. Mrs. Ingram has a list of reasons as long as your arm, and every one of them is excellent; that is the abomination of it. She has a genius for the practical. I mean to profit by it; I shall make her turn my mill-wheel for me. But meanwhile it's an eternity!"

"Don't complain of good things lasting long," said I. "Such eternities are always too short. I have always heard that the three months before marriage are the happiest time of life. I advise you to make the most of these."

"Oh, I am happy, I don't deny it," cried Crawford. "But I propose to be happier yet." And he marched away with the step of a sun-god beginning his daily circuit.

He was happier yet, in the sense that with each succeeding week he became more convinced of the charms of Elizabeth Ingram, and more profoundly attuned to the harmonies of prospective matrimony. I, of course, saw little of him, for he was always in attendance upon his betrothed, at the dwelling of whose parents I was a rare visitor. Whenever I did see him, he seemed to have sunk another six inches further into the mystic depths. He formally swallowed his words when I recalled to him his former brave speeches about the single life.

"All I can say is," he answered, "that I was an immeasurable donkey. Every argument that I formerly used in favor of not marrying, now seems to me to have an exactly opposite application. Every reason

that used to seem to me so good for not taking a wife, now seems to me the best reason in the world for taking one. I not to marry, of all men on earth! Why, I am made on purpose for it, and if the thing did not exist, I should have invented it. In fact, I think I *have* invented some little improvements in the institution—of an extremely conservative kind—and when I put them into practice, you shall tell me what you think of them."

This lasted several weeks. The day after Crawford told me of his engagement, I had gone to pay my respects to the two ladies, but they were not at home, and I wrote my compliments on a card. I did not repeat my visit until the engagement had become an old story—some three weeks before the date appointed for the marriage—I had then not seen Crawford in several days. I called in the evening, and was ushered into a small parlor reserved by Mrs. Ingram for familiar visitors. Here I found Crawford's mother-in-law that was to be, seated, with an air of great dignity, on a low chair, with her hands folded rigidly in her lap, and her chin making an acuter angle than ever. Before the fire stood Peter Ingram, with his hands under his coat-tails; as soon as I came in, he fixed his eyes upon his wife. "She has either just been telling, or she is just about to tell, some particularly big fib," I said to myself. Then I expressed my regret at not having found my cousin at home upon my former visit, and hoped it was not too late to offer my felicitations upon Elizabeth's marriage.

For some moments, Mr. Ingram and his wife were silent; after which, Mrs. Ingram said with a little cough, "It is too late."

"Really?" said I. "What has happened?"

"Had we better tell him, my dear?" asked Mr. Ingram.

"I didn't mean to receive any one," said Mrs. Ingram. "It was a mistake your coming in."

"I don't offer to go," I answered, "because I suspect that you have some sorrow. I couldn't think of leaving you at such a moment."

Mr. Ingram looked at me with huge amazement. I don't think he detected my irony, but he had a vague impression that I was measuring my wits with his wife. His ponderous attention acted upon me as an incentive, and I continued,

"Crawford has been behaving badly, I suspect?—Oh, the shabby fellow!"

"Oh, not exactly behaving," said Mr. Ingram; "not exactly badly. We can't say that, my dear, eh?"

"It is proper the world should know it," said Mrs. Ingram, addressing herself to me; "and as I suspect you are a great gossip, the best way to diffuse the information will be to intrust it to you."

"Pray tell me," I said bravely, "and you may depend upon it the world shall have an account of it." By this time I knew what was coming. "Perhaps you hardly need tell me," I went on. "I have guessed your news; it is indeed most shocking. Crawford has broken his engagement!"

Mrs. Ingram started up, surprised into self-betrayal. "Oh, really?" she cried, with a momentary flash of elation. But in an instant she perceived that I had spoken fantastically, and her elation flickered down into keen annoyance. But she faced the situation with characteristic firmness. "We have broken the engagement," she said. "Elizabeth has broken it with our consent." "You have turned Crawford away?" I cried.

"We have requested him to consider everything at an end."

"Poor Crawford!" I exclaimed with ardor.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Crawford in person stood on the threshold. He paused an instant, like a falcon hovering; then he darted forward at Mr. Ingram.

"In heaven's name," he cried, "what is the meaning of your letter?"

Mr. Ingram looked frightened and backed majestically away. "Really, sir," he said; "I must beg you to desist from your threats."

Crawford turned to Mrs. Ingram; he was intensely pale and profoundly agitated. "Please tell me," he said, stepping toward her with clasped hands. "I don't understand—I can't take it this way. It's a thunderbolt!"

"We were in hopes you would have the kindness not to make a scene," said Mrs. Ingram. "It is very painful for us, too, but we cannot discuss the matter. I was afraid you would come."

"Afraid I would come!" cried Crawford. "Could you have believed I would not come? Where is Elizabeth?"

"You cannot see her!"

"I cannot see her?"

"It is impossible. It is her wish," said Mrs. Ingram.

Crawford stood staring, his eyes dis-

tended with grief, and rage, and helpless wonder. I have never seen a man so thoroughly agitated, but I have also never seen a man exert such an effort at self-control. He sat down; and then, after a moment—"What have I done?" he asked.

Mr. Ingram walked away to the window, and stood closely examining the texture of the drawn curtains. "You have done nothing, my dear Mr. Crawford," said Mrs. Ingram. "We accuse you of nothing. We are very reasonable; I'm sure you can't deny that, whatever you may say. Mr. Ingram explained everything in the letter. We have simply thought better of it. We have decided that we can't part with our child for the present. She is all we have, and she is so very young. We ought never to have consented. But you urged us so, and we were so good-natured. We must keep her with us."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Crawford.

"It seems to me it is quite enough," said Mrs. Ingram.

Crawford leaned his head on his hands. "I must have done something without knowing it," he said at last. "In heaven's name tell me what it is, and I will do penance and make reparation to the uttermost limit."

Mr. Ingram turned round, rolling his expressionless eyes in quest of virtuous inspiration. "We can't say that you have done anything; that would be going too far. But if you had, we would have forgiven you."

"Where is Elizabeth?" Crawford again demanded.

"In her own apartment," said Mrs. Ingram majestically.

"Will you please to send for her?"

"Really, sir, we must decline to expose our child to this painful scene."

"Your tenderness should have begun farther back. Do you expect me to go away without seeing her?"

"We request that you will."

Crawford turned to me. "Was such a request ever made before?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"For your own sake," said Mrs. Ingram, "go away without seeing her."

"For my own sake? What do you mean?"

Mrs. Ingram, very pale, and with her thin lips looking like the blades of a pair of scissors, turned to her husband. "Mr. Ingram," she said, "rescue me from this violence. Speak out—do your duty."

Mr. Ingram advanced with the air and visage of the stage manager of a theater,

when he steps forward to announce that the favorite of the public will not be able to play. "Since you drive us so hard, sir, we must tell the painful truth. My poor child would rather have had nothing said about it. The truth is that she has mistaken the character of her affection for you. She has a high esteem for you, but she does not love you."

Crawford stood silent, looking with formidable eyes from the father to the mother. "I must insist upon seeing Elizabeth," he said at last.

Mrs. Ingram gave a toss of her head. "Remember it was your own demand!" she cried, and rustled stiffly out of the room.

We remained silent; Mr. Ingram sat slowly rubbing his knees, and Crawford, pacing up and down, eyed him askance with an intensely troubled frown, as one might eye a person just ascertained to be liable to some repulsive form of dementia. At the end of five minutes, Mrs. Ingram returned, clutching the arm of her daughter, whom she pushed into the room. Then followed the most extraordinary scene of which I have ever been witness.

Crawford strode toward the young girl, and seized her by both hands; she let him take them, and stood looking at him. "Is this horrible news true?" he cried. "What infernal machination is at the bottom of it?"

Elizabeth Ingram appeared neither more nor less composed than on most occasions; the pink and white of her cheeks was as pure as usual, her golden tresses were as artistically braided, and her eyes showed no traces of weeping. Her face was never expressive, and at this moment it indicated neither mortification nor defiance. She met her lover's eyes with the exquisite blue of her own pupils, and she looked as beautiful as an angel. "I am very sorry that we must separate," she said. "But I have mistaken the nature of my affection for you. I have the highest esteem for you, but I do not love you."

I listened to this, and the clear, just faintly trembling, child-like tone in which it was uttered, with absorbing wonder. Was the girl the most consummate of actresses, or had she, literally, no more sensibility than an expensive wax doll? I never discovered, and she has remained to this day, one of the unsolved mysteries of my experience. I incline to believe that she was, morally, absolutely nothing but the hollow reed through which her mother spoke, and that she was really no more cruel now than she

had been kind before. But there was something monstrous in her quiet, flute-like utterance of Crawford's damnation.

"Do you say this from your own heart, or have you been instructed to say it? You use the same words your father has just used."

"What can the poor child do better in her trouble than use her father's words?" cried Mrs. Ingram.

"Elizabeth," cried Crawford, "you don't love me?"

"No, Mr. Crawford."

"Why did you ever say so?"

"I never said so."

He stared at her in amazement, and then, after a little—"It is very true," he exclaimed. "You never said so. It was only I who said so."

"Good-bye!" said Elizabeth; and turning away, she glided out of the room.

"I hope you are satisfied, sir," said Mrs. Ingram. "The poor child is before all things sincere."

In calling this scene the most extraordinary that I ever beheld, I had particularly in mind the remarkable attitude of Crawford at this juncture. He effected a change of base, as it were, under the eyes of the enemy—he descended to the depths and rose to the surface again. Horrified, bewildered, outraged, fatally wounded at heart, he took the full measure of his loss, gauged its irreparableness, and, by an amazing effort of the will, while one could count fifty, superficially accepted the situation.

"I have understood nothing!" he said. "Good-night."

He went away, and of course I went with him. Outside the house, in the darkness, he paused and looked around at me.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

"I had come—rather late in the day—to pay a visit of congratulation. I rather missed it."

"Do you understand—can you imagine?" He had taken his hat off, and he was pressing his hand to his head.

"They have backed out, simply!" I said. "The marriage had never satisfied their ambition—you were not rich enough. Perhaps they have heard of something better."

He stood gazing, lost in thought. "They," I had said; but he, of course, was thinking only of *her*; thinking with inexpressible bitterness. He made no allusion to her, and I never afterward heard him make one. I felt a great compassion for him, but knew not how to help him, nor

hardly, even, what to say. It would have done me good to launch some oburgation against the precious little puppet, within doors, but this delicacy forbade. I felt that Crawford's silence covered a fathomless sense of injury; but the injury was terribly real, and I could think of no healing words. He was injured in his love and his pride, his hopes and his honor, his sense of justice and of decency.

"To treat *me* so!" he said at last, in a low tone. "Me! me!—are they blind—are they imbecile? Haven't they seen what I have been to them—what I was going to be?"

"Yes, they are blind brutes!" I cried. "Forget them—don't think of them again. They are not worth it."

He turned away and, in the dark empty street, he leaned his arm on the iron railing that guarded a flight of steps, and dropped his head upon it. I left him standing so a few moments—I could just hear his sobs. Then I passed my arm into his own and walked home with him. Before I left him, he had recovered his outward composure.

After this, so far as one could see, he kept it uninterruptedly. I saw him the next day, and for several days afterward. He looked like a man who had had a heavy blow, and who had yet not been absolutely stunned. He neither raved nor lamented, nor desecanted upon his wrong. He seemed to be trying to shuffle it away, to resume his old occupations, and to appeal to the good offices of the arch-healer, Time. He looked very ill—pale, preoccupied, heavy-eyed, but this was an inevitable tribute to his deep disappointment. He gave me no particular opportunity to make consoling speeches, and not being eloquent, I was more inclined to take one by force. Moral and sentimental platitudes always seemed to me particularly flat upon my own lips, and, addressed to Crawford, they would have been fatally so. Nevertheless, I once told him with some warmth, that he was giving signal proof of being a philosopher. He knew that people always end by getting over things, and he was showing himself able to traverse with a stride a great moral waste. He made no rejoinder at the moment, but an hour later, as we were separating, he told me, with some formalism, that he could not take credit for virtues he had not.

"I am not a philosopher," he said; "on the contrary. And I am not getting over it."

His misfortune excited great compassion among all his friends, and I imagine that this sentiment was expressed, in some cases,

with well-meaning but injudicious frankness. The Ingrams were universally denounced, and whenever they appeared in public, at this time, were greeted with significant frigidity. Nothing could have better proved the friendly feeling, the really quite tender regard and admiration that were felt for Crawford, than the manner in which every one took up his cause. He knew it, and I heard him exclaim more than once with intense bitterness that he was that abject thing, an "object of sympathy." Some people flattered themselves that they had made the town, socially speaking, too hot to hold Miss Elizabeth and her parents. The Ingrams anticipated by several weeks their projected departure for Newport—they had given out that they were to spend the summer there—and, quitting New York, quite left, like the gentleman in "The School for Scandal," their reputations behind them.

I continued to observe Crawford with interest, and, although I did full justice to his wisdom and self-control, when the summer arrived I was ill at ease about him. He led exactly the life he had led before his engagement, and mingled with society neither more nor less. If he disliked to feel that pitying heads were being shaken over him, or voices lowered in tribute to his misadventure, he made at least no visible effort to ignore these manifestations, and he paid to the full the penalty of being "interesting." But, on the other hand, he showed no disposition to drown his sorrow in violent pleasure, to deafen himself to its echoes. He never alluded to his disappointment, he discharged all the duties of politeness, and questioned people about their own tribulations or satisfactions as deferentially as if he had had no weight upon his heart. Nevertheless, I knew that his wound was rankling—that he had received a dent, and that he would keep it. From this point onward, however, I do not pretend to understand his conduct. I only was witness of it, and I relate what I saw. I do not pretend to speak of his motives.

I had the prospect of leaving town for a couple of months—a friend and fellow-physician in the country having offered me his practice while he took a vacation. Before I went, I made a point of urging Crawford to seek a change of scene—to go abroad, to travel and distract himself.

"To distract myself from what?" he asked, with his usual clear smile.

"From the memory of the vile trick those people played you."

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"Do I look, do I behave as if I remembered it?" he demanded with sudden gravity.

"You behave very well, but I suspect that it is at the cost of a greater effort than it is wholesome for a man—quite unassisted—to make."

"I shall stay where I am," said Crawford, "and I shall behave as I have behaved—to the end. I find the effort, so far as there is an effort, extremely wholesome."

"Well, then," said I, "I shall take great satisfaction in hearing that you have fallen in love again. I should be delighted to know that you were well married."

He was silent a while, and then—"It is not impossible," he said. But, before I left him, he laid his hand on my arm, and, after looking at me with great gravity for some time, declared that it would please him extremely that I should never again allude to his late engagement.

The night before I left town, I went to spend half an hour with him. It was the end of June, the weather was hot, and I proposed that instead of sitting indoors, we should take a stroll. In those days, there stood, in the center of the city, a concert-garden, of a somewhat primitive structure, into which a few of the more adventurous representatives of the best society were occasionally seen—under stress of hot weather—to penetrate. It had trees and arbors, and little fountains and small tables, at which ice-creams and juleps were, after hope deferred, dispensed. Its musical attractions fell much below the modern standard, and consisted of three old fiddlers playing stale waltzes, or an itinerant ballad-singer, vocalizing in a language perceived to be foreign, but not further identified, and accompanied by a young woman who performed upon the triangle, and collected tribute at the tables. Most of the frequenters of this establishment were people who wore their gentility lightly, or had none at all to wear; but in compensation (in the latter case), they were generally provided with a substantial sweetheart. We sat down among the rest, and had each a drink with a straw in it, while we listened to a cracked Italian tenor in a velvet jacket and ear-rings. At the end of half an hour, Crawford proposed we should withdraw, whereupon I busied myself with paying for our juleps. There was some delay in making change, during which, my attention wandered; it was some ten minutes before the waiter returned. When at last he restored me my dues, I said to Crawford that I was

ready to depart. He was looking another way and did not hear me; I repeated my observation, and then he started a little, looked round, and said that he would like to remain longer. In a moment I perceived the apparent cause of his changing mind. I checked myself just in time from making a joke about it, and yet—as I did so—I said to myself that it was surely not a thing one could take seriously.

Two persons had within a few moments come to occupy a table near our own. One was a weak-eyed young man with a hat poised into artful crookedness upon a great deal of stiffly brushed and much-anointed straw-colored hair, and a harmless scowl of defiance at the world in general from under certain bare visible eyebrows. The defiance was probably prompted by the consciousness of the attractions of the person who accompanied him. This was a woman, still young, and to a certain extent pretty, dressed in a manner which showed that she regarded a visit to a concert-garden as a thing to be taken seriously. Her beauty was of the robust order, her coloring high, her glance unshrinking, and her hands large and red. These last were encased in black lace mittens. She had a small dark eye, of a peculiarly piercing quality, set in her head as flatly as a button-hole in a piece of cotton cloth, and a lower lip which protruded beyond the upper one. She carried her head like a person who pretended to have something in it, and she from time to time surveyed the ample expanse of her corsage with a complacent sense of there being something in that too. She was a large woman, and, when standing upright, must have been much taller than her companion. She had a certain conscious dignity of demeanor, turned out her little finger as she ate her pink ice-cream, and said very little to the young man, who was evidently only her opportunity, and not her ideal. She looked about her, while she consumed her refreshment, with a hard, flat, idle stare, which was not that of an adventuress, but that of a person pretentiously and vulgarly respectable. Crawford, I saw, was observing her narrowly, but his observation was earnestly exercised, and she was not—at first, at least,—aware of it. I wondered, nevertheless, why he was observing her. It was not his habit to stare at strange women, and the charms of this florid damsel were not such as to appeal to his fastidious taste.

"I see you are struck by our lovely neighbor," I said. "Have you ever seen her before?"

"Yes!" he presently answered. "In imagination!"

"One's imagination," I answered, "would seem to be the last place in which to look for such a figure as that. She belongs to the most sordid reality."

"She is very fine in her way," said Crawford. "My image of her was vague; she is far more perfect. It is always interesting to see a supreme representation of any type, whether or no the type be one that we admire. That is the merit of our neighbor. She resumes a certain civilization; she is the last word—the flower."

"The last word of coarseness, and the flower of commonness," I interrupted. "Yes, she certainly has the merit of being unsurpassable, in her own line."

"She is a very powerful specimen," he went on. "She is complete."

"What do you take her to be?"

Crawford did not answer for some time, and I suppose he was not heeding me. But at last he spoke. "She is the daughter of a woman who keeps a third-rate boarding-house in Lexington Avenue. She sits at the foot of the table and pours out bad coffee. She is considered a beauty, in the boarding-house. She makes out the bills—'for three weeks' board,' with *week* spelled *weak*. She has been engaged several times. That young man is one of the boarders, inclined to gallantry. He has invited her to come down here and have ice-cream, and she has consented, though she despises him. Her name is Matilda Jane. The height of her ambition is to be 'fashionable.'"

"Where the deuce did you learn all this?" I asked. "I shouldn't wonder if it were true."

"You may depend upon it that it is very near the truth. The boarding-house may be in the Eighth avenue, and the lady's name may be Araminta; but the general outline that I have given is correct."

We sat awhile longer; Araminta—or Matilda Jane—finished her ice-cream, leaned back in her chair, and fanned herself with a newspaper, which her companion had drawn from his pocket, and she had folded for the purpose. She had by this time, I suppose, perceived Crawford's singular interest in her person, and she appeared inclined to allow him every facility for the gratification of it. She turned herself about, placed her head in attitudes, stroked her glossy tresses, crooked her large little finger more than ever, and gazed with sturdy coquetry at her incongruous admirer. I, who did not admire her, at last, for a second

time, proposed an adjournment; but, to my surprise, Crawford simply put out his hand in farewell, and said that he himself would remain. I looked at him hard; it seemed to me that there was a spark of excitement in his eye which I had not seen for many weeks. I made some little joke which might have been taxed with coarseness; but he received it with perfect gravity, and dismissed me with an impatient gesture. I had not walked more than half a block away when I remembered some last word—it has now passed out of my mind—that I wished to say to my friend. It had, I suppose, some importance, for I walked back to repair my omission. I re-entered the garden and returned to the place where we had been sitting. It was vacant; Crawford had moved his chair, and was engaged in conversation with the young woman I have described. His back was turned to me and he was bending over, so that I could not see his face, and that I remained unseen by him. The lady herself was looking at him strangely; surprise, perplexity, pleasure, doubt as to whether "fashionable" manners required her to seem elated or offended at Crawford's overture, were mingled on her large, rosy face. Her companion appeared to have decided that his own dignity demanded of him grimly to ignore the intrusion; he had given his hat another cock, shouldered his stick like a musket, and fixed his eyes on the fiddlers. I stopped, embraced the group at a glance, and then quietly turned away and departed.

As a physician—as a physiologist—I had every excuse for taking what are called materialistic views of human conduct; but this little episode led me to make some reflections which, if they were not exactly melancholy, were at least tinged with the irony of the moralist. Men are all alike, I said, and the best is, at bottom, very little more delicate than the worst. If there was a man I should have called delicate, it had been Crawford; but he too was capable of seeking a vulgar compensation for an exquisite pain—he also was too weak to be faithful to a memory. Nevertheless I confess I was both amused and re-assured; a limit seemed set to the inward working of his resentment—he was going to take his trouble more easily and naturally. For the next few weeks I heard nothing from him; good friends as we were, we were poor correspondents, and as Crawford, moreover, had said about himself—What in the world had he to write about? I came back to

town early in September, and on the evening after my return, called upon my friend. The servant who opened the door, and who showed me a new face, told me that Mr. Crawford had gone out an hour before. As I turned away from the house it suddenly occurred to me—I am quite unable to say why—that I might find him at the concert-garden to which we had gone together on the eve of my departure. The night was mild and beautiful, and—though I had not supposed that he had been in the interval a regular *habitué* of those tawdry bowers—a certain association of ideas directed my steps. I reached the garden and passed beneath the arch of paper lanterns which formed its glittering portal. The tables were all occupied, and I scanned the company in vain for Crawford's familiar face. Suddenly I perceived a countenance which, if less familiar, was, at least, vividly impressed upon my memory. The lady whom Crawford had ingeniously characterized as the daughter of the proprietress of a third-rate boarding-house was in possession of one of the tables where she was enthroned in assured pre-eminence. With a garland of flowers upon her bonnet, an azure scarf about her shoulders, and her hands flashing with splendid rings, she seemed a substantial proof that the Eighth avenue may, after all, be the road to fortune. As I stood observing her, her eyes met mine, and I saw that they were illumined with a sort of gross, good-humored felicity. I instinctively connected Crawford with her transfiguration, and concluded that he was effectually reconciled to worldly joys. In a moment I saw that she recognized me; after a very brief hesitation she gave me a familiar nod. Upon this hint I approached her.

"You have seen me before," she said. "You have not forgotten me."

"It's impossible to forget you," I answered, gallantly.

"It's a fact that no one ever does forget me?—I suppose I oughtn't to speak to you without being introduced. But wait a moment; there is a gentleman here who will introduce me. He has gone to get some cigars." And she pointed to a gayly bedizened stall on the other side of the garden, before which, in the act of quitting it, his purchase made, I saw Crawford.

Presently he came up to us—he had evidently recognized me from afar. This had given him a few moments. But what, in such a case, were a few moments? He smiled frankly and heartily, and gave my

hand an affectionate grasp. I saw, however, that in spite of his smile he was a little pale. He glanced toward the woman at the table, and then, in a clear, serene voice: "You have made acquaintance?" he said.

"Oh, I know him," said the lady; "but I guess he don't know me! Introduce us."

He mentioned my name, ceremoniously, as if he had been presenting me to a duchess. The woman leaned forward and took my hand in her heavily begemmed fingers. "How d'ye do, Doctor?" she said.

Then Crawford paused a moment, looking at me. My eyes rested on his, which, for an instant, were strange and fixed; they seemed to defy me to see anything in them that he wished me not to see. "Allow me to present you," he said at last, in a tone I shall never forget—"allow me to present you to my wife."

I stood staring at him; the woman still grasped my hand. She gave a violent shake and broke into a loud laugh. "He don't believe it! There's my wedding-ring!" And she thrust out the ample knuckles of her left hand.

A hundred thoughts passed in a flash through my mind, and a dozen exclamations—tragical, ironical, farcical—rose to my lips. But I happily suppressed them all; I simply remained portentously silent, and seated myself mechanically in the chair which Crawford pushed toward me. His face was inscrutable, but in its urbane blankness I found a reflection of the glaring hideousness of his situation. He had committed a monstrous folly. As I sat there, for the next half-hour—it seemed an eternity—I was able to take its full measure. But I was able also to resolve to accept it, to respect it, and to side with poor Crawford, so far as I might, against the consequences of his deed. I remember of that half-hour little beyond a general, rapidly deepening sense of horror. The woman was in a talkative mood; I was the first of her husband's friends upon whom she had as yet been able to lay hands. She gave me much information—as to when they had been married (it was three weeks before), what she had had on, what her husband (she called him "Mr. Crawford") had given her, what she meant to do during the coming winter. "We are going to give a great ball," she said, "the biggest ever seen in New York. It will open the winter, and I shall be introduced to all his friends. They will want to see me, dreadfully, and there will be sure to be a crowd. I don't know whether they will come twice, but they will come once, I'll engage."

She complained of her husband refusing to take her on a wedding-tour—was ever a woman married like that before? "I'm not sure it's a good marriage, without a wedding-tour," she said. "I always thought that to be really man and wife, you had to go to Niagara, or Saratoga, or some such place. But he insists on sticking here in New York; he says he has his reasons. He gave me that to keep me here." And she made one of her rings twinkle.

Crawford listened to this, smiling, unflinching, unwinking. Before we separated—to say something—I asked Mrs. Crawford if she liked music? The fiddlers were scraping away. She turned her empty glass upside down, and with a thump on the table—"I like that!" she cried. It was most horrible. We rose, and Crawford tenderly offered her his arm; I looked at him with a kind of awe.

I went to see him repeatedly, during the ensuing weeks, and did my best to behave as if nothing was altered. In himself, in fact, nothing was altered, and the really masterly manner in which he tacitly assumed that the change in his situation had been in a high degree for the better, might have furnished inspiration to my more bungling efforts. Never had incurably wounded pride forged itself a more consummately impenetrable mask; never had bravado achieved so triumphant an imitation of sincerity. In his wife's absence, Crawford never alluded to her; but, in her presence, he was an embodiment of deference and attentive civility. His habits underwent little change, and he was punctiliously faithful to his former pursuits. He studied—or at least he passed hours in his library. What he did—what he was—in solitude, heaven only knows; nothing, I am happy to say, ever revealed it to me. I never asked him a question about his wife; to feign a respectful interest in her would have been too monstrous a comedy. She herself, however, more than satisfied my curiosity, and treated me to a bold sketch of her life and adventures. Crawford had hit the nail on the head; she was veritably, at the time he made her acquaintance, residing at a boarding-house, not in the capacity of a boarder. She even told me the terms in which he had made his proposal. There had been no love-making, no nonsense, no flummery. "I have seven thousand dollars a year," he had said—all of a sudden;—"will you please to become my wife? You shall have four thousand for your own use." I have no

desire to paint the poor woman who imparted to me these facts in blacker colors than she deserves; she was to be pitied certainly, for she had been lifted into a position in which her defects acquired a glaring intensity. She had made no overtures to Crawford; he had come and dragged her out of her friendly obscurity, and placed her unloveliness aloft upon the pedestal of his contrasted good-manners. She had simply taken what was offered her. But for all one's logic, nevertheless, she was a terrible creature. I tried to like her, I tried to find out her points. The best one seemed to be that her jewels and new dresses—her clothes were in atrocious taste—kept her, for the time, in loud good-humor. Might they never be wanting? I shuddered to think of what Crawford would find himself face to face with in case of their failing;—coarseness, vulgarity, ignorance, vanity, and, beneath all, something as hard and arid as dusty bricks. When I had left them, their union always seemed to me a monstrous fable, an evil dream; each time I saw them the miracle was freshly repeated.

People were still in a great measure in the country, and though it had begun to be rumored about that Crawford had taken a very strange wife, there was for some weeks no adequate appreciation of her strangeness. This came, however, with the advance of the autumn and those beautiful October days when all the world was in the streets. Crawford came forth with his terrible bride upon his arm, took every day a long walk, and ran the gauntlet of society's surprise. On Sundays, he marched into church with his incongruous consort, led her up the long aisle to the accompaniment of the opening organ-peals, and handed her solemnly into her pew. Mrs. Crawford's idiosyncrasies were not of the latent and lurking order, and, in the view of her fellow-worshippers of her own sex, surveying her from a distance, were sufficiently summarized in the composition of her bonnets. Many persons probably remember with a good deal of vividness the great festival to which, early in the winter, Crawford convoked all his friends. Not a person invited was absent, for it was a case in which friendliness and curiosity went most comfortably, hand in hand. Every one wished well to Crawford and was anxious to show it, but when they said they wouldn't for the world seem to turn their backs upon the poor fellow, what people really meant was that they would not for the world miss seeing how Mrs. Crawford would behave. The party

was very splendid and made an era in New York, in the art of entertainment. Mrs. Crawford behaved very well, and I think people were a good deal disappointed and scandalized at the decency of her demeanor. But she looked deplorably, it was universally agreed, and her native vulgarity came out in the strange bedizenment of her too exuberant person. By the time supper was served, moreover, every one had gleaned an anecdote about her bad grammar, and the low level of her conversation. On all sides, people were putting their heads together, in threes and fours, and tittering over each other's stories. There is nothing like the bad manners of good society, and I, myself, acutely sensitive on Crawford's behalf, found it impossible, by the end of the evening, to endure the growing exhilaration of the assembly. The company had rendered its verdict; namely, that there were the vulgar people one could, at a pinch accept, and the vulgar people one couldn't, and that Mrs. Crawford belonged to the latter class. I was savage with every one who spoke to me. "Yes, she is as bad as you please," I said; "but you are worse!" But I might have spared my resentment, for Crawford, himself, in the midst of all this, was simply sublime. He was the genius of hospitality in person; no one had ever seen him so careless, so free, so charming. When I went to bid him good-night, as I took him by the hand—"You will carry it through!" I said. He looked at me, smiling vaguely, and not showing in the least that he understood me. Then I felt how deeply he was attached to the part he had undertaken to play; he had sacrificed our old good-fellowship to it. Even to me, his oldest friend, he would not raise a corner of the mask.

Mrs. Ingram and Elizabeth were, of course, not at the ball; but they had come back from Newport, bringing an ardent suitor in their train. The event had amply justified Mrs. Ingram's circumspection; she had captured a young Southern planter, whose estates were fabled to cover three-eighths of the State of Alabama. Elizabeth was more beautiful than ever, and the marriage was being hurried forward. Several times, in public, to my knowledge, Elizabeth and her mother, found themselves face to face with Crawford and his wife. What Crawford must have felt when he looked from the exquisite creature he had lost to the full-blown dowdy he had gained, is a matter it is well but to glance at and pass—the more so, as my story approaches its close. One

morning, in my consulting-room, I had been giving some advice to a little old gentleman who was as sound as a winter-pippin, but, who used to come and see me once a month to tell me that he felt a hair on his tongue, or, that he had dreamed of a blue-dog, and to ask to be put upon a "diet" in consequence. The basis of a diet, in his view, was a daily pint of port wine. He had retired from business, he belonged to a club, and he used to go about peddling gossip. His wares, like those of most peddlers, were cheap, and usually, for my prescription, I could purchase the whole contents of his tray. On this occasion, as he was leaving me, he remarked that he supposed I had heard the news about our friend Crawford. I said that I had heard nothing. What was the news?

"He has lost every penny of his fortune," said my patient. "He is completely cleaned out." And, then, in answer to my exclamation of dismay, he proceeded to inform me that the New Amsterdam Bank had suspended payment, and would certainly never resume it. All the world knew that Crawford's funds were at the disposal of the bank, and that two or three months before, when things were looking squally, he had come most generously to the rescue. The squall had come, it had proved a hurricane, the bank had capsized, and Crawford's money had gone to the bottom. "It's not a surprise to me," said Mr. Niblett, "I suspected something a year ago. It's true, I am very sharp."

"Do you think any one else suspected anything?" I asked.

"I dare say not; people are so easily humbugged. And, then, what could have looked better, above board, than the New Amsterdam?"

"Nevertheless, here and there," I said, "an exceptionally sharp person may have been on the watch."

"Unquestionably—though I am told that they are going on to-day, down town, as if no bank had ever broken before."

"Do you know Mrs. Ingram?" I asked.

"Thoroughly! She is exceptionally sharp, if that is what you mean."

"Do you think it is possible that she foresaw this affair six months ago?"

"Very possible; she always has her nose in Wall street, and she knows more about stocks than the whole board of brokers."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "sharp as she is, I hope she will get nipped, yet!"

"Ah," said my old friend, "you allude to Crawford's affairs? But you shouldn't be a better royalist than the king. He has

forgiven her—he has consoled himself. But what will console him now? Is it true his wife was a washerwoman? Perhaps she will not be sorry to know a trade."

I hoped with all my heart that Mr. Niblett's story was an exaggeration, and I repaired that evening to Crawford's house, to learn the real extent of his misfortune. He had seen me coming in, and he met me in the hall and drew me immediately into the library. He looked like a man who had been thrown by a vicious horse, but had picked himself up and resolved to go the rest of the way on foot.

"How bad is it?" I asked.

"I have about a thousand a year left. I shall get some work, and with careful economy we can live."

At this moment I heard a loud voice screaming from the top of the stairs. "Will *she* help you?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment, and then—"No!" he said simply. Immediately, as a commentary upon his answer, the door was thrown open and Mrs. Crawford swept in. I saw in an instant that her good-humor was in permanent eclipse; flushed, disheveled, inflamed, she was a perfect presentation of a vulgar fury. She advanced upon me with a truly formidable weight of wrath.

"Was it you that put him up to it?" she cried. "Was it you that put it into his head to marry me? I'm sure I never thought of him—he isn't the twentieth part of a man! I took him for his money—four thousand a year, clear; I never pretended it was for anything else. To-day, he comes and tells me that it was all a mistake—that we must get on as well as we can on twelve hundred. And he calls himself a gentleman—and so do you, I suppose! There are gentlemen in the State's prison for less. I have been cheated, insulted and ruined; but I'm not a woman you can play that sort of game upon. The money's mine, what is left of it, and he may go and get his fine friends to support him. There ain't a thing in the world he can do—except lie and cheat!"

Crawford, during this horrible explosion, stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor; and I felt that the peculiarly odious part of the scene was that his wife was literally in the right. She had been bitterly disappointed—she had been practically deceived. Crawford turned to me and put out his hand. "Good-bye," he said. "I must forego the pleasure of receiving you any more in my own house."

"I can't come again?" I exclaimed.

"I will take it as a favor that you should not."

I withdrew with an insupportable sense of helplessness. In the house he was then occupying, he, of course, very soon ceased to live; but for some time I was in ignorance of whither he had betaken himself. He had forbidden me to come and see him, and he was too much occupied in accommodating himself to his change of fortune to find time for making visits. At last I disinterred him in one of the upper streets, near the East River, in a small house of which he occupied but a single floor. I disobeyed him and went in, and as his wife was apparently absent, he allowed me to remain. He had kept his books, or most of them, and arranged a sort of library. He looked ten years older, but he neither made nor suffered me to make, an allusion to himself. He had obtained a place as clerk at a wholesale chemist's, and he received a salary of five hundred dollars. After this, I not infrequently saw him; we used often, on a Sunday, to take a long walk together. On our return we parted at his door; he never asked me to come in. He talked of his reading, of his scientific fancies, of public affairs, of our friends—of everything, except his own troubles. He suffered, of course, most of his purely formal social relations to die out; but if he appeared not to cling to his friends, neither did he seem to avoid them. I remember a clever old lady saying to me at this time, in allusion to her having met him somewhere—"I used always to think Mr. Crawford the most agreeable man in the world, but I think now he has even improved!" One day—we had walked out into the country, and were sitting on a felled log by the roadside, to rest (for in those days New Yorkers could walk out into the country),—I said to him that I had a piece of news to tell him. It was not pleasing, but it was interesting.

"I told you six weeks ago," I said, "that Elizabeth Ingram had been seized with small-pox. She has recovered, and two or three people have seen her. Every ray of her beauty is gone. They say she is hideous."

"I don't believe it!" he said, simply.

"The young man who was to marry her does," I answered. "He has backed out—he has given her up—he has posted back to Alabama."

Crawford looked at me a moment, and then—"The idiot!" he exclaimed.

For myself, I felt the full bitterness of poor Elizabeth's lot; Mrs. Ingram had

been "nipped," as I had ventured to express it, in a grimmer fashion than I hoped. Several months afterward, I saw the young girl, shrouded in a thick veil, beneath which I could just distinguish her absolutely blasted face. On either side of her walked her father and mother, each of them showing a visage almost as blighted as her own.

I saw Crawford for a time, as I have said, with a certain frequency; but there began to occur long intervals, during which he plunged into inscrutable gloom. I supposed in a general way, that his wife's temper gave him plenty of occupation at home; but a painful incident—which I need not repeat—at last informed me how much. Mrs. Crawford, it appeared, drank deep; she had resorted to liquor to console herself for her disappointments. During her periods of revelry, her husband was obliged to be in constant attendance upon her, to keep her from exposing herself. She had done so to me, hideously, and it was so that I learned the reason of her husband's fitful absences. After this, I expressed to Crawford my amazement that he should continue to live with her.

"It's very simple," he answered. "I have done her a great wrong, and I have forfeited the right to complain of any she may do to me."

"In heaven's name," I said, "make another fortune and pension her off."

He shook his head. "I shall never make a fortune. My working-power is not of a high value."

One day, not having seen him for several weeks, I went to his house. The door was opened by his wife, in curl-papers and a soiled dressing-gown. After what I can hardly call an exchange of greetings,—for she wasted no politeness upon me,—I asked for news of my friend.

"He's at the New York Hospital," she said.

"What in the world has happened to him?"

"He has broken his leg, and he went there to be taken care of—as if he hadn't a comfortable home of his own! But he's a deep one; that's a hit at me!"

I immediately announced my intention of going to see him, but as I was turning away she stopped me, laying her hand on my arm. She looked at me hard, almost menacingly. "If he tells you," she said, "that it was me that made him break his leg—that I came behind him, and pushed him down the steps of the back-yard, upon the flags, you needn't believe him. I could have done it; I'm strong enough"—and

with a vigorous arm she gave a thump upon the door-post. "It would have served him right, too. But it's a lie!"

"He will not tell me," I said. "But you have done so!"

Crawford was in bed, in one of the great, dreary wards of the hospital, looking as a man looks who has been laid up for three weeks with a compound fracture of the knee. I had seen no small amount of physical misery, but I had never seen anything so poignant as the sight of my once brilliant friend in such a place, from such a cause. I told him I would not ask him how his misfortune occurred: I knew! We talked awhile, and at last I said, "Of course you will not go back to her!"

He turned away his head, and at this moment, the nurse came and said that I had made the poor gentleman talk enough.

Of course he did go back to her—at the end of a very long convalescence. His leg was permanently injured; he was obliged to move about very slowly, and what he had called the value of his working-power was not thereby increased. This meant permanent poverty, and all the rest of it. It lasted ten years longer—until 185—, when Mrs. Crawford died of *delirium tremens*. I cannot say that this event restored his equanimity, for the excellent reason that to the eyes of the world—and my own most searching ones—he had never lost it.

HOSPES CIVITATIS.

Annus Mirabilis Respublicæ MDCCCLXXVI.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

VICTORIOUS in her senate-house she stands,
Mighty among the nations, latest born;
Armed men stood round her cradle, violent hands
Were laid upon her, and her limbs were torn;
Yet she arose, and turned upon her foes,
And, beaten down, arose,
Grim, as who goes to meet
And grapple with Defeat,

And pull Destruction from her iron seat!
When saw the Earth another,
O valorous Daughter of imperious Mother,
Who greatly dared as thou?
Making thy land one wide Thermopylae,
And the long leagues of sea thy Salamis,
Determined to be free
As the unscaled heaven is,
Whose calm is in thy eyes, whose stars are on
thy brow!

Thy children gathered round thee to defend,
O mother of a race of hardy sons!
Left plowed to rust in the furrows, snatched their
guns,
And rode hot haste as though to meet a friend,
Who might be nigh his end,
Which *thou* wert not, though often sore beset;
Nor did they fall in vain who fell for thee;
Nor could thy enemies, though its roots they wet
With thy best blood, destroy thy glorious tree,
That on its stem of greatness flowers late:
Hedged with sharp spines it shot up year by
year,
As if the planets drew it to their sphere,
The quick earth spouting sap through all its veins,
Till of the days that wait
To see it burst in bloom not one remains—
Not so much as an hour,
For, lo! it is in flower—
Bourgeoned, full blown in an instant! Tree of
trees,

The fame whereof has flown across the seas,
Whereat the elder sisters of the race
Have hastened to, these high walls,
These populous halls,
To look on this Centurial Tree,
And to strike hands with thee,
And see thy happy millions face to face!

First comes, as nearest, an imperial dame,
Named for that king's fair daughter whom Jove
bore
Through the blue billows to the Cretan shore,
Where she its queen became:
Parent of many peoples, strong and proud,
Comes Europe in her purples, peaceful here:
Her great sword sheathed, and rent the battle-
cloud

Wherewith her kings surround her—
The chains that long have bound her
Concealed, though clanking loud,
As stately she draws near;
Often in sorrow bowed,
She slips the shroud
Over her royal mantle,—wrings her hands,
That dripped so late with slaughter,
Of some brave son, dear daughter,
And heaps on her head the ashes of her desolated
lands!

Hither Europe, great and mean,
Half a slave, and half a queen;
Hear what words are to be spoken,
What the Present doth foretoken,
Hear, and understand, and know,
As did our wiser Mother a hundred years ago!

England, our Mother's Mother, twice our foe,
But now our friend, for coming thus to-day
Should bury past contentions, and it may:
We have so much in common, we should be

Rivals in peace, not warfare; for there runs
 The same blood in our sons:
 The same deep-seated love of Liberty
 Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good
 tongue,
 Familiar with all songs your bards have sung:
 Those large men, Milton, Shakspeare, both are ours.
 Come, from the shadow of your minster towers,
 Vast, venerable, and your prison walls,
 Where lazily the sickening sunshine crawls
 In close, damp wards; and from your storied
 domes,
 Columns of victory, each famous park;
 And from the squalor of your wretched homes,
 Where starving children die like rats in the
 dark!
 Powerful and impotent, receive, retain
 The wisdom wrung from you, and not in vain:
 Be for this truth our debtor—
 That gentlemen are good, but men are better!

Next come those neighbors twain,
 Fair, fickle, courtly France, and 'somber Spain.

Shorn of her ancient strength, but potent still,
 From her great wall-girt city by the Seine,
 Shattered by hard beleaguering, and wild ire
 That sacked her palaces, and set on fire,
 Pulled down her pillared column in disdain,
 Most apt for all things ill;
 From her green vineyards, ripening in the sun
 On southern slopes their misted, purple blooms,
 From cunning workshops, and from busy looms,
 And where her princely painters ply their Art,
 Artificer and artist, both in one,
 Tempter and tempted, Siren of mankind,
 Of many minds, but not the stable mind,
 Keen wit and stormy heart;
 With blare of trumpets and with roll of drums,
 She comes triumphantly—France comes!

Spain, with a grave sedateness,
 That well befits her old renown and greatness,
 When she put boldly forth to find a world,
 Found it, and pillaged it, and with banners furled,
 Sailed in her galleons homeward, red with blood,
 But wealthy with her spoil; nor did the flood
 Engulf her for her cruelties—blessed, not banned,
 By him who holds the keys of Peter in his
 hand!

They came not to bring peace here, but a sword,
 Sharp followers of the meek and loving Lord,
 Whom priests and monks were riding, and still
 ride—

Cowls over crowns, and over all the pride
 That arrogates to know the will of God,
 Holding alike His scepter and His rod,
 Lighting at once the censor, and the fires
 Wherein the poor wretch Heresy expires!

Te Deums then, but now—
 But thou dost well to bow,
 And cross thyself, and mutter *Aves*: we,
 Who know not thy temptations, cannot know
 What their punishment should be:
 But heaven adjusted vengeance long ago,
 When the New World passed from thee!

Three follow. Deadly feud
 Two cherished many years;
 For one was held in bitter servitude,
 And flouted for her tears.

But she has risen victorious, and is crowned
 Among the nations, with one foe remaining.

Powerless, except in curses, and complaining,
 And spiritual thunders that not now confound;
 Controlling, where he can,
 The consciences of the living, souls of the dead,
 Vicegerent of High God in puny man;
 More arrogant than She who sat of old
 On her Seven Hills, where altar smokes up-
 curled,
 Hungry for blood and gold,
 Sleepless, and ever mailed and helmeted,
 Whose legions scourged the world!
 Free Italy comes hither,
 Bringing with her

The memory of her glorious, great dominions,
 What time her eagles swept with iron pinions
 Three Continents, and her conquerors came home,
 Followed by fallen kings, the slaves of Rome;—
 The memory of her patriots and sages,
 Whose strong deeds and wise words light the
 succeeding ages!
 And they of later mold, wedding the sea;
 Doges of Venice; the rich Medici;
 Grave senators, stout captains, famous men,
 Who wielded sword and pen;
 Tasso, Boccaccio, the stern Florentine;
 With other children of her royal line,
 Who elevate the soul, and melt the heart,
 With their sublime, divinely tender Art!

Austria, who wears the crowns of divers lands,
 Snatched from pale brows in battle by red hands;
 Haught mistress of old peoples, Serb and Slave,
 Bohemian, Styrian, stalwart Tyrolese,
 Whom now she must provoke and now appease;
 From where the waters of the Danube lave
 Vienna's walls, and, winding past Komorn,
 Flow southward down through Hungary to the
 sea;
 And where her chamois-hunters wind the horn
 Along the Rhetian Alps, she comes, elate,
 Peaceful, and prosperous, hither. May she be
 A civic nation, with a happier fate
 Than fell on her at Sadowa! O may she
 Be lenient, juster, wiser than before,
 Mother, and not Oppressor,
 Redresser, not Transgressor,
 And her black eagles' talons rend no more!

But who is she comes with her, with such a
 mountain air,

And singing on her way,
 A simple spray of edelweis in her abundant hair,
 A cold light in her bright, blue eyes, like that
 of winter day,
 Steady, but sparkling, like her lakes, which Heaven
 stoops down to see,
 And sees itself so clearer? Who may the maiden
 be?

No maiden, but a matron—mother of sturdy men,
 Whose lion spirits Nature with independence
 fills,

Walled in with kingdoms, empires, and the
 everlasting hills.

Perhaps they have been conquered; but tell us
 where and when:

Not where her Arnold grasped the Austrian spears,
 Nor when the Tuilleries gave up its king,
 And they were hacked in pieces! All the years
 Have seen them dying, dying,
 But never flying.

Unless they followed Victory's crimson wing!
 As peaceful as the bosom of their lakes;
 As rugged as the Alps which are their home,
 Along whose granite feet their rivers foam;

As dreadful as the thunder when it shakes
Its lightnings over Jura! Heart and hand,
Welcome the sole republic, Switzerland!

With these come other three,
One kingdom and two empires, all at peace,
But dreaming of new warfare. Who shall say
When they may draw their million swords, and
slay
The poor, unpitied peoples? what release
These have from them, and what the end may
be?

What woes and tribulations,
What dooms and desolations,
Upon the innocent and unoffending nations!

Six years of doubtful greatness, hardly won,
Hath she possessed, and guarded day and night,
Forging huge cannon, in her grim delight,
To do (mistaken!) what can not be done:
The weak will band against her when she becomes
too strong,

The strong will fall upon her when she becomes
too weak,
And none will plead for her who smote them long,
Nor her own children turn the over-smitten
cheek.

They sow but ill who sow the seeds of hate,
For while the harvests grow, the reapers wait:
Another Jena may efface Sedan,
And Kaiser (grant it, God!) give place to Man!
She should be greater in good things than they
Who sit on thrones about her, Pope and Czar;
For she was born beneath a better star,
And had good men to guide her on her way:

"Iron and blood" are curses
That hatch out sure reverses:
For Conquest flies from Carnage, which she
brings,
Borne down in the lost battle by its tremendous
wings!

Be greater than thy neighbors, Germany,
Severe step-mother, whom thy sons forsake
For peace and freedom elsewhere. Glory lies
Not in thine arms, but arts,—in what is wise
Among thy thinkers, scholars, who partake
Of a larger nature than belongs to thee.
Better the land whose battles Luther fought,
Than that of Frederick, so misnamed the Great;
To which the deaf Beethoven, hearkening, brought
God's chapel music; for which Goethe thought;
A prosperous People, not a powerful State!

But who is she, woman of northern blood,
With fells of yellow hair and ruddy looks,
Berserker wife, with many an ocean son?
Her robe is hemmed with mountains, fringed
with fiords,
With scattered islands sown like pearls thereon,
Rivers therein as plentiful as brooks;
Her feet are in the seas, and arctic birds
Hover and scream about her; on her brow
The shadows of great pine woods: like the flood
Enters, and, like the pine, stands Sweden now!

Towering above and dwarfing these, a Shape
Enormous and portentous. She looks down
And captives with her smile, and with her frown
Destroys till none escape:
Her head in arctic winters, she looks round,
Westward and eastward, from the wild White
Cape,
Across Siberian wastes to Behring Strait:
In the far distance her sharp eyes are glancing

To where her feet are stealthily advancing,
On peoples whom her Cossacks will surround,
On kings they will unking, and temples great,
Whose gods they will destroy, or mutilate,
Despite the many hands that smite no more;
Southward, to where the mountain passes lead
To India; from her red Crimean shore,
Where she beheld in rage her children bleed;
Southward, along the waters, till she sees

Minarets and mosques,
Green gardens, cool kiosks,
Seraglios, where the Sultan lolls at ease—
She scarce can keep her hands off, for her hands
Pluck empires from her pathway: she commands
Her myriads, they obey: her shadows darken
Europe, Asia, who to her whispers hearken,
Dreading her voice of thunder,
And the foot that tramples them under—
So comes imperious Russia! Giantess

With thin spots in her armor, forged too fast
Of outworn breastplates of old generations,
Her strength enfeebled by sparse populations,
Nomadic in the steppes: if she were less
She would be greater; she has grown too vast.
What does she see within her and without her?
What guards has sovereign Nature set about her?
Above an icy ocean, and below
Innumerable streams that come and go,
Through wildernesses, and unherded plains;
Long mountain ranges, where the snow remains,
And mocks the short-lived summer; penal mines,
Where poor, enslaved, rebellious Poland pines;
Chastising armies on her wide frontiers,

Where, imminent, War appears!
These things, O Russia! are thy weakness, these
Thy hard misfortune; nor can all thy state
Their terrible force abate,
Nor thy great cities, nor thy navied seas—
Colossal sister, whom we welcome here
To these high halls in this Centurial Year!

Who is this Woman of majestic mien?
More than woman, less than Queen;
Her long robe trailed with the dust
Of the old ruined cities wherein she
Sat, abject, head bowed, in dead apathy,
Till some young, cruel hunter, spying, thrust
(Half in anger, half in play)
His sharp spear at her as he rode that way,
Grazing her heart, till, startled back to life,
She rose, and fled, and hid among the tombs,
Safer where gaunt hyenas were at strife,
Than where men were! O wretched and forlorn!
Why art thou living? O why wert thou born?
Where are the many crowns that thou hast worn,
Discrowned One! and the many scepters where?
Thy face is furrowed, furrowed, and thy hair
(Still golden) is disheveled! O what dooms
Have fallen upon thee! O what suns are set!

Thy far eyes see them yet—
The light of lost dominion lingers there,
The melancholy evening of regret;
And in thine ears what voices of despair—
The wailings of thy myriad children slain
By Mede and Roman, Turk and Tartar hordes—
The rush of onset and the din of swords,
Gengis, and Bajazet, and Tamerlane:
Weep Asia, weep again!
—Another in thy place,
So suddenly we did not see thee go;
Thou wert, and here she is! If there was woe,
There is no trace thereof in her untroubled face!
Who can declare the stature of this Woman—

The simple light of wonder in her eyes,
The strange, mysterious gloom that deeper lies,
And whether she be godlike, or be human?

Unhusbanded, and primitive;
But now, behold, her children live,
Crowding about her knees, the Mother of the
Race!

Tents arise and flocks are fed,
And men begin to bury dead:
O Shepherdess! thy sons depart,

The tents, the flocks, and where they were;
Cities gather, and thou art

No shepherdess, but Worshiper;
For round thee exhalations rise,
Which men, beholding, straightway say,
"Lo, these are gods!" and go their way,
And carve in wood, and mold in clay,
And cut in stone rude images

Hideous thereof, and bow to these,
Thou being their Priestess, both when they
Bring their first-fruits and on the altars lay,
And when their yearling lambs they sacrifice
To gods that know not of it, nor any thing.

The ruler at the gate is now a king,
Has armed men and horsemen, and is to battle
gone,

Headed and goaded on by thee, O more than
Amazon!

Whose once white robe is purple, whose strong
right hand is red—

Heap ashes on thy head,
Thou dark, infuriate Mother, whose children's
blood is shed!

Who shall declare her, from her garment's hem
To the tall towers of her great diadem,
Goddess! Gone again—

For here poor, ruined Asia weeps, and weeps in
vain!

With her are certain of her peoples—they

Who dwell in far Cathay;
They, neighboring, who their island empire hold;
They, less remote, more old,
Who live in sacred Ind.

What shall we call
This Curious One, who builded a great wall,
That, rivers crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out, but let in, the Invader;

Who is what her ancients made her;
Who neither wholly wakes, nor wholly sleeps,
Fool at once and sage,

Childhood of more than patriarchal age?
With twinkling, almond eyes, and little feet,
She totters hither, from her fields of flowers,
From where Pekin uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants meet
And barter with the world. We close our eyes,
And see her otherwise.

(Perhaps the spell began
With the quaint figures on her painted fan.)
At first she is a Land,

A stretch of plains and mountains, and long rivers,
Down which her inland tribute she delivers
To the sea cities: where a child may stand,
A man may climb, plants are, and shrubs, and
trees;

Arable every where,
No idlers there
In that vast hive-world of industrious bees!

Now she is many persons, many things,
The little and the great:
The Emperor plowing in the Sacred Field,

What time the New-Year comes in solemn
state;

A soldier, with his matchlock, bow, and shield,
Behind the many-bannered dragon wings;
A bonze, where the high pagodas rise,
And Buddha sits, cross-legged, in rapt repose;
A husbandman that goes

And sows his fallow fields with barley, wheat,
And gathers in his harvests, dries his tea;
Hunter, from whom the silver pheasant flies;

Boatman, whose boat floats downward to the sea;
Sailor, whose junk is clumsy; woodman, who
Cuts camphor-trees and groves of tall bamboo;

Gardens, wherein the zones like sisters meet,
Where bud and flower and fruit together grow,
The banyan and pomegranate, and the palm,

And the great water-lily, white as snow;
Rivers, with low squat bridges; every where
Women and children; beardless men, with
queues,

In tunics, short wide trowsers, silken shoes,
Some with the peaked caps of Mandarins;
Behold the ruby button burning there,

And yonder severed head that ghastly grins;
Old hill-side tombs, where mourners still repair;
Innumerable bustle, immemorial calm—

And this is China!

She

Who follows quickly—if she woman be—
Is clad in a loose robe, whose flowing folds
Mold out the shape they cover, and discover

To the eye of lord and lover,
The strong limbs, girdled waist, the arm that holds
Her island children, and the breasts that feed:

Woman and mother, why that manly stride,
And the two swords at thy side?
Offended or defended, who must bleed?

Her face is powdered, painted, and her hair,
Drawn high above her head, with pins of gold
Is fastened: if light olive tints are fair,

Fair is her oval face, though overbold;
Good-humor lights it, frankness, and the grace
Of high-born manner, honor, pride of place:

But, looking closer, keener, we discern
Something that can be stern,
Like the dark tempests on her mountain high-

lands,
The wild typhoons that whirl around her thousand
islands!

Most bounteous here, as in her sea-girt lands,
Where she stretches forth her hands,
Plucks cocoas and bananas in woods of oak and
pine,—

Grapes on every vine,
And walks on gold and silver, and knows her
power increased,

Nor fears her nobles longer—the Lady of the
East!

What words of what great poet can declare
This woman's fallen greatness, her despair,
The melancholy light in her mild eyes?

She neither lives nor dies!
First-born of Earth's First Mother, she gave birth
To the infant races, and her dwelling-place

Cradled the young religions: face to face,
Her many gods and children walked the Earth.
(Who could know, when Life began,

Which was god, and which was man?)
Her mountains are the bases of the sky,
Where the gods brooded, uncreate, eternal,

Celestial and infernal—

Indra every where, and Siva nigh,
Thunder voice that in the summer speaks—
Shadow of the wings that fly—
Arrow in the bended bow!
Did they wander down the mountain peaks,
Through the clouds and everlasting snow?
Or did men clamber up and fetch them down
below?

Who may know
What their heads and hands portend;
What the beasts whereon they ride,
And whether these be deified;
What was in the beginning and shall be in the
end?

What matter? Things like these—
Struggles to ascend the ladder of the air,
Plunges to reach unbottomed mysteries—
Have been thy ruin, India, once so fair,
So powerful, prayerful! Hands that clasp in
prayer

Let go the sword and scepter: thou hast seen
Thine roughly wrested from thee, and hast been
A prey to many spoilers, some thine own:
Timor proclaimed himself thy Emperor;
And Baber conquered, beaten thrice before;
And Nadir took thy glorious Peacock Throne;
And others, Hindoo, Moslem, self-made kings,
Carved out rich kingdoms from thy wide do-
mains—

Had violent, bloody reigns,
And perished (the gods be thanked!) like meaner
things—

If meaner, crueler in thy forests be,
Among the wolves and jackals skulking there,
And dreadful tigers roaring in their lair,
Than these foul beasts that so dismembered
thee!

O mortal and divine!
The largeness of the primitive world is thine:
The everlasting handiwork remains,
In the high mountain ranges, the broad plains,
The wastes, and vast, impenetrable woods
(Oppressive solitudes

Where no man was!), the multitudinous rivers—
The gods were generous givers,
If from the heavenly summit of Meru,
Beyond all height, they sent the Ganges down;
Or is it, Goddess, from thy mountained crown,
Far lifted in the inaccessible blue,
Its waters, rising in perpetual snow,
Come in swift torrents, swollen in their flow
By larger rivers, others swelling them,
All veins to this long stem

Of thy great leaf of verdure? Sacred River,
That from Gangotri goest to the Sea,
Past temples, cities, peoples—Holy Stream,
Whom but to hear of, wish for, see, or touch,
Bathe in, or sing old hymns to day by day,
Whom but to name a hundred leagues away,
Was to atone for all the sins committed
In three past lives (for Vishnu so permitted)

O Ganges! would the Powers could re-deliver
Thy virtues lost, or we renew the dream:
We can restore so much,
India, we cannot yet relinquish Thee!

A Vision of a Cloud,
Remote, but floating nearer, looming higher;
Movements therein as if of smothered fire,
And voices that are neither low nor loud.
A Vision of a Shadow, stooping down
Or rising up: we first behold the feet,

Then the huge, grasping hands; at last the
frown

On what should be the face of this Afreet!
A Vision of a Form that lies supine,
Lazily sprawling over a Continent;
Feet in the Indian Ocean, elbow leaning
On a green Atlantic cape, with nothing
screening,

Not even a lifted palm-leaf, the fierce shine
Of summer from its blinking, blinded eyes,
The hot sirocco from its desert brain,
Which a great sea cannot cool: supine it lies—

If chained, it hugs the chain!
Its head is on the mountains, and its hands
Fumble in its long slumber and dull dreams;
They finger cowries in the briny sands,
And dabble in the ooze of shrinking streams:
What happens around it neither hears nor heeds,
Awake or sleeping: over it lizards crawl,
The desert ostrich scampers in its face,
The hippopotamus crushes its river reeds,
Locusts consume, lions tear: it lies through
all—

Most brutish of the Race!

A Vision of a River, and a Land
Where no rain falls, which is the river's bed,
Through which it flows from waters far away,
Great lakes, and springs unknown, increasing slow,
Till the midsummer currents, rushing red,
Come overflowing the banks day after day,
Like ocean billows that devour the strand,

Till, lo! there is no land,
Save the cliffs of granite that inclose their flow,
And the waste sands beyond; subsiding then
Till land comes up again, and the husbandmen
(Chanting hymns the while)

Sow their sure crops, which till midwinter be
Green, gladdening the old Nile
As he goes on his gracious journey to the Sea!
—Land of strange gods, human, and beast, and
bird,

Where animals were sacred and adored,
The great bull Apis being of these the chief;
Pasth, with her woman's breast and lion face,
Maned, with her long arms stretching down her
thighs;

Dog-faced Anubis, haler of the dead
To judgment; Nu, with the ram's head and
curled horns;

And Athor, whom a templed crown adorns;
And Mut, the vulture; and the higher Three—
The goddess-mother Isis, and her lord,
Divine Osiris, whom dark Typhon slew,

For whom, in her great grief
(Leading unfathered Horus, weeping too),
She wandered up and down, lamenting sore,
Searching for lost Osiris: Libya heard
Her lamentations, and her rainy eyes

Flooded the shuddering Nile from shore to shore.
Till she had found, in many a secret place,
The poor dismembered body (can it be
These are supreme Osiris?) whereat she
Gathered the dear remains that Typhon hid,
And builded over each a Pyramid

In thirty cities, and was queen no more;
For Horus governed in his father's stead,
The crowns of Earth and Heaven on his
anointed head!

—From out the mists of hoar Antiquity
Straggle uncertain figures, gods or men—
Menes, Athothis, Cheops, and Khafren;

No matter who these last were, what they did,
Save that each raised a monstrous Pyramid
To house his mummy, and they rise to-day

Rifted thereof! And she—
Colossal Woman, couchant in the sands,
Who has a lion's body, paws for hands
(If she was winged, like the Theban one,

The wide-spread wings are gone):
Nations have fallen round her, but she stands;
Dynasties came and went, but she went not:
She saw the Pharaohs and the Shepherd Kings,
Chariots and horsemen in their dread array—

Cambyzes, Alexander, Anthony,
The hosts of standards, and the eagle wings,
Whom, to her ruinous sorrow, Egypt drew:

She saw, and she forgot—
Remembered not the old gods nor the new,
Which were to her as though they had not
been;

Remembered not the opulent, great Queen,
Whom riotous misbecomings so became—
Temptress, whom none could tame,
Splendor and danger, fatal to beguile;
Remembered not the serpent of old Nile,
Nor the Herculean Roman she loved and over-
threw!

Half buried in the sand it lies:
It neither questions nor replies;
And what is coming, what is gone,
Disturbs it not: it looks straight on,
Under the everlasting skies,
In what eternal Eyes!

Out of all this a Presence comes, and stands
Full-fronted, as who turns upon the Past,
Modern among the ancients, and the last
Of re-born, risen nations: in her hands,

That once so many scepters held, and rods,
A palm leaf set with jewels: Princess, she—
She has her palaces along the Nile,
Her navies on the sea;

And in the temples of her fallen gods
(Not hers—she knows but the One God over
all),

She hears from holy mosques the muezzin's call,
"Lo, Allah is most great!" And when the
dawn

Is drawing near, "Prayer better is than Sleep."
She rides abroad; her curtains are undrawn—
She walks with lifted veil, nor hides her
smile,

Nor the sweet, luminous eyes, where languors
creep

No more: she is no more Circassian girl,
But Princess, woman with the mother breast;
No Cleopatra to dissolve the pearl

And take the asp—the East become the West!
Honor to Egypt—honor;
May Allah smile upon her!

He does; for, while on others waning now,
The Prophet's Crescent broadens on her brow:
O prosper, Egypt, prosper! nor deplore

What was and might have been,
When thou wert slave and queen:
Hither, and sing "*In extu*," no more!

Welcome, a thousand welcomes! Our emotion
Demands a speech we have not: it demands
The unutterable largeness of the ocean,
The immeasurable broadness of the lands
That own us masters. Who is he shall speak
This language for us? from what mountain peak?
And in the rhythms of what epic song,

At once serene and strong?
Welcomes, ten thousand welcomes! It is much,
O sisters! ye have done in coming here;
For from the hour ye touch
Our peaceful shores, ye are peaceful, equal,
dear!

Not with exultations,
O Sister, Mother nations!
Do we receive your coming; for more than many
see

Comes with ye; do ye see it? It is what is to be
Some day among your myriads, who will no more
obey;

But, peaceable or warring, will then find out the
way

Themselves to govern: if they tolerate
Kaisers, and Kings, and Princelings, as to-day,
It will be because they pity and are too good to
hate.

The New World is teaching the Old World to
be free:

Thus, her acknowledgment from these, is
more

Than all that went before:
Henceforth, America, Man looks up to Thee,
Not down at the dead Republics! Rise, arise!
That all men may behold thee. Be not proud;

Be humble and be wise;
And let thy head be bowed

To the Unknown, Supreme One, who on high
Has willed thee not to die!

Be grateful, watchful, brave;
See that among thy children none shall plunder,
Nor rend asunder—

Swift to detect and punish, and strong to shield
and save!

Shall the drums beat, trumpets sound,
And the cannon thunder round?

No, these are warlike noises, and must cease;
Not thus, while the whole world from battle
rests,

The Commonwealth receives her honored
guests—

She celebrates no triumphs but of Peace.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Manufacture of Doctors.

ONE of the most suggestive bits of information contained in Mr. Scudder's excellent article in our July number, on Harvard University, related to the revolution that has been effected in the medical department of that institution. So far as we know the history of medical education in this country, the standard has been disgracefully low. In the old days of country schools, hundreds of men were made physicians every year on a very small provocation. A young man of moderate intelligence, knowing small Latin and less Greek, entered his name at any regular practitioner's office, and attended two courses of lectures. If, after presenting his preceptor's certificate that he had been a student of medicine for three years, including the two lecture terms, he passed with tolerable credit a most desultory and incompetent examination, he received his diploma, and was at liberty to settle anywhere, to practice every branch of medicine and surgery. How much better the state of things is now, in the Schools of New York and Philadelphia, we have no means at hand definitely to determine. The city schools have certain advantages of clinical instruction which the country schools never possessed, but beyond these, we believe there is very little to be said in their favor. The young men come in swarms, and they go in swarms, and it is very rare that any one goes "plucked." The little Homeopathic school in this city is much more thorough and exacting than the "regular" schools, which are engaged in a heavy competition. Out of its class of thirty odd last year, nine were plucked, after a very close examination, or about twenty-seven per cent, while of a class of over a hundred, in one of the regular schools, only two were plucked—less than two per cent.

It seems that at Boston, for fifty years or more, the old system of instruction and examination had prevailed, when the authorities, though the school was abundantly prosperous, became discontented, and inaugurated a revolution. They had worked faithfully in the old way, with as good results as the old way could secure. As Dr. Holmes, in summing up the matter, said: "It was a great feast of many courses, to which the student was invited; but they were all set on at once, which was not the best arrangement, either for mental appetite or digestion." In other words, the students came to Boston two winters, and were crammed with lectures, and then went home to short commons. The change inaugurated devotes the entire academic year to medical instruction. The two terms begin respectively in September and February, and end in February and June. Each of these terms is more than the equivalent of the former winter term. The instruction is made progressive, the students being divided into three classes, taking up the different branches in their natural succession, instead of hav-

ing the whole burden poured on to them at once. The old oral, hasty and utterly incompetent examination for a degree, that was formerly in vogue, has gone out, and in place of it there has been instituted a written examination, lasting three hours in each branch, and the student must pass this examination satisfactorily before he can obtain his diploma.

There is, perhaps, nothing in all the many improvements that Harvard has made during the history of its remarkable progress, for which a long-suffering people owe it so much gratitude as for this. It has always been too easy an achievement to obtain a medical diploma. Medical schools have competed with each other for students, and the temptation has been to keep the standard low, and to graduate the largest possible number of men. None know better than intelligent medical men, that there are multitudes of physicians in practice who never ought to have been permitted to practice—men whose medical education is shamefully slender—men whose diploma does not belong to them by any right of knowledge, or culture, or any sort of ability.

Well, what has been the result of the change at Harvard? "A greater prosperity," Mr. Scudder informs us, than under the old system. But it is not necessary to go to Mr. Scudder for the information. It is becoming notorious that a Harvard diploma in Medicine is the most valuable diploma procurable in this country. The consequence is that the better class of students will seek it, until the other schools adopt the same plan, and do away forever with the present cheap and inefficient one. A Harvard Medical Diploma means something; the ordinary diploma means very little, even to those who get it. A Harvard diploma means work, achievement, scholarship, honor, success; and the best material in preparation for the profession will try for it at any sacrifice. The medical schools of New York and Philadelphia must wheel into line with Boston, or be left behind, where they ought to be left. Nothing will be gained to the profession or the world by any other course, or, in the long run, to the schools themselves.

These matters of health and sickness, life and death, are very serious ones, and there are few things more sad—more horrible, indeed—than to see a sick or an injured man in hands utterly incompetent to treat him. The truth is that a physician should be always a first class man—first class in his moralities, his character, his acquirements, his skill. No course of education can be too thorough for him, no preparation for the stupendous work of his life too exacting. Medical students are not apt to think of this. By becoming familiar with disease and death, they are far too apt to grow thoughtless, and to forget the preciousness of that possession which they are to be called upon to protect. They certainly will not think of it if their instructors make it easy for them to acquire their

profession. The commission of a single unworthy man to practice the profession of medicine is a direct means of demoralization, of which no faculty can afford to be guilty. Let us manufacture no more doctors: let us educate them.

The Social Evil.

THERE are some topics which an editor does not like to write upon—which the people do not like to read about; but when they relate to a great social danger they are forced on the public attention, and must be discussed with such inoffensiveness of language as may be possible in a frank and forcible treatment of them. The late Grand Jury, which found it in the line of its apprehended duty to recommend the establishment of regulated prostitution, has forced the topic upon the press, and it must be met and disposed of.

It is noteworthy that at a time when a most determined effort is making, not only in England but all over the Continent, for the doing away of the laws which in England exist under the name of the "Contagious Diseases Act," and, in other countries, under equally insignificant and innocent titles, there should be widely scattered but determined efforts to give those laws an asylum in America. There have been as many as three or four attempts to establish regulative laws in Washington, three in New York, one in Cincinnati, one in St. Louis—successful, but now repealed—one in Pennsylvania, and one in California. These attempts have been initiated and made in various ways. Boards of Health have had something to do with the matter. Committees on Crime, and Prison Reports have recommended such laws; and the advocates of the change have sought to accomplish their purposes through legislative enactments and city charters. The presentation of the Grand Jury in this city is the latest attempt in this direction; and now, on behalf of common decency and public morality, and on behalf of all right-thinking men, and absolutely all women, we beg leave to enter our most emphatic protest.

We do not question the motives of the Grand Jury. There is a class of good men who, apprehending the immensity of the social evil, and absolutely hopeless of its cure, have come to the conclusion that the best way is to regulate that which they cannot suppress—to recognize in law, and regulate by law, a bestial crime which no penalties have been sufficient to exterminate. These men mean well. They embrace in their number many physicians and scientific men. They support their position by a thousand ingenious arguments; but the great crowd that stand behind these men—silent, watchful and hopeful—ready with votes, ready with money—is made up of very different materials, and actuated by very different motives. They are men who desire to commit crime with impunity,—to visit a brothel without danger of apprehension and without danger of infection. They are the cold-blooded, scoffing foes of social purity. There is not one of them who does not desire to have prostitution "regulated" on behalf of his own beastly carcass.

The effect of these regulative laws on all European society has been precisely that which, in the nature of the case, might have been anticipated. During the existence of Christian society, all commerce of the sexes outside of the obligations and liberties of Christian marriage, has been regarded and treated as a crime. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" has been transcribed from the tables of stone upon every statute-book of every Christian State. Now, the very first effect of an instituted attempt, on the part of the State, to regulate by law a well defined crime, not only against the civil but the moral law, is to lower the standard of the public morality. To legalize vice, even to the extent of regulating it as an evil, is to make it in a degree respectable. To regulate a vicious calling—carried on only to the everlasting ruin of all who are engaged in it—is to recognize it as a calling, and legitimize it. We say that the evil effects of this legislation on European society might have been anticipated by any but the blind. It was in the nature of the case that the tone of the public morality would be lowered by it. When, added to this terrible result, the people found themselves released from the fear of infection, through the medical supervision of the wretched women whose legitimized calling provided for their bestialities, they were ready to accept their new privileges. The morality of Paris, of Brussels, of Berlin, of Vienna—of all the great Continental centers—has been absolutely honey-combed with sexual corruption. Morality lowered, increased immunity from danger effected, and the beast in man was let loose to have its own way. The translation of a vice into an evil is the transformation of a thing to be blamed into a thing to be pitied and deplored. Recognizing that evil as a necessity, we have only to take one more step to make it an ordination of heaven.

"Well, what would you do?" inquire the advocates of regulation. "Here is a great evil. We suppress it in one quarter, and it springs to life in another. It has as many heads as Hydra. The diseases which it engenders are poisoning the children who are innocent. They are reducing the physical tone of the nation, and thus diminishing the average years of life." Yes, we know all this; but how do you expect to treat effectually a two-sided crime with one-sided laws? Who spreads disease among the children, or transmits it to them? The women? Not at all. It is the class for which you have no law—the class which, nine cases in ten, brought the women down to dissolute habits—the class which, with bribes in its hands, makes prostitution as a calling possible. The men go free. You propose to let them go free. For them you have no registration, no medical inspection, no surveillance, no restraints, and no penalties of any sort. The bald injustice of the thing is a temptation to profanity. There is not a woman in the land, bad or good, who does not feel it to be such. To undertake by law to regulate what we call the social evil, is to undertake to provide facility and safety for the overbearing passions of the young, and the incorrigible lecher grown old in his vice. It is

practically to discourage marriage by debasing the moralities and the respect for woman in which only true marriage is possible. It is to transform American society, socially the most pure of any on the earth, into the semblance and substance of that which prevails in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. It is indefinitely and immeasurably to increase the moral side of the evil, which you and all good people deplore, by legitimizing it, and by diminishing its physical dangers. The laws you propose would be brush heaped upon a bonfire.

If we are to have laws, let us have just laws. In the first place, let us not talk about a voluntary crime as a necessary and incurable evil. That is demoralization at the start. In the second place, let us have for all two-sided crimes two-sided laws. Prostitution is a two-sided crime. It is not possible without a confederate or a companion. Make the same law for one that you make for the other, and see how long prostitution would last. Do this, and prostitution would be reduced seventy-five per cent. in twenty-four hours. Station a policeman at every brothel. Compel every man who enters to register his name and residence, and report himself to the medical authorities every three days for a month. Provide the same penalties, the same restrictions, the same disgraces and painful humiliations for one party that you do for the other, and then see what would come of it. There is something curative in this proposition, because it is indubitably just; and the reason why prostitution has grown to its alarming dimensions is simply and only because the laws relating to it are unjust. No legislation which takes into consideration only one of the guilty parties can possibly thrive. It never ought to thrive. It is an outrage upon the criminal who is discriminated against. It is an outrage upon the common sense of justice.

When our Grand Juries, and our Boards of Health, and our medical conventions, and our legislators are ready for regulative laws which embrace both parties in the social crime, we shall be with them—for such laws will not be simply regulative—they will be curative. Until then, we call upon all good people to oppose as they would oppose fire, or plague, or invasion, every attempt to give us the regulative laws that have debased all Europe, and from which many of the best Europeans are trying to release themselves.

The Dead-Beat Nuisance.

We hear a great deal of the "tramp nuisance," but this is very largely confined to the country. Men out of work, with no families to tie them to any particular spot, and men demoralized by army experiences, who would not work if they could, added to the great pauperized mass that is afloat at all times, tramp from town to town, and beg or steal—according to their depth of degradation—to eke out their miserable and meaningless lives. But there is another nuisance, confined mainly to the cities, of which the country knows but little, that grows larger and larger with each

passing month of business distress. The dead-beat is a product of the town, and harder to handle and cure than the tramp.

The processes by which the dead-beat is made are various. A young man of bad habits goes on to worse, until, as business becomes slack, he is discharged. From that day forth his clothes grow shabby. He begins to borrow from those who knew him in better days, with the promise and, at first, with the purpose, of paying; but at last he wears out his friends, and begins to prey upon society at large. He has no resource but borrowing—borrowing on the basis of any story that he can invent. He wants money to bury his wife, his child, to feed a starving family, to get to some place where he has friends. Many pretend to belong in the South, and are only anxious to get back. Many in New York have just come from the South, their trunks pawned for passage-money, and they want to get to Boston. Some are just from a hospital, where they have for a long time been ill. They have been dismissed without money, and want to reach their friends. The ingenious lies that are peddled about New York, in any single day, by men and women fairly well dressed, for the purpose of extorting from sympathetic and benevolent people, sums varying from one dollar to twenty-five dollars, would make a series of narratives quite sufficient to set up a modern novelist. So earnestly and consistently are these stories told that it is next to impossible to realize that they are not true; yet we suppose that the experience of the general public, like all the private experience with which we are acquainted, proves that ninety-nine times in a hundred they are pure, or most impure, inventions.

The genteel female dead-beat is, perhaps, the hardest to get along with. She puts on airs and dignities. She talks of her former fortune, and of her expectations. She has sources of income at present shut up, but sure to be opened in time. Or she has a small income, terribly inadequate, at best, but not yet due. She wants something to bridge over the gulf that yawns between the last dollar and the next. Sometimes she lubricates her speech with tears, but dignity, and great self-respectfulness, and a beautiful show of faith in God and man, are her principal instruments; and it takes a purse that shuts like a steel trap to withstand her appeals. Some of these women selfishly stay at home, or in some nice boarding-house, and push out their children, and even their young and well-educated daughters, to do their borrowing for them. One whom we know,—confessedly a non-attendant at any church,—rails at the church for not supporting her. "Pretty followers of Jesus Christ!" she thinks the church members are.

The moment a man begins to lie for the purpose of getting money, or for the purpose of excusing himself for the non-payment of a debt, that moment he changes from a man to a dead-beat. We thus have dead-beats in business, as well as out of business—men who "shin" from day to day, and never know in the morning how they are to get through. They live constantly by expedients. Of course, it

cannot take long to reduce them to dead-beats of the most disgraceful stamp.

We have already, in a previous number, chronicled the statement made by one of our most truthful public men, that there is in this city a house that harbors the professional dead-beat, and furnishes him with romances to be used in the practical extortion of money. In this house there is a book kept, in which are recorded the names of benevolent men and women, with all their histories, traits, weak points, etc. These romances and this knowledge are imparted in consideration of a certain percentage of the money collected through their use. Whether we call this organized beggary or organized robbery, it matters little. The fact itself is enough to put every man upon his guard, and to make him decline (as a fixed rule, never to be deviated from, except in instances where his own personal knowledge warrants him in doing so) to give anything to anybody who comes to him with a story and an outstretched palm. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the story is a lie, and the teller it a professional dead-beat, who deserves to be kicked from the door. Personally, we have never known a case

in New York City of this sort of begging or borrowing that was not a fraud. The money loaned never comes back, or the beggar by some forgetfulness comes round again.

The only safe way to manage these importunate and adroit scamps is either to turn them over to the investigation of some society, or to call a policeman. Fortunately, there is in a large number of houses the District telegraph, by the means of which a policeman can be summoned in a minute or two, without the visitor's knowledge. In many instances, the policeman will know his man at first sight. Every dollar given to these leeches upon the social body is a direct encouragement to the increase of the pauper population; and, if the matter is still regarded carelessly, we shall, in twenty years, be as badly off as Great Britain in this particular. What we give goes for rum, as a rule, and we not only foster idleness, but we nourish vice and crime. We need to make a dead set against tramps in the country and dead-beats in the city, if we wish to save our children from a reign of pauperism, only less destructive of the prosperity and the best interests of the country than the reign of war.

THE OLD CABINET.

A Song of the Early Summer.

NOT yet the orchard lifted
Its cloudy bloom to the sky,
Nor through the dim twilight drifted
The willow-whistle's cry;

The gray rock had not made
Of the vine its glistening kirtle,
Nor shook 'neath the locust's shade
The purple bells of the myrtle;

Ere, awake in the darkling night,
You heard in the chimney-hollow
The booming whir of the swallow,
And the twitter that follows the flight;

Before the foamy whitening
Of the water below the mill;
Ere yet the summer lightning
Shone red at the edge of the hill,—

I KNOW without something human
A song like this is vain;
For earth without man or woman
Is Hamlet without the Dane:

But in fact I have no story;
You must wait till another time:
But Summer is in its glory,
And I cannot keep from rhyme.

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THERE is a good deal to be said in corroboration of the statement that style is more than matter. Truth is something which exists always and everywhere. But it is of no immediate value to us unless it is made presently and vividly apparent. The mere formal statement or restatement of the truth is of no account; but the statement of it in such a way that it is, as the phrase goes, brought home to us,—that is of great moment. This is what style does. This is what Hawthorne's romances, and George Eliot's novels do. The ethical force of their books is owing to their art, to their style. People who write homilies think it outrageous that their own pages should be called dull. Is not this *truth*? they cry out; how, they insist, can you call such vital and important matters stupid! They forget that nothing is so common as truth, for there is nowhere that it is not, and there is no person who has not had experience of it. So when your homily man says that people who expect to gain happiness and freedom by selfish indulgence, end by finding themselves unhappy and in bondage; or when he says, be true, be true, be true or you will suffer; or when he says that you should not marry for money; he makes remarks that every one will assent to and forget. But when the same statement is typified in "Romola," and "The Scarlet Letter," and "Daniel Deronda," the world hears, heeds and remembers.

Almost every one who reads "The Flood of Years," will find himself familiar with most of its thought and imagery. It is its style that gives this latest poem of the old poet its impression and its

value. It has a sound like an organ,—a motion like that of a majestic river flowing toward the unknown, eternal sea.

Song.

I.

ON the wild rose tree
Many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

II.

Thou who wouldst be wise!
Open well thine eyes:
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower.

MY DEAR MISS ———: I do not like the title of the little essay about which you have thought it worth while to ask my opinion: "A Woman's Thoughts on Scandinavian Literature." I do not say that there might not be an occasion when such a title would be appropriate. And a woman should certainly *be* a woman. But by such a title you put yourself in a false position; that is, you become conscious of your womanhood. Suppose Matthew Arnold should write "A Man's Thoughts about the Moon;" he would become conscious of his manhood and write, in a certain degree, affectedly. His writing would not be so natural, and spontaneous, and *manly* as it would be if he just wrote about the moon! Your thoughts cannot avoid being a woman's thoughts, but they will probably be more valuable if you don't think about yourself and your point of view at all. No living woman can dispute the womanliness of George Eliot; and no living man can dispute her intellectual strength. No one can say how much of her intellectual power comes from her womanliness: how much she may owe to her own feminine point of view. But in her literature she ignores her sex; just as a man should not think of his. Her pen name is, in fact, the name of a man, not that she wishes to unsex herself, but to forget herself.

If you had asked advice with relation to the stage instead of with relation to literature, I should have said, what an American prima donna now says to all who come to her seeking knowledge on the subject of training for public singing, "Read 'Daniel Deronda,' third book, twenty-third chapter." But that chapter does apply to your case, nevertheless, with exceptions which are apparent. "Whenever an artist has been able to say 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." Yours, &c.

WE are always surprised when little men are chosen for great offices; as if this were not the rule in all organizations, and any contrary instance the exception. Busybodies, conceited, or selfish, or talky-talky persons, naturally push their ways into committees, secretariats and the like; and when

it comes to popular suffrage the contemporaneous people are as unsympathetic with an original mind as with an original work of art. The contemporaneous people, we say, for time and the grave bring the great man and the great art, on the one side, and humanity on the other—each to its own.

A Midsummer Song.

OH, father's gone to market town; he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will—
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound,—
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo—
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?"

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a hundred flowers bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now, and wonders what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?

SACRED and profane politics have many points in common; the principal point being that they are both politics. Dr. McClinton was acknowledged to be the foremost scholar of American Methodism, and this is what he wrote to a friend in the last years of his noble and generous life—a life of which his friend Dr. Crooks has recently made a fitting and valuable record:

"There must always be men, in every ecclesiastical and political body, who shall work for the best good of the body, without holding the form of power in it. I am content to be one of these men in our

Church. All that I have of intellect, of culture, and of position in the world, I give to Methodism, because I believe Methodism to be the best form of American Christianity. But if Methodism does not want me in any of what are called the posts of power, I am not only content, but thankful and

happy. It makes me shudder to see men eager for these posts, with all their responsibilities. I know that I am unfit for nearly all of them, and my Master knows it better than I do. It is He, doubtless, who has directed all my goings, for my own good, as well as for that of the Church."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Midsummer Holidays.

SHORT EXCURSIONS FROM NEW YORK.

AT an expenditure of a dollar, or less, the resident or visitor in New York can reach the sea-side, and plunge into the exhilarating surf of the Atlantic itself; or pass a lazy afternoon fishing on the "Banks;" or ascend the Hudson River and visit the Highlands at West Point; or cool himself in the breezes that sweep the Orange Mountains at Orange or Montclair; or, at greater expense, breaking away from steam-boats and steam-cars, he may ride on the box of an old-fashioned stage-coach through the most picturesque parts of Westchester County. The man of business, with leave of absence for a week or two, usually undertakes a tedious and expensive journey to some uncomfortable fashionable resort, while at his very doors there are dozens of places unfamiliar to him, at which he might find both recreation and health with less outlay than the price of a railway ticket to Saratoga or Cape May. We have suburbs as lovely as Richmond-on-the-Thames, and the character of the scenery around New York is far more varied than that around London. But we have no such hotels as the Star and Garter; indeed, at some of the most attractive places the only house of entertainment is a beer-saloon; the only refreshments to be obtained are hard-boiled eggs, ice-cream, and peanuts, and, at the best, the more pretentious hotels serve an exasperating and debilitating dinner, which detracts from, rather than adds to, the pleasure of the journey. A well-stocked lunch-basket is therefore a desirable part of the little trips we propose to suggest.

The sea-side is the strongest attraction to people from the interior, and our first trip shall be down the Bay, in one of the Staten Island (South Shore) ferry-boats, which leave the Battery, near the foot of Broadway, every hour, fare ten cents,—down by the fortifications on Governor's Island, and among the fleets of vessels on the wing and at anchor, toward the gently swelling ridge, eight miles below, which gradually closes in with the opposite shore of Long Island until it reaches the Narrows, the harbor-gate to the Ocean. The third and last landing made by the boat is Vanderbilt's, where we disembark, and either walk or ride in the street-car about a mile up a shady avenue to Fort Richmond, which occupies, with Fort Wadsworth, a high bluff in the very narrows of the Narrows, and commands both the Upper and the Lower Bays. The fortifications and armaments are of the most exten-

sive kind. Battery after battery, trench after trench, wall after wall of solid granite, are discovered in our walk down the winding paths; and, when we are tired of this warlike exhibition, we can retire to a position on one of the grassy knolls that sweep upward from the water and view the varied expanse of land and sea, while a cool salt breeze plays about us.

Another pleasant walk or ride is from the first (Tompkinsville) landing of the South Shore boats to New Brighton or Port Richmond, on the Kill von Kull, a picturesque strait leading from Newark Bay to New York Bay, from which villages other lines of boats will convey you to the city. About a mile from New Brighton is Sailors' Snug Harbor, a beneficent charity, in which a large number of "old salts" are provided with a liberal home. The Seaman's Hospital and other interesting institutions are also within easy distance of the South-side landings, and a short railway ride across the island (fare, including ferriage from New York, twenty-five cents) will bring you to the ancient settlement of Perth Amboy, which aspired to be a rival of the metropolis, but has faded into a sleepy little village, with more powerful attractions for the bather or fisherman than for the merchant. From Whitehall and Pier 19 boats run directly to the North Shore. From the old town of Port Richmond pleasant excursions can be made inland, to the Brewery and Todt Hill.

The Long Branch boats start from Pier 8, North River, and one day, at least, may be spent at that fashionable resort, which can also be reached by the New Jersey Central Railway from Liberty street. The route by steamer is the more desirable in fine weather. After a delightful sail of about an hour and a half, affording an excellent idea of the extent and beauty of the harbor, you are landed at Sandy Hook, and thence conveyed by the steam-cars of the New Jersey Southern Railroad to the Branch, the character of which, as a showy, expensive resort, is too familiar to need comment here. The Highlands is an intermediate station, named after a popular watering-place on the magnificent headland confronting the Atlantic, which is marked for the aid of the mariner by the two finest light-houses on the coast. Some prefer the Highlands to the Branch, on account of the shady woods among which the hotels and boarding-houses are situated, and, to the writer's mind, nothing can exceed the pleasure of reposing on a summer afternoon under these thick canopies of leaf, with the ocean breaking on the yellow

beach just below and reaching out to the rosy horizon. A narrow strip of sand forms a natural break-water, between which and the embankment the Shrewsbury River flows placidly, and gives opportunity to the fisherman, and to the bather who does not care for the boisterous surf of the outer beach. A steamboat runs direct between the Highlands and the city, but the hours of sailing (advertised in the newspapers) are irregular.

Coney Island and Rockaway are watering-places of the extremely popular order, and can be reached in an hour or two by steam-cars from Brooklyn, or by boat from the city. Far Rockaway is more select, with boating, fishing, surf, and still-water bathing as attractions. Excursions to the Fishing Banks off Long Branch, in steamers especially chartered, form another diversion, involving a round trip of about sixty miles on the ocean, and costing about two dollars.

The Long Island Sound is bordered with numerous other watering-places, including Whitestone, which can be reached by boat or by the North Shore Railway from Hunter's Point in an hour or so, and which has excellent bathing, fishing, and boating facilities. A clam-bake, Indian fashion, a chowder, or a dish of mackerel, not very daintily served, but savory enough, may usually be obtained at these sea-side villages. A dip in the pure ocean water, an hour's cruise in a yacht (such as you may hire for two dollars); a well-selected lunch; repose on the warm yellow sand and a dreamy survey of the white sails that speckle the horizon,—these are pleasures to be had any summer day by the sojourner in New York.

Before September 1st, an instructive and interesting trip may be made by the Harlem boats from Peck Slip, East River, to the great excavations at Hell Gate, which were described in the number of this magazine for November, 1871, and which are intended to remove the barrier rocks obstructing the gate-way to the Sound. The route of the Harlem steamers, which leave the city almost hourly, comprehends a view of the East River through its whole length, with about three miles of shipping; the Brooklyn Navy Yard and ferries, the oil docks, Blackwell's Island and its prisons, work-houses, and asylums; the green Long Island shore dotted with many pretty villas; Ward's and Randall's Islands with their magnificent charities, and the floating boat-club houses on the Harlem. Steamers also run the entire length of the East River, past Fort Schuyler to City Island and New Rochelle, on the Sound.

If you take the Harlem boat you are deposited at Harlem Bridge, whence, after a pull on that river in a row-boat, or an easier ride in another steamer, to High Bridge, the crossing of the Croton Aqueduct, you can return to the city by steam or horse-cars. The Harlem is particularly interesting between three and nine o'clock on Saturdays, when it is crowded with swift sculls and picturesquely dressed oarsmen.

The Hudson River day-boats leave the foot of Vestry street, North River, at 8:30 A. M., and excursion tickets to West Point or Newburg and back,

are sold for a dollar, the return boats reaching the city at about 6 P. M. Probably no other excursion possible in the world presents the same variety and grandeur of scenery in the same space as this does.

The steamer arrives at West Point soon after midday, and the tourist can either land here or proceed to Newburg, nine miles farther up. We advise him to land. The scenery around the Point is the grandest of all, and, besides this, the Military Academy has many points of interest. He will also have an hour's more time ashore than if he goes to Newburg. As for lunch, he may obtain it at the hotel, or in the restaurant on board before landing. The down-boat is due at about three o'clock, and after three hours spent in rambling among the groves, ravines, and slopes, the traveler may retrace the route of the morning to the city. The interest and beauty of the river do not end at West Point, however, and, if he has time, he will be repaid by continuing with the boat to Albany, where it will arrive at about 6 P. M. He may then return to the city by the famous night-boats "St. John" or "Drew," arriving in the city early on the next morning, or by the trains of the Hudson River road. The Hudson River trip may be made also in the afternoon boats: the "Mary Powell," the "Cornell" or "Baldwin," etc.

A delightful half day may be spent in the region of Tarrytown. The Hudson River cars land the visitor at Irvington, twenty-two miles from the city, and a ten minutes' walk to the north along the river brings him to "Sunnyside," Irving's rambling, pebble-dashed little mansion, with Dutch gables, almost concealed in the foliage. A few minutes' walk to the eastward is the Broadway Boulevard, which for many miles north and south of this point is lined with imposing dwellings. Proceeding north for two miles, the visitor comes to the suburbs of Tarrytown. The old village is below, on the shore of the Hudson, while the hills are crowded with fine residences. Near at hand is the monument to the captors of André, erected on the spot of his capture. The old Dutch cemetery, one mile north of the town, has many quaint tombstones, and contains the grave of Irving and an interesting chapel built by Frederick Phillips in the seventeenth century. One crosses the noted Sleepy Hollow Bridge on the way to the cemetery.

The Orange Mountains of New Jersey are within twelve miles of the city, and have many beautiful walks and drives. The best way of reaching them is by the Morris and Essex road, from the foot of Barclay street, North River, to Montclair or Orange. But they may also be reached at any hour of the day by the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the New Jersey Central, *via* Newark, whence street-cars run at frequent intervals to within a short distance of the base of the mountains. Follow any road or trail you choose, and in a little while you will be in the breezy uplands, with ten to twenty-five miles of country open to your vision, and a thick roof of leaves swaying over you. A large tract of land on the slope near Orange has been inclosed under the name of Llewellyn Park, and cultivated with great taste and

care. It contains many pretty houses and bowery retreats. The view from Eagle Rock on the ridge of the mountain is especially fine.

By following the Passaic River above Newark, either on the banks or in a row-boat, you will soon enter an exceedingly picturesque neighborhood. The banks are wooded and undulating, and from their highest points a wide expanse of lovely scenery is revealed. Three miles above Newark is Belleville, a pretty village with a Chinese laundry, which is well worth a visit; and Newark itself contains many industries in jewelry, leather, etc., that will also repay inspection.

An old-fashioned English coach pulled by four swift horses, and conducted by a "guard" with a horn, leaves the Hotel Brunswick, at Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, every morning for Pelham Bridge in Westchester County. The ride itself is one of the prettiest that can be imagined, and the adjuncts, —the high rate of speed, the crack of the driver's long whip, the brassy notes of the horn and the clatter of the hoofs,—make it altogether delightful. The coach arrives in the city on its return journey early in the evening.

Of course, there are many other resorts accessible to New Yorkers besides those that we have mentioned, but we selected only those that are adapted to an afternoon or a day's excursion.

N.B.—The visitor to New York City will find much practical information about points of interest in the metropolis, in a sketch, entitled "How to see New York," SCRIBNER for June (pp. 272-4). Since the issue of that number, various New York citizens have generously contributed from their private galleries to a "Centennial Loan Exhibition" of pictures, open at the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum, from July till November. This is perhaps the finest collection of the kind ever on exhibition in this country, and will alone repay a visit to the city. It contains many excellent examples of American and modern Continental Art; and in connection with the Centennial exhibition (especially the English paintings) will afford visitors an opportunity to see and study the best schools and methods of modern art.

The Rules of Croquet.

BY UNCLE CHARLEY.

EVERY one who plays croquet, knows the disagreeable results of the diversity in rules and method of play among different players. The books which have been written on the subject are also at variance, and as there is nothing but the author's or publisher's name to give authority to either book, the partisan of either side of any disputed question can readily find printed support for his views. What is needed, is a set of rules which shall have some positive authority, or shall represent the combined wisdom of some considerable body of experts in the game, and not merely the opinions of any one person. A reasonably complete and sensible code having

such sanction ought to be generally adopted, for the sake of harmony.

The English croquet clubs held a conference in January, 1870, at which a code of laws was adopted which are characterized by simplicity, good sense, and straightforwardness. These rules have since been revised by the votes of the clubs represented in the conference, and seem worthy of universal adoption. We have been guided by them for three seasons, and like them better and better. The principal points are as follows:

1. NO "BOOBY."—Rule 4.—"The striker's ball, when placed on the starting-spot and struck, is at once in play and can roquet another or be roqueted whether it has made the first hoop or not."

2. THE TURN.—"A player, when his turn comes, may roquet each ball once and may do this again after each point made."

3. NO TIGHT CROQUET.—"In taking croquet, the striker is not allowed to place his foot on the ball." There has been a gradual abandonment of the "tight" or "foot" croquet, and a growing opinion that the "loose" or "roquet-croquet" is fairer and more scientific. At first, the foot was *obliged* to be on the ball. Then, in the treatises of Mayne Reid and the Newport Club, the loose croquet was allowed to the rover only. Afterward (Bradley's rules), the method was optional. Now, we have the scientific stroke as the only one admissible. All the rules about the flinch and the rover are now unnecessary.

4. CROQUET IMPERATIVE AFTER ROQUET.—"A player who roquets a ball must take croquet, and, in so doing, must move both balls." This sets at rest all questions about "declining."

5. BALL IN HAND AFTER ROQUET.—"When a ball strikes another it instantly becomes "in hand," and must be taken up and placed beside the roqueted ball in order to take croquet. "No point or roquet can be made by a ball in hand." For example, if the red ball, in commencing its turn, hits the blue and rolls on through a wicket, the wicket is not made, because the ball was in hand from the moment it struck the blue. Again, if the red should by the same blow hit first the blue and then the yellow, he could croquet only the blue, but would have the privilege of striking at the yellow afterward and croquetting it if hit. You may therefore stop a ball which has roqueted another without the risk of its owner saying: "If you had not stopped my ball, it would have made the wicket."

6. WRONG PLAYING.—When a ball is played out of turn, or the wrong ball used, or a foul stroke made, the general principle is that the points so made are lost, and the remainder of the turn is forfeited and the adversary may elect whether the balls shall be replaced or remain where they lie. But, if the adversary plays on without claiming the penalty, the false play holds good. Specific rules are given for the various cases under this rule.

OTHER RULES.—There are a number of little special rules in the game as usually played, which destroy the symmetry of the game. It is a mistaken idea that complication of rules makes it "more interesting." This is shown by the fate of all such con-

trivances as the crossed hoops in the center, little bells on the wickets, etc. No croquet player who understands the game thoroughly and can play the "split-shot," the "follow," and the "hold-back," needs any such aids to give interest to the game. The following are some of the usages referred to which are omitted from the English code. (1.) Taking "two shots" or a "mallet's length" as a reward for running two wickets at the same blow. The two wickets are, like virtue, their own reward. (2.) "Spotting" a ball which has struck the turning-stake. It should play from where it lies like any other ball. (3.) The idea that a ball must move six inches to constitute a stroke. Who can measure the distance traversed by a rolling ball? If it is moved at all, it is a stroke.

Finally, if you play by these rules or by any other, remember to be strict in matters of law; but always defer to the observation of others in matters of fact.

Paris Fashions.

THIS year the races have not brought us any very great sensational novelty. Four years ago, they brought us the *Rabagas* bonnet, which is still worn (with variations) by all ladies who study their good looks. Three years ago, it was the *Cuirasse* bodice, which made its appearance, to make "Joans of Arc" of us all. Two years ago, it was the Abbess-plait—last year, it was the "Baby" dress or Bonnet. This year, it is, if anything, the long, plain scarf, which is being re-introduced into fashion. It is called the "*Clarissa Harlowe*." By that, you will know exactly how to make it. It must be of the same color and material as the dress itself. In fact, everything must match the dress, if you would be considered to have good taste. Shoes, gloves, parasol, fan, everything must match. For that reason, the palest and most subdued tints are chosen, otherwise, the effect of so much sameness of color would be vulgar. Very pale blue and whitish gray are the colors (if colors they may be called) most in fashion.

Very old-fashioned striped gauzes, also, are exceedingly well worn for tunics. You might think that they had been found at the bottom of an old trunk, long since forgotten in the lumber-room.

All tunics are made of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece, from neck to hem of skirt. And they are made so tight, that they look like long cuirasses, nothing more. Some are fastened up the back; but most are still buttoned up the front, or are fastened by bows of ribbon.

Long pockets, reaching nearly to the bottom of the tunic, are added to every toilet. They are necessary—what, otherwise, should we do with our purses and handkerchiefs? As it is, we have quite enough to do to hold our parasol and our fan, and to hold up our trains in the bargain, for dress skirts are becoming longer and longer, as they are becoming tighter and tighter.

To be well dressed, now, you must have your skirts tied closely together at the back, just under the bend of the knee, in order that you may not

walk in steps more than a few inches in length; then, your bodice must be as tight as you can possibly bear it without actually fainting, and the sleeves must cling to the arm in like proportion. To think of putting on a hat, or bonnet, or veil, when once dressed, is out of the question. You must have a maid or a friend to perform the smallest of these services for you.

Very few ladies now walk out-of-doors without a jacket or a mantle thrown over their shoulders. Mantles and scarfs are most worn. The mantles are capes at the back with long scarf ends in front. They are made of cashmere, or crêpe de Chine, to match the color of the dress. They may be plain or embroidered. In almost every case, they are edged with lace or rich fringe. Chenille fringe is returning much into favor. Ball fringe is also much worn. The ends of the mantle are generally tied loosely together in front, and the cape is slightly tied into the waist at the back.

The scarf, however, already alluded to, is newer and younger looking. I recommend it to all young ladies, in preference to the mantle or jacket.

As for bonnets, it is impossible to tell what is the fashion. Every shape, every color, and every material is worn; and one shape may play many parts, during its short life. It may be worn in front, at the back, or on one side. Some bonnets are all crown without brim,—these are the "baby" bonnets. A wreath of feathers or flowers encircles the crown, and a tuft of feathers is added at the back, and that is all. Other bonnets are all brim, and are minus crown. These are composed of a band foundation of velvet or straw. The inside of the brim is filled in with a wreath of flowers, and the exterior with a wreath of foliage, which falls low down the back; the crown part is empty and shows the hair. This bonnet is more like a ball wreath than a bonnet, and is chiefly worn by elderly ladies.

Coarse straw bonnets, sailor-brim in front, with pointed Tyrol crown at the back, are the newest shapes as yet. The front is lined with black velvet. The crown is covered with feathers of the color of the straw. Sometimes, long ribbons, *à la* Brigand, encircle the crown and fall down the back.

Leghorn straw is much in favor with the aristocracy. The interior of these is filled in with a lace cap, forming strings in front, and white feathers cover the crown.

Flowers, feathers, and ribbons are worn in greater abundance than ever.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Common Flowers.

"COMMON" flowers, forsooth; madam! the nasturtium "common," with its shield-shaped leaves and beautiful blossoms like burnished helmets!—the trophy-plant of the ancients that waved from the triumphal arches of victors hundreds of years ago!—aye, almost too "common" to be mentioned to ears polite, it is banished to the kitchen-garden, degraded into a mere esculent, a garnisher of salad-bowls.

There is the larkspur, too,—despised of all,—

happily you may discover it among the weeds, in the vicinity of some deserted and decaying old house, and in other waste-places, or by the road-side, peering through the palings at its old home, from which it has been banished, like another Eve, though from no fault of its own. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that the old-fashioned, single larkspur attracts the humming-bird. Not a humming-bird visited my garden last summer, until the larkspurs were in bloom; then they came frequently, and invariably darted directly to the larkspur-bed; sometimes, before leaving, they would call on a sweet-pea, or a nasturtium, but they seldom lingered; usually, as soon as they had made the round of their favorite flowers, they were off like a flash, without deigning so much as a glance in the direction of the more modish denizens of the flower-world.

The sweet-pea is another common flower, exceedingly common; you may purchase the seed at the rate of ten cents an ounce, and sow it in March, if the ground is not frozen too hard, and then in June you may luxuriate to your heart's content in color and fragrance,—unless, indeed, you happen to be “novelty”-bitten, and incapable of enjoying simple beauty and sweetness.

How redolent of the past are “common” flowers! What memories lie concealed in every folded leaf! A waft of perfume, a flash of bright petals, and lo, the years recede and leave you a child in the heart of the homestead garden. And what modern garden can for a moment be compared with that paradise of your childhood, its high fence overgrown with

sweet-brier and hop-vines, typical of the union of the useful and the beautiful which was to be found inside those fragrant walls, where homely vegetables and gay posies grew side by side? The bees, that lived in the funny little houses with the straw roofs, never needed to go outside in search of sweets; for, there flowers and savory herbs bloomed all the summer through. How lovely it was there, every minute, from the time the pear, and cherry, and plum-trees burst into bloom, until they were white again with the snows of winter!

And how the “common” flowers start up all along Shakspeare's pages.

“There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.”

“Daffodils,
That come before the swallow darses, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;
Or Cytherea's breath.”

“The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping.”

“Daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.”

What a nosegay for the “novelty”-hunter! every flower in it as “common” as sunshine!

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bryant's "Popular History of the United States."

POPULAR history, like popular science, sometimes belies the traditional use of the term, and it would be unjust to Bryant's History not to explain at the outset that its popularity is derived from the appeal which the book makes to a wide class of readers, rather than from any attempt to supply the indolent reader with an easy substitute for exact history. On the contrary, we suspect the first and perhaps most enduring impression made upon those who read this first volume, will be the extreme painstaking of the authors to reach just conclusions upon the various subjects of antiquarian research which lie along the path of the student, in the period of discovery and settlement. Mr. Bryant, in his vigorous Preface, speaks of the nation as the only great nation, “the beginnings of which are fully recorded in contemporary writings, and for which we are not compelled, as in other cases, to grope in the darkness of tradi-

tion;” yet, while this is true of those facts which are most nearly related to the historic forces, there are doubtful points enough in the early history to afford opportunity for critical acumen, and the judgment shown by the authors of this history in presenting and determining these subjects is to us clear and eminently free from crotchets. These judgments, while called for necessarily in the pages of the history, are more quickly discovered in the abundant and lucid notes which contain the reasoning and authorities on the positions taken. Such notes as those on the Cortereal voyages, Vespucci, the date of Forefathers' Day, with others less elaborate, but no less carefully considered, indicate the nicety of the studies made for the history, while the examination of Captain John Smith's History, and the entire chapter on the Maryland Colony show with how great thoroughness and labor the authors have sifted the historical evidence before them. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that a fear of making their work look pedantic has sometimes led them, especially in the Virginia portion, to incorporate in the text discussions as to the credibility of authorities which belonged more properly at the foot of the page.

*A Popular History of the United States, from the first Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the first century of the Union of the States. Preceded by a sketch of the Prehistoric period and the age of the Mound Builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Volume I. Fully Illustrated. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company.

This punctilious regard for accuracy in minor details may seem to the hasty reader unnecessary in a popular history, and there is no doubt that many, if not most readers of this first volume will find their interest retarded by the carefulness with which the ground is covered in the part of our history which is most remote from popular concern, but we accept the spirit in which the task has been wrought, as a most important indication that the more dangerous work of the subsequent volumes will be performed in the same conscientious, impartial manner. The zeal for truth which has led the authors to expend great care on a portion of their work which will be less critically read by a majority of their readers, is a pledge that they may be trusted when they come to write of events within the memory of living men.

A second noticeable feature of the book is the freshness of much of the material. The main questions of our early history have been argued pretty thoroughly in previous histories, but there has also been a great deal of labor expended in less conspicuous ways by students in special departments; the proceedings of various historical societies, the monograph published by book societies, the special town histories, all these have enriched the body of our historical literature, while, to the general reader, they have been as Coleridge said of other books, "as good as manuscript." These resources have here been judiciously used, and the result is that the History is singularly unhackneyed. If the strong interest taken by the authors in their work has led them to expend labor upon what will bring them scanty thanks, we may be sure that their enthusiasm and industry have left no historical sources untouched, and we are freed from the discouraging feeling of having read it all before. The very interesting summary of the scattered investigations among the Mound Builders and ancient Pueblos which precedes the history, gives an air of novelty and freshness to the work, and it is certainly a more interesting way of approaching the history of the United States than the familiar one of an inquiry into the manners and customs of the Indian tribes whom our forefathers found here, whose beliefs and habits have left so faint an impression upon history.

The engravings which have been so liberally interspersed are, in the main, harmonious with the text; they supply also a certain imaginative element which may, perhaps, be more safely introduced in this form. Certainly, the authors of the work have confined themselves carefully to the task of recording history, and it is much to say that they have spared the reader those high-sounding phrases and philosophic generalities which are so seductive to one dealing in large movements of men and people. The reserve of the writers and the low key in which their narrative is pitched, will stand them in good stead when they come in later volumes to treat of events and men nearer our own time, and more stimulative to partisan feeling. The present volume rests at no sharply drawn division, but leaves the oldest and most germinal colonies at the period when they had become fairly established.

Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England."

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S "Transcendentalism in New England"—is called on the title-page "a history." So far as it is history, it is a much needed and important contribution to the personal and literary record of one of the most noticeable movements of the present century. It is full time that this story was written. Of those who were prominent actors in this movement, two or three only survive,—Emerson, Ripley and Alcott,—and no one of these would care to tell the story of his own share in that silent but pervasive revolution of thought and feeling, which has made itself felt in almost every hamlet, if not in every house in this country.

Mr. Frothingham, for many reasons, was eminently fitted to write this narrative. When a youth, he was animated by the fiery ardor of its beginnings. His own home was moved by the hesitating yet real sympathy of his accomplished father. The university in which he was educated, the church in which he was trained, the social atmosphere in which he breathed, the Boston, which was then, if not now, the only universe which he cared for—all these were convulsed by its agitations. He is himself one of its ripest and most genial products—accepting its philosophy in thought and phrase; following one of the lines of its application to theology, in logical coherence, to its utmost extreme, and distinguished for his mastery of one of its forms of eloquent speech; and, above all, animated by glowing and unflinching faith in its principles, its men, and its destiny. He has produced a work which many will read with enthusiastic admiration, and not a few will accept with implicit confidence. By the Radical Club in Boston and all its outlying coteries, it will, as a matter of necessity, be admired. By all the preachers of the extreme left who believe that man's intuitions of God and duty suffice to render him independent of any supernatural manifestation of God, or of any authoritative teaching by God; by all extreme reformers, whether the old campaigners, in whose ashes live their wonted fires, or the new prophets whose ardors have not yet been tamed, this will be hailed as an almost inspired record of the new Evangel, that was first proclaimed in Boston and finally perfected at Concord. Many, if not the majority of these classes of readers, will have few, if any criticisms, except upon points of minor importance—*e. g.*, as to whether Mr. Emerson, or Margaret Fuller, or Mr. Alcott, or Mr. Parker receives a just share of praise or blame, or whether too great or too little notice is given to this or that literary or personal event in this new era.

Others will notice that while Mr. Frothingham gives a not inaccurate nor an unjust estimate of the philosophical beginnings and growth of Transcendentalism in Germany, France, and England, he fails to give such a statement or analysis as a simple philosopher would require, for the reason that Mr. Frothingham shows no special enthusiasm for the questions whether and why the old philosophy was

* Transcendentalism in New England. A History, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

defective, and the new philosophy came in to supply its defects. They will observe that it is not these philosophical principles, as such, that characterize Transcendentalism in New England, but their revolutionary influence when applied to certain theological tenets and ethical and social reforms, or to a certain type of literary imaginative activity. The candid and sympathizing critic will own that all which Mr. Frothingham says is true, but he will marvel that he had nothing more to say of the effects of this new philosophy, upon scores and hundreds of preachers who were not of the Unitarian faith and thinking, who did not venture upon certain extreme social reforms, or adopt a special dialect of imaginative writing, or of Orphic speech.

It is true enough that what is popularly styled Transcendentalism in New England was specially limited to these prominent leaders and their admirers, whom Mr. Frothingham styles "the Seer, the Mystic, the Critic, the Preacher, the Man of Letters," and the half score of others whom he calls "the Minor Prophets." But the movement itself, whether it be regarded as a philosophical, a theological, a religious, a social, or a literary movement, has had a far wider range and a profounder significance than he seems to know of. What is more important is, that it is by no means so negative in its results to faith, nor so revolutionary in its practical influence as he would leave us to infer, by his silence and his omissions, if not by his assertions. One thing we are very glad to see, that Mr. Frothingham is not so catholic as to withhold an emphatic protest against the materialistic and Atheistic direction, which has suddenly become almost as fashionable among many so-called circles, as the attenuated and Orphic spiritualism which had the popular ear some thirty years ago. It is refreshing to observe that however vague Mr. Frothingham is in his own positive teachings upon God and human destiny, he is clear enough in his rejection of the brutish and low-lived ethics and metaphysics which threaten to animalize man and to turn his schools of science into mocking sepulchers of his decaying faiths and buried hopes.

Life of George Ticknor.

MR. GEORGE TICKNOR was a Boston gentleman, whose name, to most people, is known only from its association with a scholarly "History of Spanish Literature," and with the Life of W. H. Prescott. Mr. Ticknor's History, published in 1849, passed through its third edition, corrected and enlarged by the author in 1863, and entered a fourth edition, under Mr. G. S. Hillard's care in 1872, a year after Mr. Ticknor's death. It is by all means to be counted thus a living book, yet it is easily referred, in our minds, to a period of American authorship quite distinct from the present, and connected with a certain phase of social and political life fast receding into historical completeness. Mr. Ticknor's Life of his friend Prescott holds this period with

some literary firmness; but the two volumes containing his own life are by far the most complete record which we have yet had of that miniature reflection of English life which was caught in Boston, during the period extending roughly from the second war with England to the late war for the Union.

The Life is substantially autobiographical in treatment. Mr. Ticknor's own reminiscences serve as the basis for an account of his early days, and from his early maturity till his death there is an almost unbroken succession of letters and journals, admirably selected and edited, displaying his life, tastes, principles and judgments. There is no mention of a line of ancestry to account for inherited worth, but enough is said and shown of his parents, especially of his father, to disclose the admirable surrounding of his daily life. From the first, his associates were the young men of generous minds who laid the foundations of that society in Boston which has busied itself for three generations with the best interests of an American city, and has left the results of its labor in Harvard University, Boston Athenæum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Boston Society of Natural History, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Boston Public Library, the schools, and those less celebrated yet locally known associations for benevolence and charity which have always been managed by the most educated and leisurely people of the community. He made a journey of three months in the winter of 1814-15 to Virginia, when he was twenty-three years old, and was a traveler after Bacon's sort, keeping a diary, seeing and visiting "Eminent Persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the Life agreeth with the Fame." Upon his return, he completed the plans which he had formed and went to Europe for travel and study in Göttingen. He carried with him a few letters of introduction from Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams and others, and from that time began the association with the best society in Europe, which continued till the day of his death, renewed by successive visits and maintained by correspondence. It is hardly exaggeration to say that Mr. Ticknor knew everybody in Europe who was worth knowing, for solid learning and social brilliancy. He knew them, too, with something more than a traveler's superficial knowledge. Mere letters of introduction might have given him the entrée into society, but they never could have kept him there, or caused that his circle of friends should always enlarge. One is impressed, in reading these volumes, with a sense of the perfection to which Mr. Ticknor's education was carried in a direction rarely pursued by his countrymen; he could converse, and although a patient student of high literature and history, his opinions were largely formed through the knowledge acquired in solid talk with the men and women whose thoughts govern. Society, in its highest form, has rarely had so fine a setting forth as in this book; one who reads it intelligently is filled with shame at the meanness and frivolity of much that he is acquainted with under that name. Our notice, incomplete on this side, would be unjust

* Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

however, if we did not recognize another side of Mr. Ticknor's life, that readiness to serve, which made his own library public to every young scholar who sought it, and made him give time, money, enthusiasm and strength to the establishment of the Boston Public Library.

The Kindergarten at Home.

THE Kindergarten has suffered from its first introduction into this country, not from opposition, but from too much favor. Americans are, for the most part, child-lovers, and the beautiful principles and ingenious plans of Froebel have pleased the fancy, and fallen in with the educational zeal of the people, even while they were hardly understood. It is so much easier to admire than to understand! A whole race of smatterers and speculators has sprung up in this country—all sorts of so-called "Kindergartens" abound, and the earnest Kindergarten is passed by, while the advertising money-maker, whose self-puffing is in all the daily papers, fills her purse out of the popularity of the name. One, unrecognized by the Kindergarten fraternity, has found her way into the Centennial grounds, planted there a "training class for teachers," with "a new set of material," "purely American," and advertised herself in all the papers. But we began to write this notice to commend to our readers "Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations for the Family." (New York, E. Steiger.) There is, first, a box of material for the occupation of stick-laying, in which there are a large number of sticks of assorted sizes, with many printed patterns to guide the child in his first efforts. But an ingenious child will soon devise new patterns for himself. There is a box of material for paper-weaving with patterns, a box for the charming art of perforating, and lastly, a box for net-drawing, containing little checkered slates, pencils and designs. Many a busy mother, whose little child wants "something to do," will find these boxes a great source of delight, and they cannot fail to be a means of discipline and instruction. They are sold at a very moderate price; and though they cannot claim to be "purely American," they are strictly according to the principles and patterns of the great Master of Infancy, Frederick Froebel.

French and German Books.

Olivier, Poème par Fr. Coppée. Paris: Alph. Lemerre. New York: Christern.

ONE requires a good stock of words to describe adequately the merits of this exquisite little novel in verse. The plot of it does not present anything new. George Sand—not to speak of a hundred others—has used the same more than once. But the conscience has seldom had as truthful, and still less seldom as beautiful, a poet as Coppée in "Olivier," for he shows in modern realistic scenes, from which the lovely and poetic are not once absent, the fatal results of self-abandonment even on the part of the young and thoughtless. Treating of the wickedness

of Paris, the poem moves on a high plane of beauty and purity, saddened a little by the skepticism which wickedness brings. The close presents tragedy in a modern realistic dress—not death, but life, warped and soured by mistakes. The impatient reader will close the book, saying, Why did he not go back and marry Susanne

— éclairée

Par la sombre clarté de ses yeux de pervenches?

Coppée might answer: Perhaps he will. Meanwhile, take notice of his miserable state. The poem is remarkable for the number of every-day figures used as similes, and the apostrophe to the locomotive which carried the young poet away from his ideal has a dignity which Walt Whitman is striving to give to his machines. Would that our poet had a hand as cunning!

Komats et Saktsi. Par Riutei Tanefiko. Translated with Japanese text, by F. Turrettini. New York: Christern.

Tanefiko is a Japanese novel writer of some notoriety, and the present work was first published in Japan in 1821. In his preface, he takes a stand against the writers of sensational and blood-curdling romances. Hence, "the encounter of two noble hearts" has a moral tendency. It is said to be written on six leaves of a screen, and really appeared on six pages which could be opened and closed like that useful and ornamental piece of furniture. The text is adorned with several tinted engravings reproducing hero and heroine, and the scene of recognition between the two. It will do something to explain in a very general way those odd and picturesque novelties we get from Japan, but we doubt if any European will read the story with absorbing interest. Very possibly, a longer acquaintance with things Japanese would admit a Western barbarian into the precincts of good taste and refined art which are pretty sure to exist in whatever of their own prompting the Japanese undertake. On moral questions, they are so far removed from our stand-points, that we are not sufficiently moved by a heroine who sacrifices her honor in order to support her parents. Nevertheless, we can perceive the dignity with which she carries out her first resolve.

Durchs Deutsche Land.—Malerische Stätten aus Deutschland und Oesterreich. B. Mannfeld. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

Duncker is publishing a series of etchings by B. Mannfeld, to show the world what picturesque views are to be found in Germany. The third installment proves fully equal in workmanship to the first. They are large in folio, and each contains five full-page etchings of a high order of merit, supported by agreeable text from the pen of Aemil Fendler; each installment is to be had at a cost of one dollar and seventy cents. The many lovers of Germany which America contains will find these tasteful pictures a pleasant contrast to the stiff collection of "views" which travelers are apt unwarily to purchase in foreign lands.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Floating and Depositing Dock.

A FLOATING dock, designed to lift vessels of every size and shape from the water, and to deposit them upon stagings erected on the shore-line, has been erected, that for peculiar construction and great size and power deserves attention. Seen from one end, the dock forms the outline of the letter L, the upright part representing the main structure, containing the pumping machinery, engines, etc., and the horizontal part making the dock on which the vessel rests. The upright structure is of iron, and is 13 meters, 51 centimeters (44½ feet) high, 366 centimeters (12 feet) broad, and 88 meters (about 288 feet) long. To this, along one side at the bottom, are fixed the long horizontal fingers or pontoons, making the base of the L, and forming an immense iron comb. These pontoons are of square section, and are formed by joining iron girders together side by side and covering with plate iron, thus making long water-tight boxes, each 823 centimeters (27 feet) long, 551 centimeters (18 feet) deep, and 461 centimeters (15 feet) wide. These extend the entire length of the dock, and are so arranged as to leave a clear space of over 4 meters between each. It is easy to see that a dock of such a shape would immediately tip over if placed in the water, as the weight of the upright portion, containing all the machinery, is placed along one side. To prevent this, and to maintain the dock in a perfectly level position at all times, another pontoon, or series of square pontoons, of almost equal area, is placed alongside of the dock, to serve as a steadying counterpoise or outrigger. This outrigger floats, with a heavy load of ballast, nearly submerged and close to the upright part of the dock, and opposite to the comb-like pontoons. Upon the outrigger are erected a series of upright columns heavily braced, and below is an inverted row of the same length. From the top of the columns above the outrigger, and from the ends of those that extend into the water below it, project strong wooden booms, that are fastened to the dock in the form of parallel bars. As these are hinged at both ends, their action is like that of a parallel ruler. They thus serve to keep the dock upright, whatever the relative position of the outrigger. If the dock is submerged, the outrigger floats near the top and the parallel bars point downward. If the dock is raised in the water, the floating outrigger merely changes its relative position, the booms are turned the other way, both below and above the water, and the dock and its load are maintained in a level position. The iron pontoons forming the horizontal part of the dock are provided with air chambers, each connected by pipes with the pumping-engines in the main structure. This part is also provided with air spaces, but they are not connected with the pumps, but are designed to balance the general weight of the structure, and the water flows freely in or out of them, as the dock sinks or rises

in the water. When ready to lift a vessel, the dock is submerged, by allowing the air to run out of the pontoons, and the entire construction sinks, till the top of the dock comes within two meters of the water. The vessel is then floated over the pontoons alongside of the upright part of the dock, and, when in the right position air is pumped into all the pontoons at once. Here the utmost care must be exercised, as the comb-like series of floats must all rise together; the dock will be strained, and perhaps injured, if one pontoon presses up against the vessel's keel before another. To assist the engineer in this work, a number of automatic guides are placed in the engine-room, and, by watching these, the distribution of the air and pressure is reported and governed. The moment the pontoons, or the series of blocks placed upon them to fit the keel of the vessel, begin to press upward upon her, chains are drawn, and loose blocks on the pontoons are drawn inward toward the vessel from both sides, till the hull is safely blocked up in every direction. The pumping is then continued, and the vessel is lifted bodily out of the water and stands secure upon the pontoons a few centimeters above the surface. In this position the dock and the outrigger and the load may be towed to any desired position; the vessel, standing entirely clear of the water, may be examined in every part, and, if desired, the hull may be repaired or painted just as it stands. When repairs are finished the process is simply reversed. The air is allowed to escape from the pontoons, and they sink till the vessel floats again, when the vessel may be moved, or the dock may be withdrawn from beneath her.

Another interesting feature is the method employed in landing vessels from the dock to the shore. To do this, piles are driven in rows extending outward from the shore, and securely fastened together lengthwise, but with clear spaces between the rows. In the case of this dock, the space between the rows of piles is a trifle over 5 meters, or something more than the width of a single pontoon. This system of piles corresponds to the comb-like projections of the dock, and must be as deep as they are long. The rear end of such a piece of piling may touch the shore, but the water in which they stand must be deep enough to float (at high tide) the pontoons, and the top of the piles must be a trifle lower than their decks. The dock, supporting a vessel, may be brought opposite the pile staging and pushed into it, each pontoon entering between a row of piles till the vessel is over the stage. Blocks are then placed on the piles under the vessel, and, by submerging the dock, or letting it sink with the tide, the vessel is transferred to the pile staging, and left high and dry in a safe and accessible position next the shore. If there is room, another vessel may be taken on the dock, and, by simply repeating the process, may be placed alongside the first. To return a ship to the water, the submerged dock is thrust into the staging till the pontoons come under the vessel, and they

are then raised till the vessel is lifted clear of the stage. The dock is then drawn out into deep water, and sunk till the vessel floats off in safety.

By using one such floating dock, it is evident that a great variety of this kind of marine work may be performed. With a pair of them, nearly everything in the way of handling ships can be done with ease and safety. With a single dock, vessels may be laid up on shore, or new ships may be placed in the water. Vessels to be cut in two and lengthened can be placed ashore, and the several parts be readily moved as soon as separated. With two docks placed opposite to each other, very wide ships (like the circular iron-clads) can be handled, put ashore or launched, and by ranging two docks side by side, extra long steamers can be raised, or, if required, one such dock might lift and land another for repairs or storage.

Large Pumping-Engine.

A PUMPING-ENGINE of unusual proportions, and presenting some features of interest, both on account of its peculiar construction and great capacity, is about to be erected in this country. It is an upright, direct-action, compound engine, and resembles, in general aspect, a first-class marine engine. There are two steam cylinders and two pumps, one pair placed over the other, the piston-rod of one steam cylinder answering for the rod of one pump. The smaller, or high-pressure cylinder, is 117 centimeters (46 inches), and the larger, or low-pressure, is 203 centimeters (80 inches) in diameter, while each has a stroke of 183 centimeters (72 inches). The steam cylinders are placed side by side, and so arranged that the exhaust of the high-pressure cylinder is discharged into an annular space surrounding the low-pressure cylinder. This cylinder takes its steam direct from this reservoir, and gives its exhaust steam to the condenser. The two pumps are double-acting plunger pumps, each 77 centimeters in diameter, and are designed to lift over 700,000 hectoliters (20,000,000 gallons) of water to a height of 41 meters (135 feet) every twenty-four hours. The most interesting feature of this engine is the peculiar device employed to balance the stroke of the two pistons, and to give an even and steady motion to the engine. A heavy fly-wheel is mounted on the base of the frame-work, and made to turn on a crank shaft. The two cranks on each side of the wheel are set at different angles, and connected by rods with two rocking-bars overhead, while each bar is secured to one of the pistons. By this arrangement one crank is at full power, while the other is at a dead point, and the two pistons are thus locked together and balanced in their motions through the fly-wheel, so that the entire engine moves smoothly and steadily at all times. The engine and pumps occupy an area of about 6x8 meters, and the entire height, from floor to top of cylinder is 11 meters or about 36 feet.

Pneumatic Cartage.

THE removal of sewage in iron tanks has already been extensively adopted in both this and other

countries. In detail, the process employs strong iron casks or tanks mounted on wheels, a set of air-pumps, and suitable hose and piping. The tanks are mounted on wheels and drawn by horses, and when about to be used, are connected with the air-pumps and by steam or manual power are exhausted of the air they contain. On reaching the place where the sewage water to be removed is stored, a hose is connected with the tank and led to the water. On opening the valves, the pressure of the atmosphere on the water causes it to rush into the tank and it is quickly filled. The valves are then closed and the hose is removed, when the tank is driven to the place of deposit and there discharged by opening the valves, and air-cocks, and allowing the water to run out. In New York, these tanks resemble short tubular boilers mounted on four wheels; in Philadelphia, a tank of slightly different form is used, and, in parts of Scotland, a short iron cask having a single pair of wheels (one horse) is employed. In some cities the tanks are exhausted by steam power before leaving the stables or yards where they are kept; in other places air-pumps are taken in another cart, and each tank is exhausted by hand labor as it is wanted. In Glasgow, a device is used that saves both time and labor, and so reduces the cost that it would seem as if the system of pneumatic cartage might be readily applied to the transport of all kinds of liquids in bulk, drinking-water, beers, syrups and salted waters used in sprinkling streets. The axle of the wheels used to support the tank is made in the form of a crank shaft, with the crank set at one end and next to the wheel. On the shaft beside the tank is placed a pair of air-pumps, and between them is a standard supporting a rocker-bar. The piston-rods of the pumps are secured to this, and by means of rods and suitable connections, the bar is joined to the crank and moves with it. This device thus employs the motion of the team to work the pumps and the tank is exhausted, as it proceeds on its journey, by a little extra labor from the horse.

Habits of Fish.

THE effect of sea temperature upon the movements of herring has been submitted to careful examination, and the following results are officially reported by the British Fishery Board, and the same facts doubtless hold good on all coasts: The largest catches of fish are always made when the temperature of the water is lowest. The "schools" of fish commonly travel in cold zones or streams of water, and the best catches are usually made within such cold areas. The fish also seem to prefer the coldest horizontal layers of water, without regard to their vertical position. After heavy thunder or wind storms the herring invariably seek deep water, and it may be presumed they simply avoid the surface water raised in temperature by rain or wind. From these data it is advised to make hourly observations of the sea temperature, both horizontally and vertically, during the fishing season, and to conduct the catch with reference to the belts and areas of cold water that may be found.

Further Applications of Salicylic Acid.

THE manufacture of salicylic acid upon a commercial acid, and the discovery of its antiseptic properties by Kolbe, of Leipsic, were announced at the time in this department. It has since come widely into use, and a number of new applications are now reported. The acid was first employed in preserving, by sprinkling the dry powder over fresh meat. It is now recommended to make a saturated solution of the acid in water, and to cover the meat with it in closed vessels. Lean meat, free from bones, preserved in such a solution, remains unchanged, except in color, for fourteen months. Another method is to merely dissolve the dry acid in the brine in which salt meats are preserved. Mixed with butter, in the proportion of 2 parts in 1,000, the butter will keep five times as long as without it. A more simple method is merely to cover the butter with a weak aqueous solution of the acid. A small proportion of the dry acid, mixed with preserved fruit and vegetables, also serves a good purpose. In beers, and in making canned soups, the use of salicylic acid has already been noticed, and it has now come into use in the manufacture of glues, catgut, and parchment. In tanning, it gives a fine red color, assists in preserving the leather, and, to a certain extent, aids the action of the tanning materials. In textile manufactures, it is employed to preserve the sizing, and in book-binders' paste, it is used to arrest decomposition and to keep the paste sweet after it is laid on the paper. In dyeing works, it is reported to give an excellent violet color, and in perfumery and pharmacy, it has proved of great value in making essences, liniments, and ointments. The value of the acid in medicine was here suggested at the time of its introduction, and its very extensive use in practice seems to have justified the suggestion. The following formulæ may show the general proportions of the acid used in pharmacy: a simple ointment, 1 deciliter of acid in 7 of ointment; a liniment, 2 deciliters of acid in 8 deciliters of olive oil; an application for severe burns, a mixture of equal parts of powdered starch and dry salicylic acid.

Memoranda.

GLASS oil-bottles, resembling the tin oil-cans used to hold machine-oil, have been introduced. To replace the elastic bottom used in such cans, a small cylinder is attached to a metallic nozzle, and in it is placed a piston that may be moved by a rod projecting through the end of the cylinder, and, to keep it in place, a spring is set inside the cylinder behind the piston. This combined nozzle and cylinder is designed to be set into the glass bottle, and by moving the rod the oil may be discharged in drops or forced out in a jet, as in the ordinary spring-bottom can. Another style employs a glass bottomless can designed to be fitted with a metallic bottom as in the common cans.

Menier suggests the flouting of all kinds of fertilizers before applying them to the land. All vegetable life takes its food by absorption, and only when manures are reduced to a soluble condition

can they be accepted by plant life. He therefore recommends reducing the manure to powder, because in that condition it is so much more readily dissolved, that the same weight of manure has three times the value of that in a rough or lumpy condition.

In working zinc, an improved process is offered for producing a hard zinc, that will submit to the lathe and file with advantage and give a good substitute for bronze. The process consists in pouring into melted zinc sal ammonia in proportions varying from 108½ to 211 grams to one kilogram (2.2 pounds) of melted zinc, according to the degree of hardness required.

Steel telegraph wires covered with copper are now prepared by tinning steel, and then covering it with copper tinned on one side. The united metals are then drawn into wire, and in the heat developed in passing the wire through the draw-bench, the tin is fused and quickly solders the copper covering to the steel core. The finished wire resists rust, weighs one-third less than common telegraph wire, and is said to be a better conductor, while it has greater tensile strength. In this wire the steel merely serves for strength, and the copper for protection and conduction.

The employment of wafer capsules in putting up medicines is becoming more general, and, to facilitate the loading and sealing of the paste capsules, ingenious and inexpensive apparatus has been brought out, that will undoubtedly prove of value to the dispensing chemist.

It is proposed to replace the present system of ventilating mines, by sucking or forcing the vitiated air through the "upcast" shaft, and allowing the pure air to find its own way through the "downcast" shaft, with a system of pipes passing down one or both shafts, and extending to the farthest limits of the various levels. Through these pipes pure air, under heavy pressure, is to be delivered at the bottom of the pit, when, by its release and expansion, it will force the foul air upward through all the shafts. This reversal of the usual system of mine ventilation would not interfere with it, except to transform the "downcast" shafts into "upcasts." Other advantages might follow in an improved temperature at the bottom of the pit, and in an opportunity to light the galleries with fixed lamps fed with air (by means of valves like those described in article "Areophores," p. 442, July No.), from the compressed air pipes. The only question is one of cost; but, in view of the great importance of mine ventilation, this need not be a serious matter.

Professor Böttgen offers some simple directions for imparting a crystalline surface to wall-papers and wood. He mixes a cold concentrated solution of salt with dextrine, and applies a light coating of the mixture with a soft brush. In place of the salt he also recommends sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda and sulphate of tin. In applying this glazing to wall-papers the surface must be first treated with sizing.

BRIC-A-BRAC.



SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

YOUTH (in search of information): "Did you ever meet with a sea-serpent?"
 OLD SALT (with great caudor): "A sea-sarpint is it? Why, Lor' bless yer, when we wuz becalmed off the Bahamers in Forty-sevin, the Cap'n says to me, says he 'I say, Jack, what p'int o' land is that forrard the lee bow?' So I just clapped my weather eye in that direction, an' as near as I could make out tole him I wuz blowed if I knowed, when all at wunst it begun to move an', raisin' itself high outer the water, sheered off a little to the sou'west and commenced for to sink. It wuz shaped like a large heel with a 'ed like a halligator. His eyes wuz like two balls o' fire, and every time he wunk sparks o' fire come from his nostruls at intervals; an' it wuz three days arter he began to sink that he wuz entirely out o' sight an' if you don't call that a sea-sarpint I'd like to know wut is—that's all."

Major Stubbs.

HIS SOLUTION OF THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

BY FARMENAS MIX.

I HUNG my "shingle" out in Bangtown lately—
 I have an office on the lower floor—
 And t'other day while sitting quite sedately,
 Intent (like Poe) upon some ancient lore,
 A new acquaintance bustled in the door.
 'Twas Stubbs—his friends are pleased to call him
 Major—
 A dashing chap whose air suggests "the dimes,"
 But whether he's a banker or a gauger,
 I never knew. "I asked him, "How's
 the times?"

"Oh, fine!" he said, "I bask in Fortune's smile
 And luck attends my footsteps all the while.
 I can't conceive what makes the people cry
 'Hard Times'—now that's entirely in your eye;
 I'll take my own experience and prove
 That business runs in its accustomed groove,
 And that the fogies who are down with blues
 And moping 'round with patches on their shoes,
 Are monomaniacs, and should be dosed
 With forty lashes at the whipping-post."

Now, look at me! I live in tip-top style—
 Keep lots of servants 'round me all the while,
 Am still unmarried, wholly out of debt,
 And run the old ancestral mansion yet;
 Pshaw! if our merchants here were worth a cop,
 They'd rise and make our business fairly hop.
 They lack in spirit!—Meet one on the street,
 He'll seize your arm and lead you to a seat,
 And then in melancholy tones begin
 To speak of money that he 'can't get in.'
 One man can't run a village *all* the while—
 I've led the business and I've led the style,
 But some fine day I'll sell the old town out
 And travel for my health, and look about.
 Most all these merchants owe me more or less,
 And, though I'm wealthy, still, I must confess —"

The Major paused—then leaping o'er the railing,
 He vanished through the office like a flash,
 Just as a man, with influenza ailing,
 Who lived by buying up bad debts for cash,
 Peeped sadly in and sneezed politely—"a-a-s-h!"
 He ran his eyes around the office slowly—
 Sad, weakly eyes, suggestive of a tear—
 Then turning back, he said in accents lowly;
 "I r'-a-a-l-y thought I seen Jack Stubbs in
 here!"

A Legend of Leap-Year.

[A NOTE TO THE EDITOR.—The indebtedness of Shakspeare to history and legend is well known. The dignified drama has, in all the later ages, found its frame-work in recorded and unrecorded story. Milton's great poem is a child of the Bible. Tennyson has constructed the great work of his life from the Arthurian Legends, and in his "Queen Mary" has followed not only Shakspeare's method, but imitated his style. Longfellow in the "Golden Legend" and other poems; Lowell in "Sir Launfal"; Morris in pretty much everything, and Swinburne in all his more important works, have built from old materials. Saxe has half filled a big book with versified stories that he has picked up here and there after faithful aunting. Indeed, it is considered quite the thing, nowadays, to leave invention out of poetry, and to heat over some other man's broth.

Now, notwithstanding all this high example and the respectable practice that has grown out of it, and notwithstanding Mr. Stedman says that no poet should undertake to invent his own romance, I cannot help regarding it as a cheap business. I don't profess to be a poet; but give me the romances (thank Heaven they are pretty well used up now!) and I can write this kind of thing by the yard. I know, because I have been trying it. *Voilà!*

"One, two,
Buckle my Shoe."

Two little shoes with silver buckles dight,
Lay in the room where she had passed the night.
She raised them in her fingers, pink and white,
And put them on her feet, and strapped them tight.

"Three, four,
Open the door."

Then slowly rising from her cushioned chair,
She gave a last deft crinkle to her hair,
And oped the door and hurried down the stair—
Her petticoats soft rustling through the air!

"Five, six,
Pick up sticks."

Straight to the yard she skipped on queenly toes,
To where in serried ranks the wood-pile rose,
Then piled her arm with hickory to her nose,
And bore it to the house through air that froze.

"Seven, eight,
Lay 'em straight."

At length the wood was blazing on the fire,
Though still unequal to her fierce desire;
And so she punched and punched the cheerful pyre,
And heaped with sticks the household altar higher.

"Nine, ten,
Good fat hen."

And then the eager hunger-fiend was foiled,
And she was glad, indeed, that she had toiled;
For when her hands were washed, so sadly soiled,
She sat down to a last year's chicken—BROILED!

"Eleven, twelve,
Toil and deluge."

Then to her waist her pink of pinafores
She fastened, and did up her little chores,

Made soap, made bread, baked beans, and swept
her floors,
And worried through a hundred household bores.

"Thirteen, fourteen,
Girls are courtin'."

Next morn before her door the grocer's van
Drove up. 'Twas leap-year, and she laid her plan.
So when he asked for orders, she began
To blush, and said she'd take a market-man!

"Fifteen, sixteen,
Girls are fixin'."

She overhauled her linen-chest with pride,
Bought hose, bought gloves, bought sheetings two
yards wide,
Bought blankets and a hundred things beside
That woman buys when she becomes a bride.

"Seventeen, eighteen,
Girls are waitin'."

And then she waited—waited day by day,
Till weeks had flown, and months had passed
away,
But still her order lingered in delay,
Although she longed to have it filled—and pay.

"Nineteen, twenty,
Girls are plenty."

At length she knew. *Embarras de richesses*
Had thrown the fellow into wild distress,
And he had gone to drinking to excess,
Crushed by the weight of offered loveliness.

She called and saw him, selling by the pound
Within his stall. "Fact is," said he, "I found
That gals this year so wonderful abound,
No single market-man won't go around!"

GILBERTUS.

An Interview with Franklin.—The pleasant little "Sans Souci" volume, edited by Mr. H. E. Scudder, and entitled "Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago," contains the following stories from Elkanah Watson. Watson had a wax head of Franklin which was modeled by Mrs. Wright, and which, with the aid of a suit of Franklin's own clothes he made up into a dummy. In London, after the peace of '83, he gulled a number of people with the figure. "The morning papers," he writes, "announced the arrival of Dr. Franklin, at an American merchant's in Belletier Square; and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, three Boston gentlemen, who were in the city, expressed a wish to pay their respects to the doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they had informed me they bore, expecting to see him at Paris. I concerted measures with a friend to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent on this occasion. Before entering, I apprized them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers, and I begged that they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus

prepared, I conducted them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity, with his atlas, and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced him by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to his atlas. I then retired, and seated them at the farther side of the room. They spoke to me in whispers. "What a venerable figure!" exclaimed one. "Why don't he speak?" says another. "He is doubtless in a reverie," I remarked, "and has forgotten the presence of his company: his great age must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him." When near the table, I said, "Mr. B——, sir, from Boston." The head was raised. "A letter," says B——, "from Dr. Cooper." I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B—— held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming, "Why don't you receive the letter like a gentleman?" They were all petrified with astonishment; but B—— never forgave me the joke."

Gen. Washington Sees the Joke.—Mrs. Wright, the celebrated wax-head modeler, had a son who was an artist. "Wright came to Mount Vernon,"—General Washington told Watson,—"with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster-of-Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and, placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and, seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made."



COERCION.

DETERMINED FREEBOOTER: "D'yer see this yer dog? If yer don't gimme that candy, I'll set 'im onter yer."

Love and Mischief.

BY ZAVARR WILMSHURST.

ONE sunny day Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden:
Love tumbling in, began to shout
For Mischief's aid, lest he should smother:



"You little demon, let me out,
Or I'll report you to my mother."
Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain,
One-half to joy and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, sad to tell! it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.
Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his story:

"O, Queen of Beauty, never let
That little imp wear half my glory."
The goddess with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you shall conquer still, my boy,
I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

"*Theophilus and Others*," by Mary Mapes Dodge, has the following admirable

"PREFACE.

"These tales and talks, most of which have appeared in various periodicals, are now, at the urgent solicitation of friends, &c., &c., &c.

"Their preparation has enlivened hours of, &c., &c., &c.

"If this little volume shall, &c., &c.

"In conclusion, the author begs, &c., &c., &c. M. M. D."